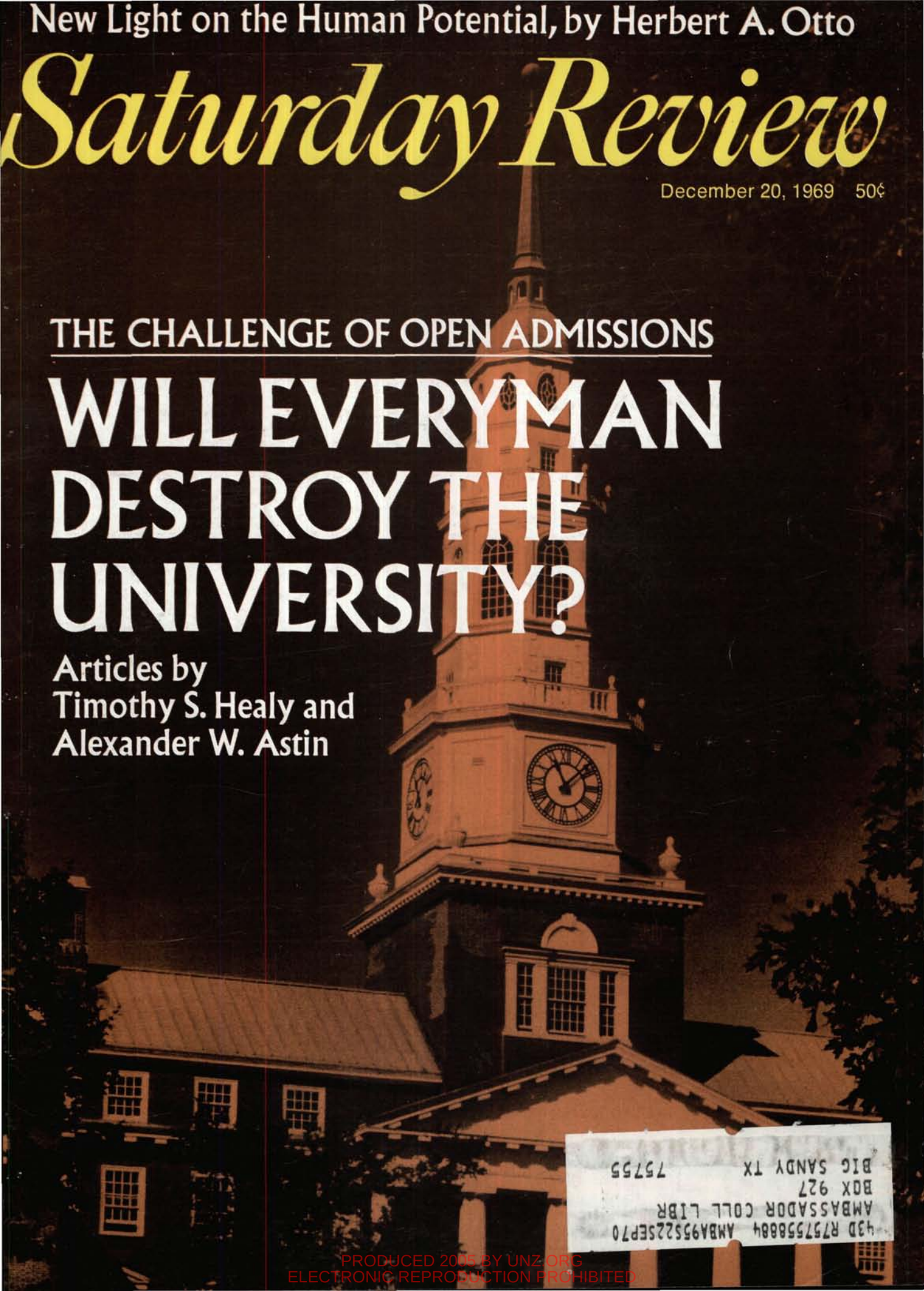
New Light on the Human Potential, by Herbert A. Otto

Saturday Review

December 20, 1969 50¢



THE CHALLENGE OF OPEN ADMISSIONS

WILL EVERYMAN DESTROY THE UNIVERSITY?

Articles by
Timothy S. Healy and
Alexander W. Astin

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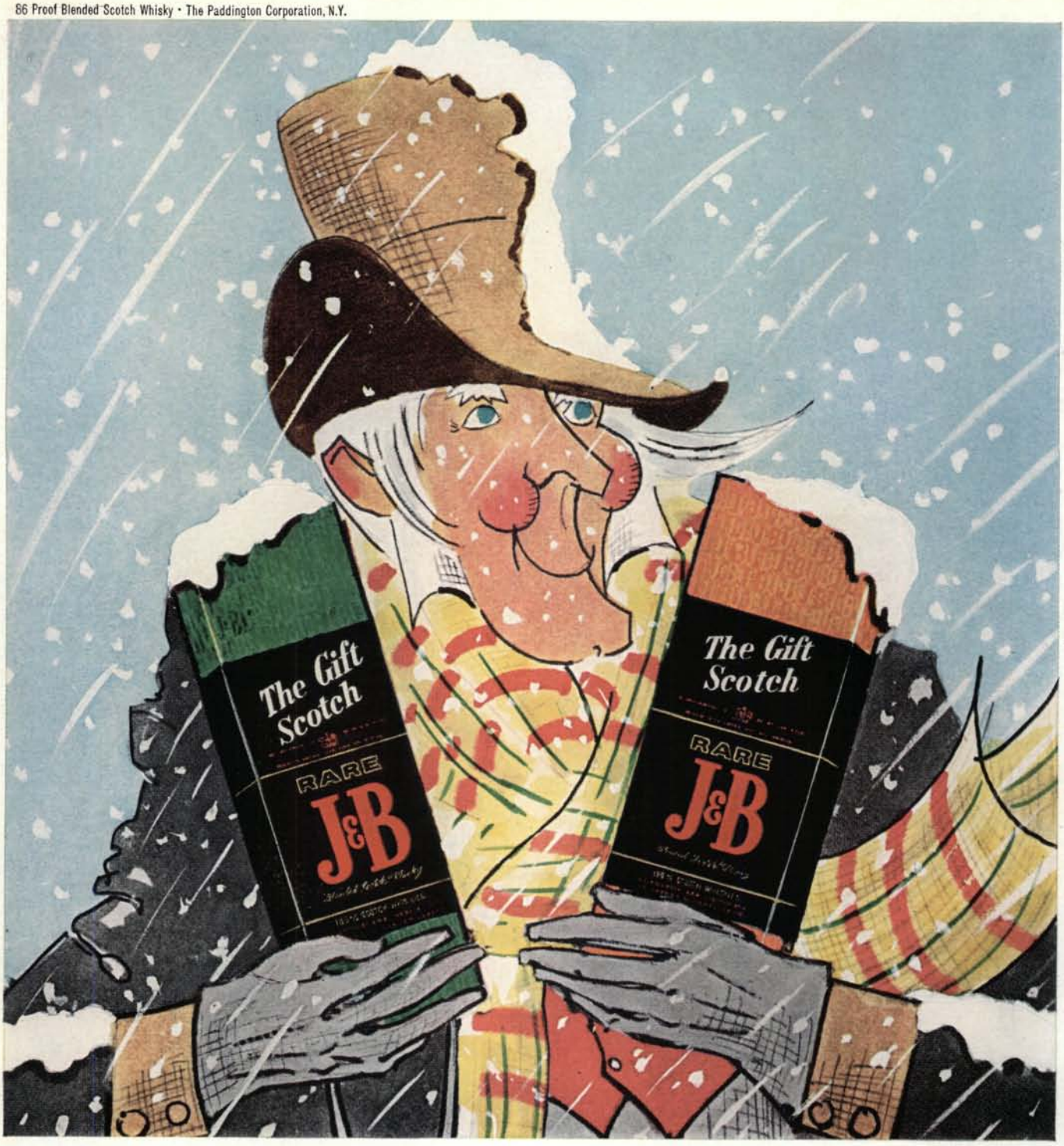

Christmas past is also Christmas present.

From the house of
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It only costs a few cents more.

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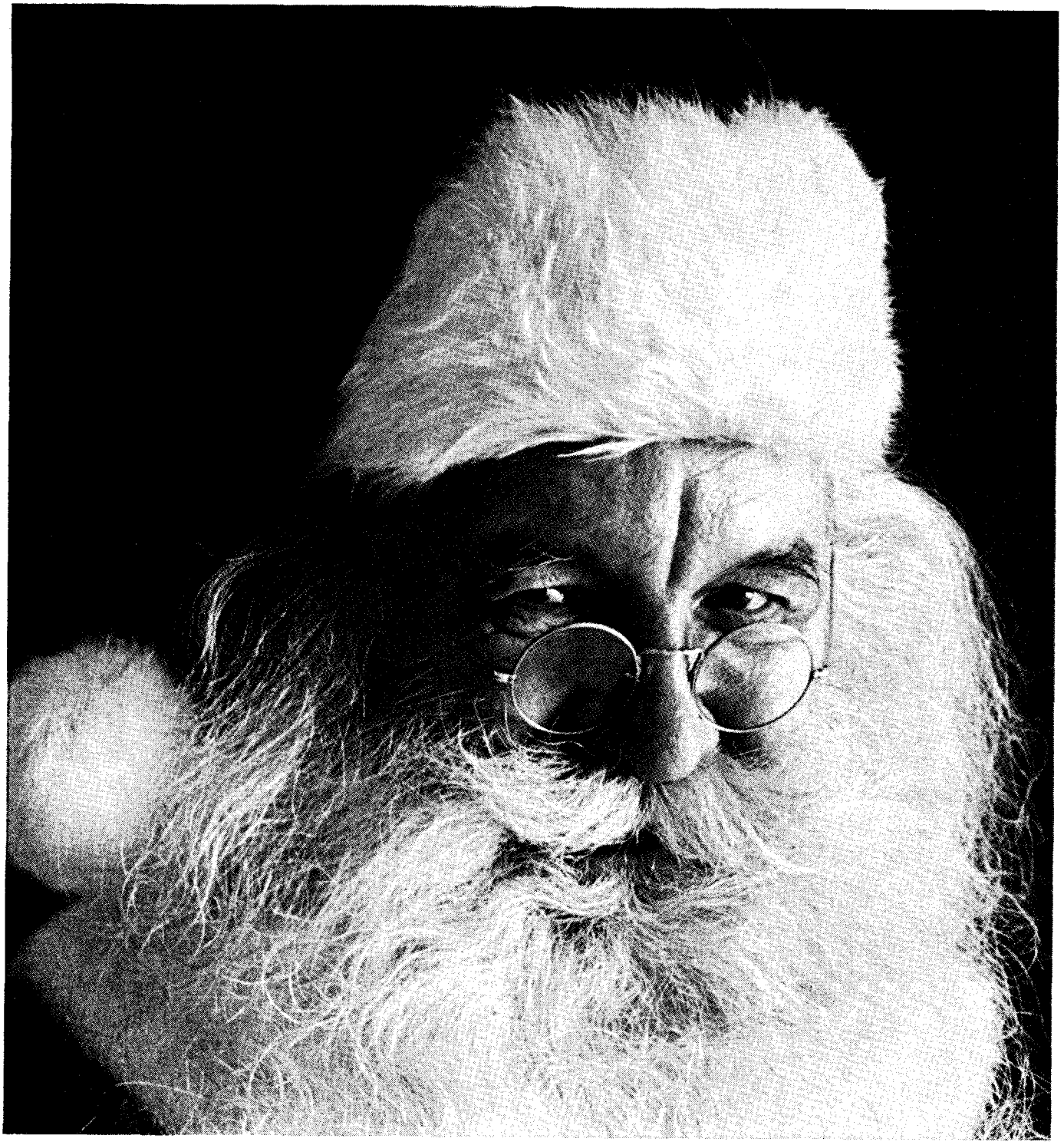

He's the only one who flies more places than we do.

When it comes to air travel, Santa Claus is Mr. Big.
United Air Lines is second.
We say, "If you can't beat him, join him."
So while he's busy flying presents to people,
we help out by flying people to people.
Students coming home for the holidays.
Servicemen on Christmas leave.
Children and grandchildren.
Uncles and aunts.
Cousins by the dozens.
And so, Merry Christmas to all,
and to all a good flight.

fly the friendly skies of United.

"Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus."

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(Advertisement)

The other day, as I was watching some young blades of about ten years old play soccer, kicking and running and flattening each other pretty good, I thought: When those fellows grow up, there will be a real audience for soccer in this country. Just as someone who has participated in a sport is usually the best informed part of the audience, so too the people who try to write are among the best readers.

Doubleday has published many good books on writing, most recently a "Reader for People Who Put Words on Paper," titled WRITING, REVISING, AND EDITING. This substantial work was produced by Gordon Carroll, an experienced, in fact zestful editor (I have seldom seen a man so happy to put pencil to somebody else's paper), with the cooperation of the Instructional Staff and Guiding Faculty of the Famous Writers School.

The section on writing, with contributions by such exemplars as Bergen Evans, Max Shulman, Red Smith, Rudolph Flesch, Bennett Cerf, etc., is a book in itself. The singular virtue of the book is its lengthy section on revising and editing. If, as someone once said, writing is really rewriting, and if, as I believe, editing can often be helpful, then the examples given in this book are alone worth the price of the book. Here we see how Bruce Catton "revises on the typewriter;" how Conrad, O'Hara, Faulkner, Fitzgerald, Marquand improved their own drafts.

The exercises in editing, many by the veteran Mr. Carroll, king of the felt-tipped pen, are instructive models of how everything from a publicity release to a magazine article can be sharpened by a sharp pencil.

Why don't we all start on this column?

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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December 20, 1969

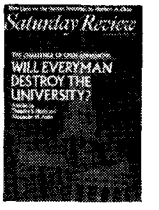
Saturday Review

Cover story, page 54

The Challenge of Open Admissions: Will Everyman Destroy the University?

Articles by Timothy S. Healy and Alexander W. Astin

Cover: Bruce Owen Nett, D.P.I.



IDEAS

14 New Light on the Human Potential by Herbert A. Otto

EDITORIAL

18 The Road to Songmy

BOOKS

21 Index of Books Reviewed

21 West to the Orient by Alan Villiers, an essay review of "Magellan's Voyage: A Narrative Account of the First Circumnavigation" by Antonio Pigafetta and of "The Voyage of Magellan: The Journal of Antonio Pigafetta."

23 Book Forum: Letters from Readers

24 One Thing and Another by John Hutchens

28 Books for Young People by Zena Sutherland

EDUCATION

49 Index

The Challenge of Open Admissions:

54 Will Everyman Destroy the University? by Timothy S. Healy

57 Folklore of Selectivity by Alexander W. Astin

59 Fifteen Years of Deliberate Speed by Kenneth B. Clark

62 The Court, the Schools, and the Southern Strategy by Gary Orfield

THE ARTS

THEATER

36 Henry Hewes assesses "Our Town" and "Private Lives" revivals.

MOVIES

38 Arthur Knight reviews "The Comic," "Cactus Flower," "Gaily, Gaily," and "John and Mary."

MUSIC

46 Irving Kolodin: Johann (Giovanni) Mayr's "Medea in Corinto."

TRAVEL

43 Wilson Sullivan discovers a younger, spunkier Hub of the solar system.

COLUMNS

4 Martin Levin: Phoenix Nest

10 Goodman Ace: Top of My Head

12 Jerome Beatty, Jr.: Trade Winds

19 Letters to the Editor

37 Robert Lewis Shayon: TV-Radio

WORD GAMES

25 Your Literary I.Q.

32 Literary Crypt

70 Wit Twister

78 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1863

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'Tis the season to be Tuesday.

Problems. Problems. Our Managing Director recently pointed out that Christmas won't fall on a Tuesday until 1973.

And the entire world now knows (he continued) that we have selected Tuesday as the day to drink Teacher's Scotch.

Are we possibly depriving some good people (he pursued) of one of the traditional joys of Christmas?

Well, look at it this way, sir (we hazarded). Through a peculiar bit of luck, Twelfth-night will fall on a Tuesday this year. By celebrating Twelfth-night somewhat in advance–say December 25th–all inconvenience should be avoided.

The Old Gentleman appeared considerably relieved and has authorized the publication of the above. Fa-la-la-la-la la-la la la!

Teacher's Scotch

86 Proof Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in Scotland by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd. ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y., Importers

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Dec. 25th

'Twas Christmas in the harem
No holly wreaths were hung
No Yuletide punch was passed around
And carols were not sung
The harem inmates all pursued
Their customary plans
And this was only right because
They were Mohammedans.

—HOWARD DIETZ.

What Goes Up Must Fall Down

I HAVE discovered that there are various scientific reasons why Christmas trees fall over right after they are put up. If people would just stop lying under fallen trees and yelling about needles sticking into them, they would realize that they have one of the following problems:

1) Tree stand too small. Each year the stores offer undersized Christmas tree stands that have a base diameter of not more than eight inches. Balancing a room-size tree on this device is a feat to challenge the most skillful of circus jugglers. You have to add ornaments two at a time, on opposite sides of the tree. If the cat jumps down from the couch the tree will fall over.

2) Tired, weak leg. Some larger tree stands are manufactured with one defective leg. It slowly bends and collapses when weight is applied, and the tree falls over. The leg is just strong enough to support the stand alone, at the store.

3) Clamp failure. Some stands have undersized tree-trunk clamps designed to screw into the wood until the threads strip. Then the trunk slips sideways, the tree's weight shifts suddenly in one direction, and the whole thing falls over.

4) Cup metal fatigue. Most of the stands contain water cups, large enough to keep a mouse alive for almost a day. Designed to rust out without delay, they collapse and the trunk slips down and the tree's weight shifts suddenly and the tree falls over.

Some stands keep the tree up, but not straight up. The Leaning Tree Problem has been known to reduce happy families to tears. A tree straight one way is never straight the other way. I know one couple who spent the entire holiday period trying to unlean their tree.

Last Christmas I tried to avoid the whole problem by suspending the tree from a ceiling hook, so that it hung about an inch off the floor. But to my dismay the thing kept slowly turning; first one way, then the other. Out of the corner of my eye I could always see lights sneaking around.

This year I've gone back to an undersized base with collapsible leg, bad clamps, and a rusting water cup. A falling fir is better than a sneaky spruce.

—DERECK WILLIAMSON.

Higher Forms of the New Thriller # 1

"BUT GEE whiz, Mr. President," Rhonda breathed, her eyes still round with the incredulous shock that had swept the nation, the world, and most of all, of course, us, his intimates, "weren't you taking an awful chance?"

I thought of the unbelievable scene we had just witnessed on the White House lawn—the President of the United States, a slight smile on his handsome, haggard face, stepping down from his "chopper" as the hard-bitten veterans of the Washington "press corps" surged to their feet, clapping and cheering, tears streaming down their cheeks.

"Yes," he grinned, stretching his spare, six-foot frame over the battered, old settee that his inner circle knew he liked to relax on in the little-publicized, seldom-photographed Diagonal Room, "I guess I was." Suddenly his face was grave. "Seriously, though, I couldn't have told anyone. Not even you two."

I thought of the coolness that had grown up between Rhonda and me while the world teetered on the edge of destruction. She turned to me, round-eyed with forgiveness.

I thought, too, of the words of old Senator Rowbottom in the Senate men's room, never visited by the public. Was there a "quirk" in the President's character? A touch too much flair for the spectacular? For the melodramatic? Suddenly I thought I knew the answer. It was more than a quirk in his character—it *was* his character. It made him a real person—just as Rhonda's round eyes and my impulsiveness made us real persons. Impulsively, I squeezed her hand.

"But, sir," I began, "your disappearance, the unidentified radar blips at the North Pole, the photograph of the Chief of the CIA with the Chinese general staff . . . " I paused to collect my whirling thoughts. "The report that

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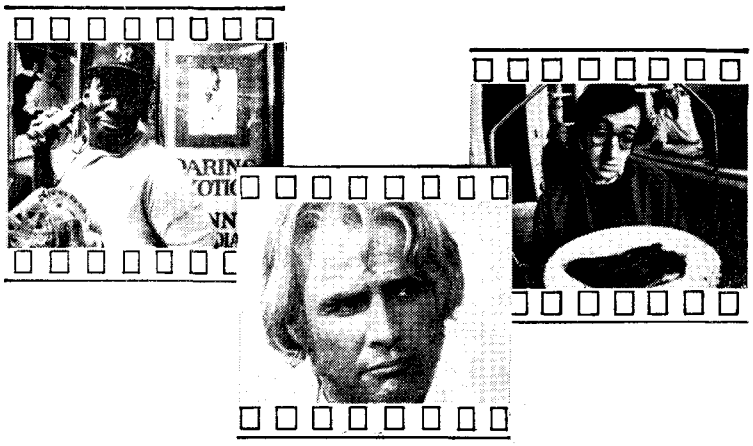

"M" for mature.

SHOW Magazine: it shows and tells you everything fresh and exciting in films and the arts. Underground, aboveground, behind a hand-held camera or at the world's most glamorous film festival — SHOW takes you anywhere anything important is happening.

In its format, too, SHOW Magazine says a lot about the visual arts. Poster-size pages . . . gobs of color . . . exuberant graphics . . . great pictures . . . all make SHOW a grand gallery, stage or theatre, for its special subjects.

If you'd walk out of a movie that bores you, no matter who called it ART . . . if you'd get a kick out of being first to know who's going to play Portnoy . . . if you have your own ideas about the loser-hero gunning for his fate on a motorcycle . . . you'll enjoy seeing SHOW each month.

Critical, witty, nostalgic (what's going to happen when John Wayne wanes?), SHOW is a front-row center insight into all the things you want to know about. Not just in films, but in dance, the visual arts, music and the legitimate theatre. And the people who contribute to SHOW are not outsiders, but men and women who are the real movers and shakers in the arts they write about.

SHOW begins publishing in January, and, for a limited time only it is offering you a Charter Edition subscription for only $6.00 — half the regular newsstand price for these 12 issues. So for a big, beautiful adventure in the lively arts, fill out the coupon and mail it now.

COMING IN SHOW

How Milos Forman came to America to make a movie and wound up owing Paramount $140,000.
The Czech director's own story about Hollywood's paradoxical financial structure.

To be or not to be in love with you.
Best-selling author Anthony Burgess tells about his surrealistic adventures in "mogulland" while working on a movie about Shakespeare.

The MGM of the underground.
Robert Christgau turns the hand-held camera on its most successful exponent: Leacock-Pennebaker.

Dede Allen: the force on the cutting room floor.
How America's top film editor *(Rachel, Rachel; Bonnie and Clyde; Alice's Restaurant)* separates the good from the ordinary with a scissors.

The man who loves Lana.
A thirty-year-old art director tells why he keeps 20,000 pictures of Lana Turner in his basement.

Shelley Plimpton: a girl for this season.
Scene-stealer in three hip hits—*Hair, Putney Swope* and *Alice's Restaurant*—Shelley is now starring in Jim McBride's story of the last two hippies alive.

Plus articles by and about: Jonathan Miller, Sir Laurence Olivier, Nicol Williamson, Robert Shaw, Fred Zinnemann, Dirk Bogarde, Robert Bolt, Francois Truffaut, Mike Nichols.

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A scientist in charge of clinical research at a leading pharmaceutical company examines his motives.

"Do you think it's in my best interest not to know the truth?"

There are people who believe that medical researchers at pharmaceutical companies intentionally overlook some side effects or problems in order to market a product. Nothing could be further from the truth.

As scientists we deal in facts. Involved as we are with other people's lives and health, we go overboard to take every possible safeguard. Anything less would be unthinkable.

Follow the development of a new drug for the treatment of certain mental illnesses, for example. When this new compound first showed biological effects we launched a battery of studies in experimental animals. These verified early findings, so we then gave the Food and Drug Administration our basic chemical data, our animal testing results, and our plans for human testing—that all important first step where we look for side effects or toxicity and study how the drug is metabolized in healthy human volunteers. The most experienced researchers in the field conduct such studies, provide the data, and protect individual rights.

These tests revealed nothing significantly adverse, thus clearing the way for initial trials in selected ill patients. The results? Still good. Consequently, we stepped up the process with painstakingly monitored studies in a thousand patients, involving top academicians and practicing specialists in leading clinical centers. Meanwhile, animal studies designed to uncover long-term effects continued, and work started on the production technology without which the best of drugs would most likely remain laboratory curiosities.

Detailed clinical reports underscored the value of the new medicine in treating mental illness. So, at long last, we submitted a New Drug Application to the FDA. Data on this particular product covered 46 volumes and 27,000 pages. After painstaking review by FDA chemists, pharmacologists, and physicians, approval was given for marketing, and the comprehensive job of informing the medical profession began.

Ever since, of course, there's been a careful follow-up to see if more widespread use discloses new facts, either favorable or unfavorable.

Out of every thousand chemicals tested in animals, we find eight worth testing in humans. From blackboard to pharmacy shelf, the research, development and other sophisticated procedures cost, on the average, $7 million per major marketed product. It's a long, tedious, and expensive process. But it has one big advantage: it protects the public. If you were responsible for someone's child, father, mother, anyone's health . . . would you settle for anything less?

Another point of view . . .
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 15th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

you had been kidnapped by Arab terrorists, that you were undergoing a brain transplant in an Israeli hospital—"

"That you were in a hunting lodge in Maine," Rhonda interjected, "with the wife of . . . "

She broke off in round-eyed confusion. "Did it give the country a few anxious moments?" the President asked cheerfully.

I thought of the stock market crash, the panic in twelve major cities, the breakdown of the Vice President in an undisclosed mental hospital. Suddenly the President's expression was solemn. "To you," he said soberly, "this may have seemed like the plot of a sensational best seller—a world crisis, inside glimpses of the private lives of Washington's most powerful men and women, lyrical descriptive passages of the Maine woods—but it was the only way."

"The only way?" Rhonda whispered.

"To sign an international peace treaty," the President said steadily, "at the secret test site of the world's first germo-nuclear device."

There was a quiet dignity in the Diagonal Room. The fantastic events we had lived through already seemed to be taking their place in the pages of history.

"No," the President said. It was as if he had read my mind. "You have not wasted these last few hours on an implausible tale of romance, suspense, and intrigue." He smiled kindly. "You have helped *save the human race.*"

—GEOFFREY BUSH.

Ordinary Miracles

by Joyce Carol Oates

* a stampede of hooves
must have bruised my thighs
in such iridescent designs

* a sweet rot rises
from the pages long dried yellow:
a diary warped now
unfamiliar even to my hand

* strangers' children swim
in the oil-streaked waves
their shouts and arms white
their joy like drowning

* my love: you make me permanent
as old unlovely busts of clay
unearthed in the Mideast
of forgotten people

in your presence my body thinks
something miraculous will happen

but miracles that happen
are not miracles

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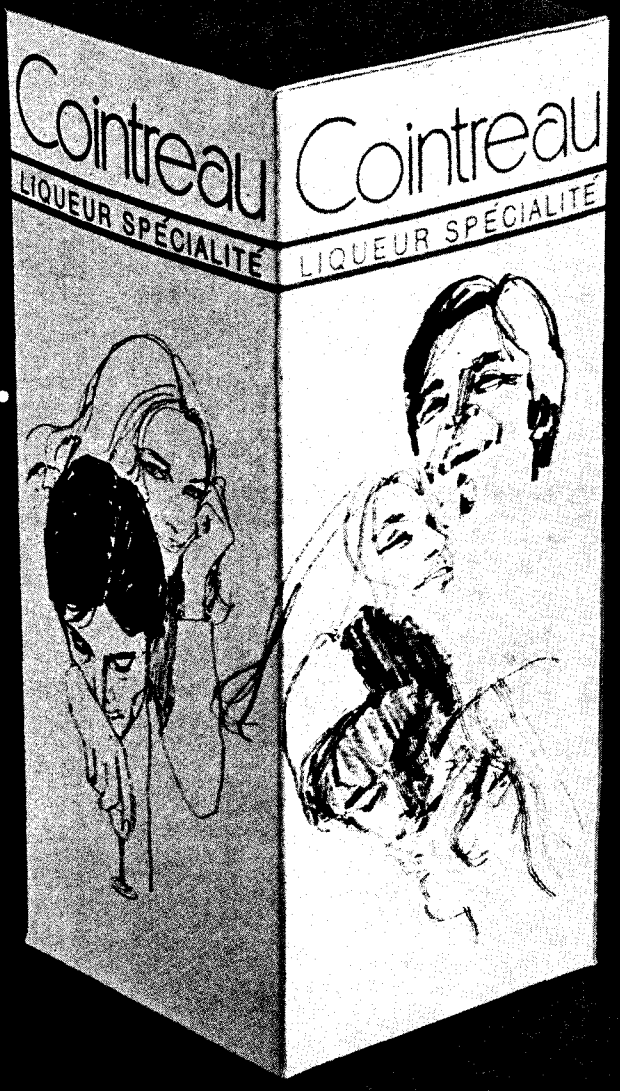
To give.
To enjoy.
To share.



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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Matching Handbag Syndrome

MANY YEARS AGO Christmas shopping meant buying gifts that fit into a stocking hung on a Christmas tree. This custom has been escalated to gifts that fit into a pair of pantyhose.

Money is being spent this Yuletide shopping season as if it's going out of style. And it is. Money used to be signed by the Secretary of the U. S. Treasury. Now it's signed by the President of the Diners' Club. In the old days, money was known as the "long green." Today it's the "short card."

Once upon a better time, a woman bought a pair of expensive shoes for $25. Now it's $50. As in this New York department store page ad, which announces in black type: THE NEWS IS BLACK, BLACK, BLACK. This is fashion news, not to be regarded by the VP as a critique of the administration.

In this ad the price of a pair of black satin shoes is $50. Which has become an acceptable inflationary price. Acceptable only because no money changes hands, just a showing of the short card. And that leads to buying the matching accouterments listed in this ad to go with the shoes:

Black velvet handbag	$35
Black opulent scarf, 9 ft. long	$21
Black drop earrings	$45
Black pendant	$39
Black wide, wide filigree belt	$70
Black metallic glitter pantyhose	$ 3.50

I'll add it for you—$213.50. With the shoes, $263.50. They sure know how to dress a woman. They also sure know how to hurt a fellow. It's like receiving as a wedding present a Lalique ash tray, and using it as a motif to furnish and decorate an entire apartment.

This matching bag business is tough enough, but it has also spread throughout our economy. Let's say you made a date to take your wife out for a night on the town. She's bought all that black stuff and wants to show it off.

She wants to see either *Promises, Promises* or *1776*, the two best musicals on Broadway. If it's Saturday night, the price of orchestra seats is $30 a pair. That's for starters. Before the theater, you're going to buy her dinner at a respectable restaurant. Steaks are $8 apiece, and if you want to start with shrimp cocktails, that's $2.50 each. (Remember when the menu read: "Shrimp cocktail with dinner 40 cents extra"?)

OK. So the dinner with coffee, dessert, and the tip comes to about $30 for two. Food for the soul and food for the stomach come out about even. That's fair.

Unless she's in a more erotic mood, and the play she has chosen to see is *Oh! Calcutta!*—an evening of four-letter words and single entendre. If she is myopic, you are in big trouble. The two front rows in this theater, if you want to see this sexhibition, will set you back $25 a seat. Fifty dollars, and that's just for watching.

Now after the theater, if you think you're going to find a taxi, forget it. Any taxi driver worth his medallion won't be caught in that after-theater crush. And you certainly are not going to have her walking all over town looking for a cab. You don't want her to wear out those $50 black satin shoes, do you?

Of course not. So you hire a matching black Cadillac limousine to take you to and from the theater. That's about $25. So what? There's a card for that, too.

Now you see, it's the matching black handbag that's getting us in the red. This is something to remember during this Christmas shopping season. If you're planning to get your wife or/and your girl friend the nine-foot-long black opulent scarf, think again. Will her Christmas be merry? Or will she be forlornly dreaming of a black Christmas, wishing she had the matching drop earrings, the satin shoes, the wide, wide filigree belt, the pendant, the handbag, and the metallic glitter pantyhose?

You wouldn't want to make her unhappy, would you? Or you wouldn't want to make him unhappy with a tie ($10) without including the new matching shirt ($20), would you? It would be to your credit (Diners' prints no card for this) to save your money.

For something that is matchless, I suggest a simple card, in the spirit of Christmas as of 1969 A.D. If I may paraphrase Luke:

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST
AND ON EARTH AN HONORABLE, JUST,
AND NEGOTIATED PEACE.
GOOD WILL TOWARD ALL MEN
EXCEPT COMMUNISTS.

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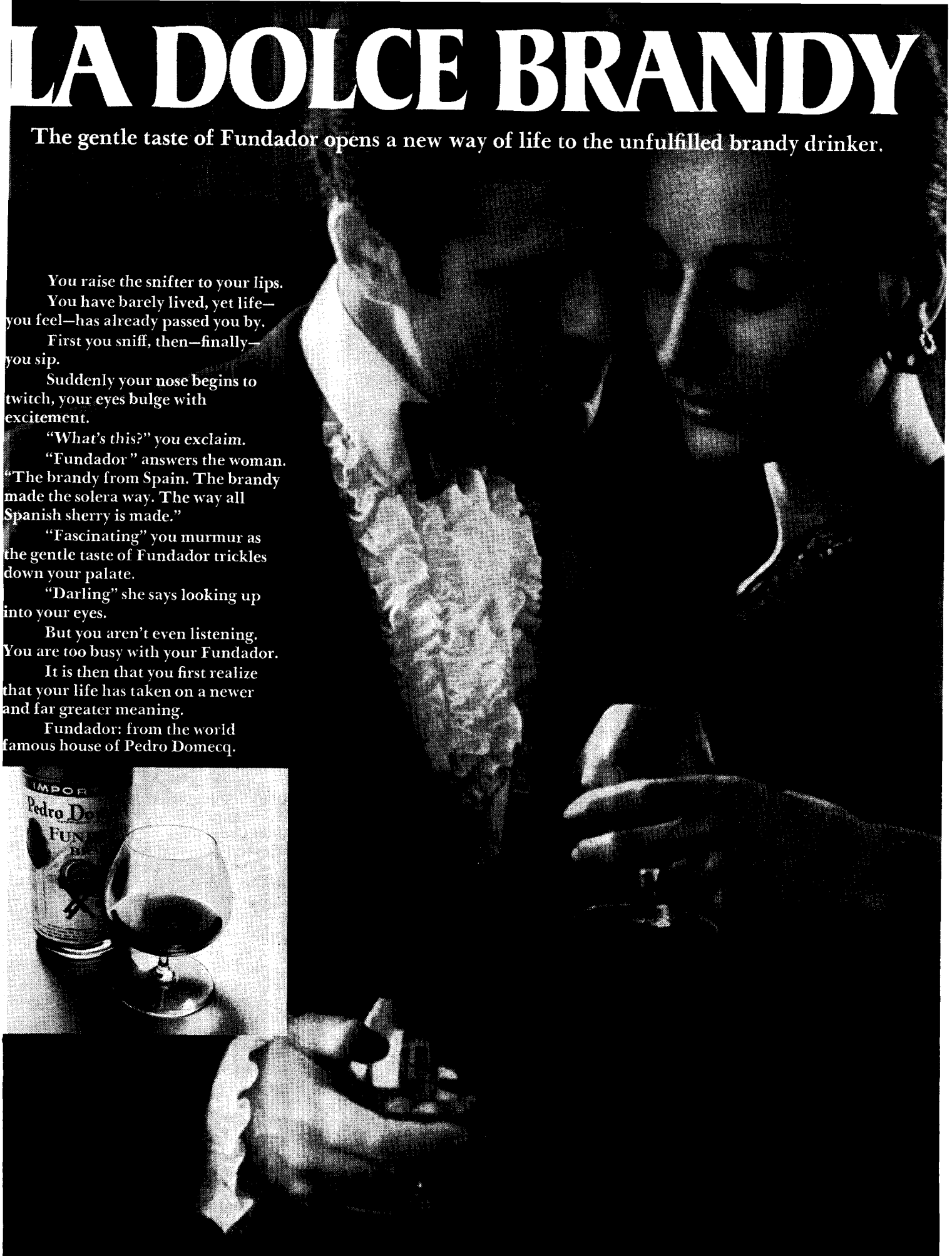
LA DOLCE BRANDY

The gentle taste of Fundador opens a new way of life to the unfulfilled brandy drinker.



You raise the snifter to your lips.

You have barely lived, yet life—you feel—has already passed you by.

First you sniff, then—finally—you sip.

Suddenly your nose begins to twitch, your eyes bulge with excitement.

"What's this?" you exclaim.

"Fundador" answers the woman. "The brandy from Spain. The brandy made the solera way. The way all Spanish sherry is made."

"Fascinating" you murmur as the gentle taste of Fundador trickles down your palate.

"Darling" she says looking up into your eyes.

But you aren't even listening. You are too busy with your Fundador.

It is then that you first realize that your life has taken on a newer and far greater meaning.

Fundador: from the world famous house of Pedro Domecq.

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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Last May 17 I reprinted in TRADE WINDS an excerpt from a campaign speech by a famous person in which he called for "law and order," because "the universities are filled with students rebelling and rioting," and declared that "Communists are seeking to destroy our country" and "Russia is threatening us. . . ." etc. He closed by saying, "Elect us and we shall restore law and order." The surprising thing was that the speech was made by Adolf Hitler in Hamburg in 1932. At least, that was the source given by the liberal California newsletter *The Dixon Line,* which said the item had been dug up by two college professors.

It was a wonderful quote to start a controversy. A Boston radio talk show kept going on it for days; in California a radio station used it; columnists wrote about it from one viewpoint or the other; liberal and conservative Catholic journals carried on a battle; mimeographed copies were circulated at Berkeley and other campuses, sometimes with a picture of Governor Reagan; ministers preached sermons about it; a Congressional committee read it into the record. I received letters and phone calls: CBS wanted more information; a Senator (who would not give his name) asked for verification; one of the news magazines was tracking it down. As time went on the big question was: did Hitler really say it? Someone in Washington put the Library of Congress on the trail, and a search of German documents failed to produce the exact quotation. Even William L. Shirer drew a blank on it. So there it is, just like Horace Greeley's famous non-remark about going West. All we can do is go to the original source, and if he is, indeed, waiting on table in Argentina, will he please step forward?

Here is another addition to our compilation of Great Checkrooms of the World. It is the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York that has brought itself to the attention of our judges. The April in Paris Ball held there October 31 was for the benefit of Franco-American charities and cost $175 per ticket. When the guests arrived, they found that for the occasion the traditional coatroom fee of two bits had been raised to 35 cents per garment—to be paid in advance.

The catalogue of the American Book Club, Donald Erickson was pleased to discover, lists titles by category. Under Music, for instance, it has *Six Tales of the Jazz Age* by F. Fitzgerald, and *Suite in Three Keys* by N. Coward. *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People* by L. Bruce is under Psychology. The Religion section includes such classics as *High Priest* by T. Leary and *The Magic Christian* by T. Southern. Under the heading of Philosophy comes *Yogi* by the mystic Y. Berra.

Just what is going on at the Wednesday meetings of the Faculty Badminton Club at the University of Alberta? Last month *Folio,* the university's staff bulletin, announced that new members would be welcomed, adding: "The fee is $4 for a single person, $7 for a married couple. Birds are supplied."

In his new, short book *The Wild, Wild West* (Funk & Wagnalls), Peter Lyon expands on his *American Heritage* article of a couple of years ago in which he separated legend from fact in the case of the so-called heroes of the frontier. A half-dozen of them, including Wild Bill Hickok and Billy the Kid get treatment they never got during their lifetimes. Those were the days when, Lyon explains, journalists from *Harper's Monthly* and the *National Police Gazette,* especially, sent stories back East about the bravery of these men in cleaning up wild cow towns, maintaining peace among armed cowboys, and saving widows from evil, foreclosing bankers.

The truth is that they were drinkers, gamblers, and bandits who shot unarmed folks—from ambush if need be—and who may have briefly worn a marshal's badge but did little to deserve it. Wyatt Earp killed men who had their hands up, and Jesse James murdered kneeling bank tellers. A nervous Hickok plugged one of his own deputies. Lyon's outrage is directed mainly at the deification of such men on television and in some modern books. I'm going to have to change all my thinking, as I was brought up in Kansas hearing about their glorious deeds. (Except for the James boys, who rode with Quantrill and murdered my great-grandfather in Lawrence. They were bad.) So it's just another case of what your definition of law and order is.

Sharps and Flats: Reflecting on our Vice President's speeches, J. H. McCandless says he is not sure, making

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him an Agnewstic, while Norma Carroll tells us to beware of Greeks baring rifts.

► Nikki Pape says she, too, has a "thing" about apostrophes, especially regarding the plaque at the city hall that listed FORMER MAYOR'S. She complained to the clerk, who said that if it was wrong it would be changed when a new mayor was elected. Election is now over, and the plaque has been changed. It now reads BLOOMINGTONS FORMER MAYOR'S.

► Bob Tharalson has a slogan for Don Juan: "Deflower Power."

► Art Larson writes that for the person who exudes charm and personality the perfect season's greeting would be: Merry Charisma.

► Bowen Kerrihard asks what can we do to stamp out the interjectory "you know." Example: "Give me liberty or, yunno, death." He calls for a return to the time-honored filler, "uh."

► When TV revived the old movie *The Last of the Pharaohs*, Will Yolen wondered why it wasn't retitled "Goodbye, Mr. Cheops."

► Kathleen Pletsch found this piece of advice in the *Arco Civil Service Test Tutor*: "If you do not have a dictionary at home, you should buy one. It is just as important in your life as pots and pans, furniture, or a television set."

► Walking along Fifth Avenue and pondering the scene, Murdock Pemberton came up with these collective nouns: "A Malady of Minis" and "A See of Thighs."

► On a recent visit to the United Kingdom, Steve Ferrier, teaching fellow at Harvard University, heard the following announcement immediately after the end of a regular BBC news broadcast: "And we now present *Lighten Our Darkness, Oh Lord*, except for listeners in the Scottish Region."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1862)

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS:
(The) HONEYCOMB

We sang "The Yanks Are Coming" as we marched, Joan of Arc, we are calling you—and once again the Maid of Orleans was with her troops on the battlefields of Mons, too many saw her shining armor, her oriflamme, we were fighting again for the France she had died to save.

PLAYBOY, COMING UP

JANUARY ISSUES

A turning point in time, such as the beginning of a new decade, becomes important only because we insist that it be so. The mind demands checkpoints, chronological way-stations at which we take stock, both personally and collectively, of what was and what may be. Two major features in the first PLAYBOY issue of the Seventies respond to this need, one explicitly and the other implicitly.

The Past as Future: A Nonlinear Probe fuses a powerful four-page collage of images from the Sixties—painted by HARRY BOURAS, an artist who came of age as that decade began—with a free-form text in which JACOB BRACKMAN—himself a product of the Sixties—extrapolates the behavioral implications of the technological and informational overload that characterized the last ten years.

Bring Us Together, which itself brings together three dynamic leaders and one of the country's most respected opinion makers, addresses itself to the divisive internal problems President Nixon must begin solving in the Seventies if he is to achieve his stated goal—reunifying the nation.

SENATOR GEORGE MC GOVERN, in *"Reconciling the Generations,"* outlines the steps the establishment must take to earn the respect of the young.

CESAR CHAVEZ, in *"Sharing the Wealth,"* prescribes the only cure he can foresee for eliminating the present rich-versus-poor conflict: the elimination of poverty. He argues that the poor will be exploited until they develop independent economic and political power.

JULIAN BOND, also focuses on the concept of power, in *"Uniting the Races,"* demands that the President end injustice by enforcing egalitarian laws.

TOM WICKER analyzes the possibilities of a libertarian political mainstream in *"Forging a Left-Right Coalition."*

* * *

Many of the other features in Playboy's Sixteenth Anniversary Holiday Issue are not specifically keyed to the beginning of a new decade; but all, we think, provide intelligent entertainment for men, a goal toward which we strive every month. As a sampling, in January:

IRWIN SHAW evokes a youth's tumultuous summer in *Thomas in Elysium.*

* * *

ARTHUR J. GOLDBERG warns against those who would sacrifice our basic freedoms at the altar of law and order—in *Our Besieged Bill of Rights.*

* * *

HARVEY COX, in *For Christ's Sake,* calls for the reinstatement of manliness and rebelliousness in our image of Jesus, and for the rekindling of the true spirit of joyous celebration in such holidays as Christmas.

* * *

U. S. SUPREME COURT JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS indicts this country's militarism, racism and environmental abuse more eloquently than any student radical yet has—in *Points of Rebellion.*

* * *

BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN displays his own blend of sensitivity and mordant wit in *The Mourner,* about a stranger who dominates a funeral.

* * *

DAVID HALBERSTAM, in *The Americanization of Vietnam,* reports on the incalculable human devastation we have wrought in that tortured land.

* * *

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS fashions a haunting fable of quest, surcease, love —and the pre-ordained end of questing—in *A Recluse and His Guest.*

* * *

The foregoing comprises something less than the half of a three-hundred-plus page package that includes, for instance, humor by Art Buchwald, Jean Shepherd, Mort Sahl and Robert Morley. And there's more—more fact, more fiction, pictorial features and cartoons. If, for some reason, you haven't sampled the varied pleasures of PLAYBOY recently, won't you accept this invitation to do so—with a Holiday Issue that we've tried to make worthy of a two-digit calendar change?

Cordially,

THE EDITORS OF PLAYBOY®

P.S.: We *always* publish pictures of pretty girls.

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New Light on the Human Potential

by HERBERT A. OTTO

William James once estimated that the healthy human being is functioning at less than 10 per cent of his capacity. It took more than half a century before this idea found acceptance among a small proportion of behavioral scientists. In 1954, the highly respected and widely known psychologist Gardner Murphy published his pioneering volume *Human Potentialities*. The early Sixties saw the beginnings of the human potentialities research project at the University of Utah and the organization of Esalen Institute in California, the first of a series of "Growth Centers" that were later to be referred to as the Human Potentialities Movement.

Today, many well-known scientists such as Abraham Maslow, Margaret Mead, Gardner Murphy, O. Spurgeon English, and Carl Rogers subscribe to the hypothesis that man is using a very small fraction of his capacities. Margaret Mead quotes a 6 per cent figure, and my own estimate is 5 per cent or less. Commitment to the hypothesis is not restricted to the United States. Scientists in the U.S.S.R. and other countries are also at work. Surprisingly, the so-called human potentialities hypothesis is still largely unknown.

What are the dimensions of the human potential? The knowledge we do have about man is minimal and has not as yet been brought together with the human potentialities hypothesis as an organizing force and synthesizing element. Of course, we know more about man today than we did fifty years ago, but this is like the very small part of the iceberg we see above the water. Man essentially remains a mystery. From the depths of this mystery there are numerous indicators of the human potential.

Certain indicators of man's potential are revealed to us in childhood. They become "lost" or submerged as we succumb to the imprinting of the cultural mold in the "growing up" process. Do you remember when you were a child and it rained after a dry spell and there was a very particular, intensive earthy smell in the air? Do you remember how people smelled when they hugged you? Do you recall the brilliant colors of leaves, flowers, grass, and even brick surfaces and lighted signs that you experienced as a child? Furthermore, do you recall that when father and mother stepped into the room you *knew* how they felt about themselves, about life, and about you—at that moment.

Today we know that man's sense of smell, one of the most powerful and primitive senses, is highly developed. In the average man this capacity has been suppressed except for very occasional use. Some scientists claim that man's sense of smell is almost as keen as a hunting dog's. Some connoisseurs of wines, for example, can tell by the bouquet not only the type of grape and locality where they were grown but even the vintage year and vineyard. Perfume mixers can often detect fantastically minute amounts in mixed essences; finally there are considerable data on odor discrimination from the laboratory. It is also clear that, since the air has become an overcrowded garbage dump for industrial wastes and the internal combustion engine, it is easier to turn off our sense of smell than to keep it functioning. The capacity to experience the environment more fully through our olfactory organs remains a potential.

It is possible to regain these capacities through training. In a similar manner, sensory and other capacities, including visual, kinesthetic, and tactile abilities, have become stunted and dulled. We perceive less clearly, and as a result we feel less—we use our dulled senses to close ourselves off from both our physical and interpersonal environments. Today we also dull our perceptions of how other people feel and we consistently shut off awareness of our own feelings. For many who put their senses to sleep it is a sleep that lasts unto death. Again, through sensory and other training the doors of perception can be cleansed (to use Blake's words) and our capacities reawakened. Anthropological research abounds with reports of primitive tribes that have developed exceptional sensory and perceptive abilities as a result of training. Utilization of these capacities by modern man for life-enrichment purposes awaits the future.

Neurological research has shed new light on man's potential. Work at the UCLA Brain Research Institute points to enormous abilities latent in everyone by suggesting an incredible hypothesis: The ultimate creative capacity of the human brain may be, for all practical purposes, infinite. To use the computer analogy, man is a vast storehouse of data, but we have not learned how to program ourselves to utilize these data for problem-solving purposes. Recall of experiential data is extremely spotty and selective for most adults. My own research has convinced me that the recall of experiences can be vastly improved by use of certain simple training techniques, provided sufficient motivation is present.

Under emergency conditions, man is capable of prodigious feats of physical strength. For example, a middle-aged California woman with various ailments lifted a car just enough to let her son roll out from under it after it had collapsed on him. According to newspaper reports the car weighed in excess of 2,000 pounds. There are numerous similar accounts indicating that every person has vast physical reserve capacities that can be tapped. Similarly, the extraordinary feats of athletes and acrobats—involving the conscious and specialized development of certain parts of the human organism as a result of consistent application and a high degree of motivation—point to the fantastic plasticity and capabilities of the human being.

Until World War II, the field of hypnosis was not regarded as respectable by many scientists and was associated with stage performances and charla-

DR. HERBERT A. OTTO, an eminent psychologist and educator, is chairman of the National Center for the Exploration of Human Potential in La Jolla, California, and author of numerous books and articles on mental health.

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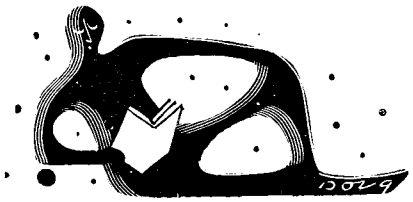
Our creative capacities may well be infinite, but how can we learn to utilize them when "negative conditioning" limits our confidence and approach to life?



tanism. Since that time hypnosis has attained a measure of scientific respectability. Medical and therapeutic applications of hypnosis include the use of this technique in surgery and anesthesiology (hypnoanesthesia for major and minor surgery), gynecology (infertility, frigidity, menopausal conditions), pediatrics (enuresis, tics, asthma in children, etc.), and in dentistry. Scores of texts on medical and dental hypnosis are available. Dr. William S. Kroger, one of the specialists in the field and author of the well-known text *Clinical and Experimental Hypnosis*, writes that hypnotherapy is "directed to the patient's needs and is a methodology to tap the 'forgotten assets' of the *hidden potentials* of behavior and response that so often lead to new learnings and understanding." (My italics.) As far as we know now, the possibilities opened by hypnosis for the potential functioning of the human organism are not brought about by the hypnotist. Changes are induced by the subject, utilizing his belief-structure, with the hypnotist operating as an "enabler," making it possible for the subject to tap some of his unrealized potential.

The whole area of parapsychology that deals with extrasensory perception (ESP), "mental telepathy," and other paranormal phenomena, and that owes much of its development to the work of Dr. J. B. Rhine and others is still regarded by much of the scientific establishment with the same measure of suspicion accorded hypnosis in the pre-World War II days. It is of interest that a number of laboratories in the U.S.S.R. are devoted to the study of telepathy as a physical phenomenon, with research conducted under the heading "cerebral radiocommunication" and "bioelectronics." The work is supported by the Soviet government. The reluctance to accept findings from this field of research is perhaps best summarized by an observation of Carl C. Jung's in 1958:

> (Some) people deny the findings of parapsychology outright, either for philosophical reasons or from intellectual laziness. This can hardly be considered a scientifically responsible attitude, even though it is a popular way out of quite extraordinary intellectual difficulty.

Although the intensive study of creativity had its beginnings in fairly recent times, much of value has been discovered about man's creative potential. There is evidence that every person has creative abilities that can be developed. A considerable number of studies indicate that much in our educational system — including conformity pressures exerted by teachers, emphasis on memory development, and rote learning, plus the overcrowding of classrooms — militates against the development of creative capacities. Research has established that children between the ages of two and three can learn to read, tape record a story, and type it as it is played back. Hundreds of children between the ages of four and six have been taught by the Japanese pedagogue Suzuki to play violin concertos. Japanese research with infants and small children also suggests the value of early "maximum input" (music, color, verbal, tactile stimuli) in the personality development of infants. My own observations tend to confirm this. We have consistently underestimated the child's capacity to learn and his ability to realize his potential while *enjoying* both the play elements and the discipline involved in this process.

In contrast to the Japanese work, much recent Russian research appears to be concentrated in the area of mentation, with special emphasis on extending and enlarging man's mental processes and his capacity for learning. As early as 1964 the following appeared in *Soviet Life Today*, a U.S.S.R. English language magazine:

> The latest findings in anthropology, psychology, logic, and physiology show that the potential of the human mind is very great indeed. "As soon as modern science gave us some understanding of the structure and work of the human brain, we were struck with its enormous reserve capacity," writes Yefremov (Ivan Yefremov, eminent Soviet scholar and writer). "Man, under average conditions of work and life, uses only a small part of his thinking equipment. . . . If we were able to force our brain to work at only half its capacity, we could, without any difficulty whatever, learn forty languages, memorize the large Soviet Encyclopedia from cover to cover, and complete the required courses of dozens of colleges."
>
> The statement is hardly an exaggeration. It is the generally accepted theoretical view of man's mental potentialities.
>
> How can we tap this gigantic potential? It is a big and very complex problem with many ramifications.

Another signpost of man's potential is what I have come to call the "Grandma Moses effect." This artist's experience indicates that artistic talents can be discovered and brought to full flowering in the latter part of the life cycle. In every retirement community there can be found similar examples of residents who did not use latent artistic abilities or other talents until after retirement. In many instances the presence of a talent is suspected or known but allowed to remain fallow for the best part of a lifetime.

Reasons why well-functioning mature adults do not use specific abilities are complex. Studies conducted at the University of Utah as a part of the Human Potentialities Research Project revealed that unconscious blocks are often present. In a number of instances a person with definite evidence that he has a specific talent (let's say he won a state-wide contest in sculpture while in high school) may not wish to realize this talent at a later time because he fears this would introduce a change in life-style. Sometimes fear of the passion of creation is another roadblock in self-actualization. On the basis of work at Utah it became clear that persons who live close to their capacity, who continue to activate their potential, have a pronounced sense of well-being and considerable energy and see themselves as leading purposeful and creative lives.

Most people are unaware of their

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strengths and potentialities. If a person with some college background is handed a form and asked to write out his personality strengths, he will list, on an average, five or six strengths. Asked to do the same thing for his weaknesses, the list will be two to three times as long. There are a number of reasons for this low self-assessment. Many participants in my classes and marathon group weekends have pointed out that "listing your strengths feels like bragging about yourself. It's something that just isn't done." Paradoxically, in a group, people feel more comfortable about sharing problem areas and hang-ups than they do about personality resources and latent abilities. This is traceable to the fact that we are members of a pathology-oriented culture. Psychological and psychiatric jargon dealing with emotional dysfunction and mental illness has become the parlance of the man in the street. In addition, from early childhood in our educational system we learn largely by our mistakes—by having them pointed out to us repeatedly. All this results in early "negative conditioning" and influences our attitude and perception of ourselves and other people. An attitudinal climate has become established which is continually fed and reinforced.

As a part of this negative conditioning there is the heavy emphasis by communications media on violence in television programs and motion pictures. The current American news format of radio, television, and newspapers—the widely prevalent idea of what constitutes news—results from a narrow, brutalizing concept thirty or forty years behind the times and is inimical to the development of human potential.

The news media give much time and prominent space to violence and consistently underplay "good" news. This gives the consumer the impression that important things that happen are various types of destructive activities. Consistent and repeated emphasis on bad news not only creates anxiety and tension but instills the belief that there is little except violence, disasters, accidents, and mayhem abroad in the world. As a consequence, the consumer of such news gradually experiences a shift in his outlook about the world leading to the formation of feelings of alienation and separation. The world is increasingly perceived as a threat, as the viewer becomes anxious that violence and mayhem may be perpetrated on him from somewhere out of the strange and unpredictable environment in which he lives. There slowly grows a conviction that it is safer to withdraw from such a world, to isolate himself from its struggles, and to let others make the decisions and become involved.

As a result of the steady diet of violence in the media, an even more fundamental and insidious erosion in man's self-system takes place. The erosion affects what I call the "trust factor." If we have been given a certain amount of affection, love, and understanding in our formative years, we are able to place a certain amount of trust in our fellow man. Trust is one of the most important elements in today's society although we tend to minimize its importance. *We basically trust people.* For example, we place an enormous amount of trust in our fellow man when driving on a freeway or in an express lane. We trust those with whom we are associated to fulfill their obligations and responsibilities. The element of trust is the basic rule in human relations. When we distrust people, they usually sense our attitude and reciprocate in kind.

The consistent emphasis in the news on criminal violence, burglarizing, and assault makes slow but pervasive inroads into our reservoir of trust. As we hear and read much about the acts of violence and injury men perpetrate upon one another, year after year, with so little emphasis placed on the loving, caring, and humanitarian acts of man, we begin to trust our fellow man less, and we thereby diminish ourselves. It is my conclusion the media's excessive emphasis on violence, like the drop of water on the stone, erodes and wears away the trust factor in man. By undermining the trust factor in man, media contribute to man's estrangement from man and prevent the full flourishing and deeper development of a sense of community and communion with all men.

Our self-concept, how we feel about ourselves and our fellow man and the world, is determined to a considerable extent by the inputs from the physical and interpersonal environment to which we are exposed. In the physical environment, there are the irritants in the air, i.e., air pollution plus the ugliness and noise of megapolis. Our interpersonal environment is characterized by estrangement and distance from others (and self), and by the artificiality and superficiality of our social encounters and the resultant violation of authenticity. Existing in a setting that provides as consistent inputs multiple irritants, ugliness and violence, and lack of close and meaningful relationships, man is in danger of becoming increasingly irritated, ugly, and violent.

As work in the area of human potentialities progressed, it has become ever clearer that personality, to a much greater degree than previously suspected, functions in response to the environment. This is additional confirmation of what field theorists and proponents of the holistic approach to

"Where did you get the penny?"

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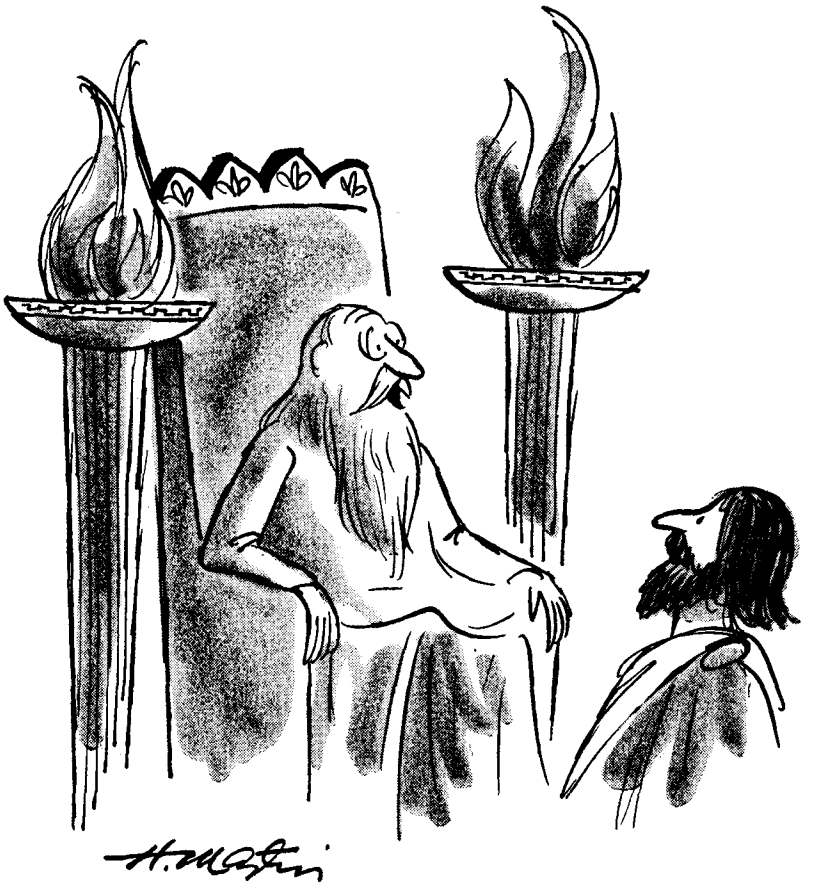
the study of man have long suspected.

Perhaps the most important task facing us today is the regeneration of our environment and institutional structures such as school, government, church, etc. With increasing sophistication has come the recognition that institutions are not sacrosanct and that they have but one purpose and function—to serve as a framework for the actualization of human potential. It is possible to evaluate both the institution and the contribution of the institution by asking this question: "To what extent does the function of the institution foster the realization of human potential?"

Experimental groups consistently have found that the more a person's environment can be involved in the process of realizing potential, the greater the gains. It is understandable why scientists concerned with the study of personality have been reluctant to consider the importance of here-and-now inputs in relation to personality functioning. To do so would open a Pandora's box of possibilities and complex forces that until fairly recently were considered to be the exclusive domain of the social scientist. Many scientists and professionals, particularly psychotherapists, feel they have acquired a certain familiarity with the topography of "intra-psychic forces" and are reluctant to admit the reality of additional complex factors in the functioning of the personality.



"I may be going way out on a limb, but I predict a lousy olive crop and a Punic war."

It is significant that an increasing number of psychologists, psychiatrists, and social workers now realize that over and beyond keeping up with developments in their respective fields, the best way to acquire additional professional competence is through group experiences designed for personal growth and that focus on the unfolding of individual possibilities. From this group of aware professionals and others came much of the initial support and interest in Esalen Institute and similar "Growth Centers" later referred to as the Human Potentialities Movement.

Esalen Institute in Big Sur, California, was organized in 1962 by Michael Murphy and his partner, Dick Price. Under their imaginative management the institute experienced a phenomenal growth, established a branch in San Francisco, and is now famous for its seminars and weekend experiences offered by pioneering professionals. Since 1962 more than 100,000 persons have enrolled for one of these activities.

The past three years have seen a rapid mushrooming of Growth Centers. There are more than fifty such organizations ranging from Esalen and Kairos Institutes in California to Oasis in Chicago and Aureon Institute in New York. The experiences offered at these Growth Centers are based on several hypotheses: 1) that the average healthy person functions at a fraction of his capacity; 2) that man's most exciting life-long adventure is actualizing his potential; 3) that the group environment is one of the best settings in which to achieve growth; and 4) that personality growth can be achieved by anyone willing to invest himself in this process.

Human potentialities is rapidly emerging as a discrete field of scientific inquiry. Exploring the human potential can become the meeting ground for a wide range of disciplines, offering a dynamic synthesis for seemingly divergent areas of research. It is possible that the field of human potentialities offers an answer to the long search for a synthesizing and organizing principle which will unify the sciences. The explosive growth of the Human Potentialities Movement is indicative of a growing public interest. Although there exist a considerable number of methods—all designed to tap human potential—work on assessment or evaluation of these methods has in most instances not progressed beyond field testing and informal feedback of results. The need for research in the area of human potentialities has never been more pressing. The National Center for the Exploration of Human Potential in La Jolla, California, has recently been organized for this purpose. A nonprofit organization, the center will act as a clearing house of information for current and past approaches that have been successful in fostering personal growth. One of the main purposes of the center will be to conduct and coordinate basic and applied research concerning the expansion of human potential.

Among the many fascinating questions posed by researchers are some of the following: What is the relationship of body-rhythms, biorhythms, and the expansion of sensory awareness to the uncovering of human potential? What are the applications of methods and approaches from other cultures such as yoga techniques, Sufi methods, types of meditation, etc.? What is the role of ecstasy and play vis-à-vis the realizing of human possibilities? The exploration of these and similar questions can help us create a society truly devoted to the full development of human capacities — particularly the capacities for love, joy, creativity, spiritual experiencing. This is the challenge and promise of our lifetime.

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John T. Winterich

The Road to Songmy

"I sent them a good boy," said Mrs. Anthony Meadlo, "and they sent home a murderer." The name of Paul David Meadlo, of New Goshen, Indiana, has figured in the reports of the slaughter of more than 100 Vietnamese civilians (some accounts put the number above 350) by American soldiers at a village named Songmy.

Where did the journey to Songmy begin? Did it begin only after Paul David Meadlo arrived in Vietnam? Or did it start far, far back—back to the first time Paul Meadlo played the game of killing Indians, or cheered when Western movies showed Indians being driven off cliffs? Even in some schoolbooks, the Indians were fit subjects for humiliation and sudden death. They were something less than fully human, and their pain levied no claim on the compassion of children—or even adults.

Long before Paul Meadlo ever saw a Vietnamese, he learned that people of yellow skin were undesirable and therefore inferior. He learned in his history class about the Oriental Exclusion Act, the meaning of which was that people from Asia were less acceptable in the United States than people from Europe. He learned very little about the culture of Asian people but he learned to associate them with all sorts of sinister behavior.

The road to Songmy is long and wide. It is littered with children's toys —toy machine guns, toy flame-throwers, toy dive bombers, toy atom bombs. Standing at the side of the road are parents watching approvingly as the children turn their murderous playthings on one another. The parents tell themselves that this is what children do in the act of growing up. But the act of growing up is an enlargement of, and not a retreat from, the games that children play. And so the subconscious is smudged at an early age by bloody stains that never fully disappear.

Paul David Meadlo grew up in a little town 10,000 miles away from Vietnam; but the kind of things that were to happen in Songmy came springing to life in his living room where there was an electronic box called television. Hour after hour, the box would be lit up by pictures showing people whose faces were smashed and pulverized, but it was part of an endless and casual routine. Where did the desensitization to human pain and the preciousness of life begin? Did it begin at formal indoctrination sessions in Vietnam, or at point-blank range in front of an electronic tube, spurting its messages about the cheapness of life.

And when the court-martial is held, who will be on trial? Will it be only the soldiers who were face-to-face with the civilians they say they were ordered to kill? The Army now says soldiers should not obey commands that are senseless and inhuman. What wellsprings of sense and humaneness are to be found in the orders to destroy *whole* villages from the air? Is a man in a plane exempt from wrongdoing solely because he does not see the faces of the women and children whose bodies will be shattered by the explosives he rains on them from the sky? How does one define a legitimate victim of war? What of a frightened mother and her baby who take refuge in a tunnel and are cremated alive by a soldier with a flame-thrower. Does the darkness of the tunnel make them proper candidates for death?

Will the trial summon every American officer who has applied contemptuous terms like "gook," "dink," and "slope" to the Vietnamese people—North and South? Will it ask whether these officers have ever understood the ease and rapidity with which people who are deprived of respect as humans tend to be regarded as sub-human? Have these officers ever comprehended the connection between the casual violence of the tongue and the absolute violence of the trigger finger?

Will the men who conceived and authorized the search-and-destroy missions be on trial? Search-and-destroy quickly became destroy first and search afterward. How far away from unauthorized massacre is authorized search-and-destroy?

Will the trial ask why it was that the United States, which said it was going into Vietnam to insure self-determination, called off the countrywide free elections provided for in the 1954 Geneva Agreements—after which call-off came not just Vietcong terror but the prodigious growth of the National Liberation Front?

Will the trial ask what role the United States played in the assassination of President Ngo Dinh Diem? Will it ask how it was that political killing and subversion, which had always been regarded as despicable actions perpetrated by our enemies, should have been made into practices acceptable to the United States?

Will there be no one at the trial to explain why the negotiations at Paris were deadlocked over the shape of the table for six weeks—during which time five thousand Americans and Vietnamese were killed? If the men at Paris had been able in advance to see the faces of those who were to die, would this have made them responsible for the dead?

There is a road back from Songmy and Vietnam. It is being traveled today by the American soldiers who gave their Thanksgiving dinners and regular rations to Vietnamese, and who in deed and attitude have made themselves exemplars of a creatively humane presence. There are doctors and teachers and volunteers on this road who comprehend the possibilities and power of regeneration. But their numbers need to be swelled to bursting in order to begin to meet the need.

It is a long road back, not just for the soldiers who were there but for all of us who showed them the way to Songmy. —N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

Questions and Answers

RE: Paul A. Weiss's essay "Living Nature and the Knowledge Gap" [*SR*, Nov. 29]. It is the nature of research to expand our awareness of our ignorance more rapidly than it expands our knowledge—to pose new questions more rapidly than it finds answers to old ones. This is one reason for the accelerating separation of specialties within a science, with loss of interspecialty ties to an organized whole as expressed for the life sciences by Dr. Weiss in *SR*'s series addressed to "The Great Unanswered Questions." But it is true of the physical and social sciences as well as the life sciences.

Education for research should include education in asking questions as well as in data-gathering. Literature reporting of new data should include the new questions posed. It is in the question-asking that we should find the interdisciplinary ties and relevance to the "great questions."

RICHARD P. NEVILLE,
Sunnyvale, Calif.

University of Barzun

JACQUES BARZUN's attempt to discredit the idea of student power in "Tomorrow's University—Back to the Middle Ages?" [*SR*, Nov. 15] misses the point completely. Many critics of the contemporary university do not advocate *total* student power. We want to make education a *joint* effort of teachers and students.

Although education theoretically exists for the students, the vast majority of professors know next to nothing about *teaching* for a very simple reason: the rewards are in research. Academic freedom too often means freedom for professors to spend their time on research that will bring them fame and royalties. We all have heard the expression "publish or perish." Why not demand that professors "teach or perish"? Create a dual faculty—a large *teaching* faculty for undergraduates, a smaller *research* faculty for graduates.

I suggest that scholars such as Professor Barzun should worry less about defending their own vested interests and start thinking about ways to make their subjects relevant to non-pedants and non-dilettantes. Then perhaps the threat to the university from the "radical" Left may recede.

BEN WRIGHT,
Teaching Assistant,
University of Wisconsin,
Madison, Wis.

Consultant's Reply

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON's obvious opposition to the Pastore bill (S. 2004) in "Taking Sides" [TV-RADIO, Nov. 15] does not give him license to vilify one of opposing views, and particularly one who has himself, and three generations of his family before him, had the total respect of blacks throughout this nation for a long history of agitation for the civil rights of all.

Mr. Shayon reports, quite gratuitously, that my appointment by the National Association of Broadcasters as a consultant to it on community relations, "has raised eyebrows across the country among black leaders who are vigorously opposing the Pastore bill." Shayon, who is not black, does not name any black leaders from "across the country," but mentions the names of only two Negroes, both of whom live in Washington, D.C., and neither of whom is known to me, although I have been in the public relations profession for more than twenty years, and in the process have edited both a black newspaper and a black magazine.

Further, Shayon states that "many black citizens and several black organizations have taken a strong stand against the bill." Again he cites only two organizations, both of which are headed by the two "leaders" mentioned in his article. The two oldest black organizations in the nation and the most respected by blacks and whites—the National Urban League and the NAACP—are conceded by Shayon not to have taken any official position on the bill, and, I might add, neither has any of the black press. He admits that the only black member of the U.S. Senate, Edward Brooke, is a co-sponsor of the bill, but he attempts to dampen that fact by asserting that the Senator is "supposedly reconsidering his support."

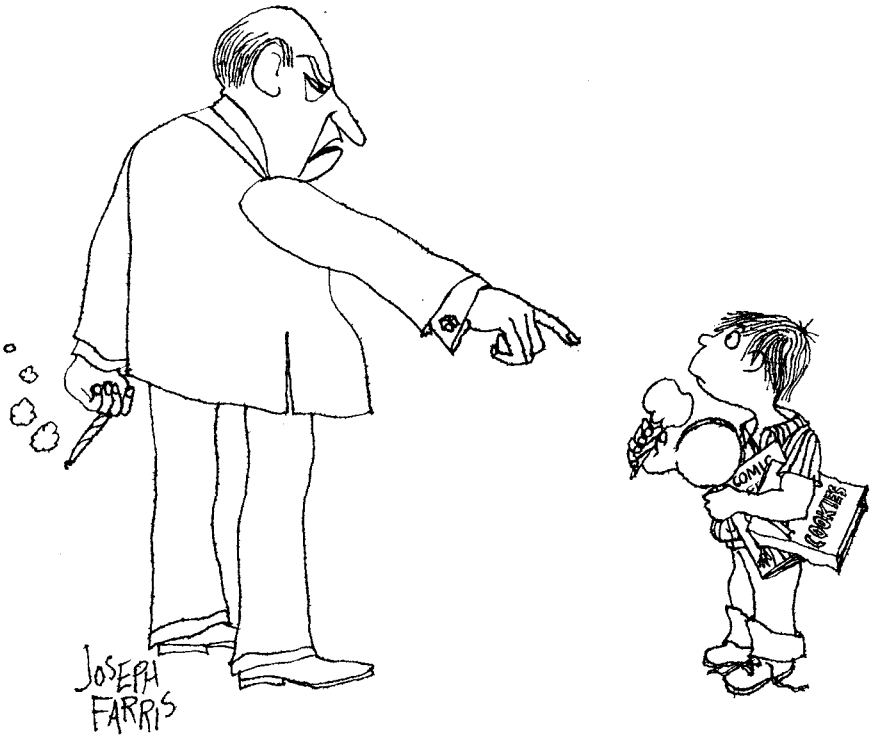
Shayon then makes the following observation: "Weaver's appointment, and his disagreement with other black leaders about the Pastore bill, cannot help but focus the issue more sharply, particularly in the Negro press, which, for the most part, has been silent on the merits of the proposed legislation." Isn't it remarkable that Shayon can discern a "strong stand against the bill" in the face of the admitted silence of the NAACP, the National Urban League, the black press, and the co-sponsorship of the bill by Senator Brooke?

Shayon writes of the "fact" that "black leaders see their opposition to the Pastore bill as a defensive measure," but the only "leader" he identifies is the director of Unity House in Washington, D. C. He had no trouble finding and quoting me, albeit both incorrectly and out of context. Somehow, the director of Unity House is the only other partisan he could find.

I do not consider myself to be a "black leader," but in addition to being the president of a black public relations firm, I am a former Commissioner of Housing of New York City and served under two Presidents as Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia, and I support the Pastore bill enthusiastically.

If the purpose of Shayon's attack was to paint me as an "Uncle Tom," he has failed miserably. Real black leaders know better. Incidentally, I was the consultant to Columbia University and later to CBS for the "Black Heritage" series. I am now under contract with the NAB to assist them in implementing the recommendations of the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission that grew out of extensive hearings held by the commission both here and on the West Coast. I leave it to the black people—not Shayon—to determine whether or not my efforts in that direction are effective.

FREDERICK S. WEAVER,
New York, N.Y.



"I accuse you of fiscal irresponsibility."

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Earth Walk

by William Meredith

He drives onto the grassy shoulder and unfastens
his seat-belt. The aluminum buckle glistens.
He is watched from behind by two upholstered knobs.
He thinks: strapped to things we drive or fly,
helmeted for cycling and all the jobs
that peril our coconut heads, we rush
on our wheeled callings, hoping to avoid the crush,
the whooping car that blinks its bloody eye
—no Roman would be able to make sense
of our Latin name for it, an ambulance,
the rubber-walker with the spry attendants.

I was to go to the hospital tomorrow, but I thought
Why not today? Now I unstrap the rented Avis car
and, opening the hatch, step boldly out
onto the Planet Earth. My skull is bare,
thin animal hide is fitted to my feet.
The autumn air is fresh, a first Pepperidge tree
has turned mahogany and red. This is a safe walk.
This turnpike is uninhabited. When I come back
I'll meet a trooper with a soft, wide hat
who will take away my Earth-rocks and debrief me.

Talking Back

by David Wagoner

This green-and-red, yellow-naped Amazon parrot, Pythagoras,
Is the master of our kitchen table. *Every good boy*
Does fine! he shouts, hanging upside down, and *Pieces of eight*
And gold doubloons! in his cage whose latches he picked with ease
Till we bought a padlock, *To market, to market, to buy a fat pig!*
Home again, home again, and he rings his brass bell, as militant
As salvation, or knocks his trapeze like a punching bag with his beak
Or outfakes and ripostes the treacherous cluster of measuring spoons
Which he pretends are out for his blood. How many times
Have I wished him back in his jungle? Instead, he brings it here
Daily with a voice like sawgrass in raucous counterpoint
To after-work traffic, washing machines, or electric razors
As he jangles back at all our civilized motors, *Who knows*
What evil lurks in the hearts of men? but then, inscrutably,
Refusing to laugh like The Shadow. When he walks on the table
In a fantailed pigeon-toed shuffling strut, getting a taste
Of formica with his leathery tongue, he challenges me
Each morning to fight for my wife if I dare to come near her,
Ruffling his neck and hunching, beak open, his amber eyes
Contracting to malevolent points. I taught him everything
He knows, practically, *Fair and foul are near of kin!*
Including how to love her as he croons in her soft voice,
I'm a green bird, and how to test me for the dialectic hell of it,
What then? sang Plato's ghost, What then? as if I knew
The answer which Yeats in his finite wisdom forgot to teach me.

Hunger

by L. Bruce

The skiing champs
cling together
in groups

they are
masters they know
how to turn

the turns
shave the slalom poles
close to the 100th

of a second
with a brutal
elegance.

The admirers
hustle below
click the times

throw enamored glances
at the idols who discuss
the others' impossible style.

The competing teams
shake heads all day
at the position

of the hips
of the adversaries
as they race

down the slopes
the turns
turn out alike

and new snow
covers the tracks
in the night

of their victory
banquet.

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An essay review of "Magellan's Voyage: A Narrative Account of the First Circumnavigation," by Antonio Pigafetta, translated from the French by R. A. Skelton (Yale University Press, 2 vols., 475 pp., $100), and "The Voyage of Magellan: The Journal of Antonio Pigafetta," translated by Paula Spurlin Paige (Prentice-Hall, 149 pp., $14.95)

West to the Orient

by ALAN VILLIERS

Antonio Pigafetta was a landlubber from Italy who somehow got himself aboard the Portuguese Magellan's Spanish fleet, which sailed from Seville in August 1519 for the then Portuguese Spice Islands. Of the five little ships and 280 men who left, one ship and a score-odd men returned two and a half years later. The men included Pigafetta but not Magellan.

Pigafetta's claim to fame is his Journal, his report of this first west-bound crossing of the Pacific Ocean and first circumnavigation of the world. For some years his account, though well known—at least at second or third hand—has been somewhat neglected. Now, quite independent of each other, suddenly we have two new and noteworthy presentations: R. A. Skelton's complete English translation of the "princely manuscript," with a fascinating facsimile of the rare manuscript itself in a separate volume—a lavish and scholarly production; and Paula Spurlin Paige's translation of the first printed edition of 1525, likewise offered for the first time in English. The shade of Pigafetta must be pleased, as will be scholars, students, and collectors.

Yet, considering the immensity of the feat it briefly records, Pigafetta's Journal leaves a lot to be desired. Discursive, full of "marvels" rather than information, sparing of facts but not of fiction, it seems to me a somewhat indifferent effort. Seamen at least must consider it so, though it drew wider attention to Magellan's achievement than would otherwise have been the case, thus broadening the whole base of men's knowledge of the globe they live on. Yet the plain facts seem to pass the wide-eyed chronicler by, or emerge in spite of him. Inaccurate about the number of men (he says 237, the fleet register lists 280), vague about the route even before the ships have an offing from the Iberian coast, wrong in the brief summary he offers of the mutiny by the Spanish captains against their Portuguese leader, he gets through the straits Magellan called the Strait of All Saints in a page or two, and across the whole Pacific—over three months of it—in little more. When he goes ashore, in South America and Patagonia especially, he describes such men and women as no one has seen since, and in the East he finds other marvels now unknown. What ever was the man doing all the time? He was neither seaman, navigator, priest, nor medico. How did he occupy himself? Certainly not in working on this journal. Perhaps he kept a better private log.

Of course, Pigafetta was a *fidalgo* in his own way. He had come to Seville "in an ambassadorial train" and joined the expedition as one "desirous of seeing the wonderful things of the ocean." We have reason to be grateful that he did at least record something. His journal, first published 444 years ago, made known the sum total of Magellan's achievement and, incidentally, of Columbus's as well. The East *could* be reached by sailing West. There *was* a way into a new ocean—and what an ocean!—near the end of land in South America. There were favorable winds and currents to help sailing ships westwards across that ocean, after they had passed the straits. A contemporary sailing ship—by no means a wholly satisfactory sea vehicle—sailed with European navigational knowledge could, with time and courage and immense labor, contrive to be blown right round the world. It would take a long time, but she could do it. That great and wondrous sailing ocean Magellan called "Pacific" had been wide

ALAN VILLIERS, a lifelong student of Pacific sailing history as well as a practical Cape Horn shipmaster, is the author of *Captain James Cook*, among other books.

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

21 **"Magellan's Voyage: A Narrative Account of the First Circumnavigation,"** by Antonio Pigafetta, translated by R. A. Skelton; **"The Voyage of Magellan: The Journal of Antonio Pigafetta,"** translated by Paula Spurlin Paige

23 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

24 **One Thing and Another:** John Hutchens talks with Conrad Aiken, recipient of the National Book Committee's Medal for Literature

26 **"Journal of a Novel: The East of Eden Letters,"** by John Steinbeck

27 **"Ambassador's Journal: A Personal Account of the Kennedy Years,"** by John Kenneth Galbraith

27 **"The Roman Years of Margaret Fuller,"** by Joseph Jay Deiss

28 **Books for Young People,** by Zena Sutherland

31 **"Trepleff,"** by MacDonald Harris

31 **"The Joke: A Novel of Czechoslovakia Today,"** by Milan Kundera

32 **"Sick Friends,"** by Ivan Gold

33 **"The Battle for Germany,"** by H. Essame; **"The Battle for Rome,"** by W. G. F. Jackson; **"The Thousand-Mile War: World War II in Alaska and the Aleutians,"** by Brian Garfield; **"World War II: A Compact History,"** by R. Ernest Dupuy; **"Years of Deadly Peril: The Coming of the War 1939-1941,"** by Henry Adams

34 **"The Transformation of American Foreign Policy,"** by Charles E. Bohlen

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open to the mariners of the East for at least a thousand years but, understandably content with their own side of it, they had left the great blank to wandering islanders and odd blow-aways. It took the courageous Portuguese at the height of their amazing powers to find and use the sailing route.

Long before the Magellan voyage, other Portuguese had already pioneered and developed the better route to the East of the spice trade (and much else)—the way down the trade wind belt of the Atlantic and by the Cape of Good Hope. That way was shorter, kinder to ships since it did not reach down into ghastly southern latitudes, and kinder to men, too. The trade winds of the Atlantic and South Indian Oceans and the monsoonal variations in much of the latter were soon known. (The Greek Hippalus had reported on that important aspect of sailing in the first century B.C.; unlike Pigafetta, he included useful sailing directions.)

Far more important, there was just too much Pacific altogether. In the era of small, frail sailing ships it was not a route but a hazard—too wide, too many zones of calm and light variables, bereft (as far as Magellan knew) of useful wayside stops. The sailing passage of the straits Magellan found was a hazard, too. Magellan's voyage and ideas were based on utter ignorance of the sea world's immensity. The idea he had sold the king of Spain was that the papal dividing line granting the hemisphere of the Americas to Spanish dominance and that of the east to the Portuguese would, when carried westward over the sea that Balboa had glimpsed briefly from Panama in 1513, put at least the more easterly of the Indies in the Spanish zone. Or possibly some new islands then unknown but equally valuable.

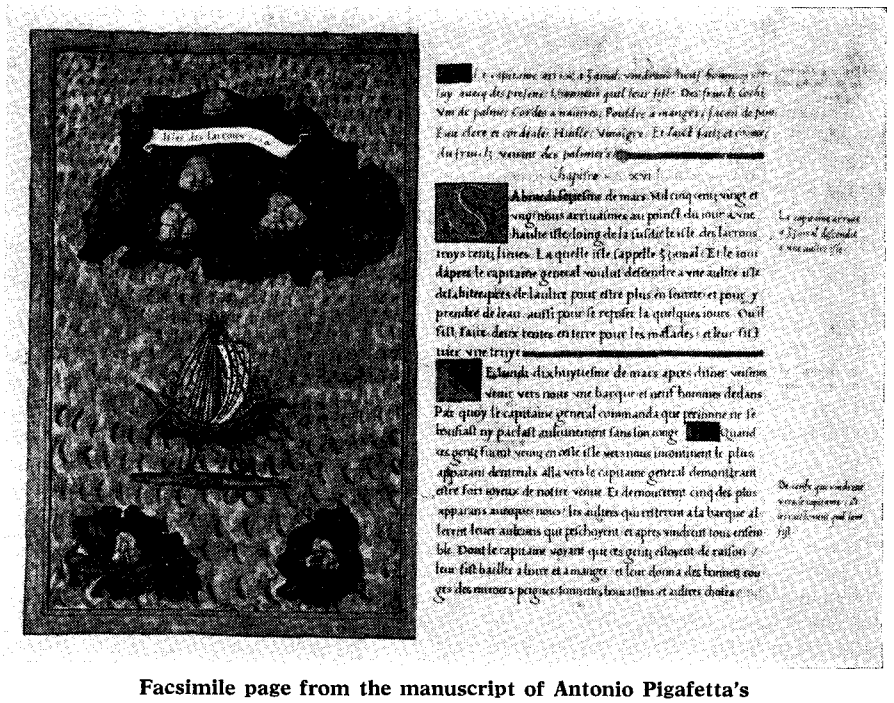
But of course the farther west Magellan had to sail the farther into the Portuguese zone did the Pacific's vastness push the Spice Islands. His theory was wrong and, as a sailing route even to Spanish South American ports, his strait was useless. Worse, it was an underpass that enabled bold sea dogs like Drake to reach the Pacific unmolested, for the place was too remote and too barren and wild for adequate defense. Worse still, a day or two's sail to the south'ard of that strait there was an open-sea route from Atlantic to Pacific round Cape Horn, a route made known by Hollanders and others used to harsh seas and colder climes, and—in time—exploited by the seafaring world. For seaworthy, well-found, and well-sailed ships, in the hands of master mariners accustomed to grim winter sailing, the route westwards past the Horn was simpler and safer than Magellan's way.

It was difficult, of course, for it meant a harsh slog under bitter conditions against the more or less permanent wind system at the world's windiest and nastiest sea-corner, where one huge sea could—and often did—swallow a ship whole, and lurking Antarctic icebergs take a fatal swipe at those that survived the gales. Even at that, it was better by far than taking on Magellan's strait with its tortuous bends, williwaws shrieking down from frozen mountain tops, sea too deep to anchor in with primitive ground tackle, absence of useful harbors and helpful human beings. Magellan was more fortunate than he or Pigafetta knew to get through as quickly as he did. The big iron and steel square-riggers and the wooden Down-Easters that succeeded Magellan's tubs consistently took on the Horn. For them sea room was a blessing, rocks too close under one's lee the major curse. Small ships could secure to trees or float themselves off a beach again—with luck—if they got on one. Their big sisters right into the twentieth century found Magellan's strait altogether too confined for windwards working.

The small ships of medieval days could "point-up" closer to the wind because their simple cordage rigging, slack a-lee, allowed the yards to be braced closer to the fore-and-aft line. Steel square-riggers were rigidly rigged: six points from the wind was their absolute best. I never heard of one that had the slightest interest in using Magellan's strait (unless bound for Punta Arenas) despite the fact that some optimist in the early 1900s planned to establish a fleet of strong tugs to cruise off Cape Virgins and pluck the big sailers through (at a price), and give them an offing on the Pacific side whence they might claw off that nasty coast until they picked up a helpful shove towards the north from the Humboldt Current. Outward bound, their ambition was to beat past the Horn as quickly as possible, keeping off the continental shelf while doing so, even if that meant bashing down in screaming gales almost to the Antarctic Circle, as it often did. Their crews signed articles to serve wherever the ship went between 75° north latitude and 65° south.

The Horn route was always dangerous. As late as the first decade of this century, square-riggers of 2,000 tons and more went missing there at the rate of half a dozen a year. They fought and the sea won, and nothing was ever heard or seen again of any of them. In 1905 six were wrecked and twenty compelled to run back for the Falklands or Montevideo to lick their wounds and then return to take up the fight again. A dozen more, after months of fighting the sea's endless onslaught, had to turn eastwards, as Bligh had sailed the *Bounty* to Tahiti. The little sealers from New England, the rare missionary schooner trying to help Yahgan or Alcaluf Indians, Fitzroy in the surveying sloop *Beagle* had to use the Straits, for what they sought—souls, sealskins, cartographic knowledge—was there.

"There were great storms," remarks Pigafetta, giving nothing away, after



Facsimile page from the manuscript of Antonio Pigafetta's Journal—"nail-stealing virgins and other suchlike wonders."

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the fleet had passed "sea wolves" of various colors and as large as calves. "There were great storms"—there is a bookful in four words! Life aboard Magellan's ships must have been infernally uncomfortable. Groping down for passage westwards our chronicler is not worried, for "the Captain knew that he had to sail through a very hidden strait, as he had seen in the archives of the king of Portugal, on a map drawn by a worthy man named Martin of Bohemia. And so they found it with great difficulty."

One thinks that here the credulous chronicler is misreporting again. If all that the painstaking Magellan knew of a passage towards the Pacific, after his years of sailing with his countrymen and sharing their knowledge, was the sort of confusingly hopeful stuff shown on the globe made by Martin Behaim, then it is unlikely that he would have found anything. For Behaim's idea of the world in 1492 was indeed vague, based on such information as he could pick up, mainly from Portuguese sources, plus considerable optimism. His "world" omitted the Americas altogether, showed a scattering of islands where in fact Australasia is, and merged the Atlantic and Pacific into one relatively small ocean. As a *fidalgo* of Portugal and an earnest student of the subject, Magellan knew better than that. By 1519 the east coast of South America had been probed well enough at least for another earnest scholar, one Schöner, to produce globes far better than Behaim's. Schöner shows a strait more or less where Magellan found one. It is not at all unlikely that both he and Magellan knew some of the mariners who had done the groping. Behaim had shown the South Atlantic out of all proportion; Columbus exploded that idea.

It was on November 28, 1520, that the loyal remnants of the Magellan squadron passed into the Pacific at its southwestern corner to begin their incredible crossing. "And they were three months and twenty days without eating anything" (*i.e.*, fresh) "and they ate biscuit, and when there was no more of that, they ate the crumbs which were full of maggots and smelled strongly of mouse urine. They drank yellow water, already . . . putrid. And they ate some of the hides that were on the largest shroud[s] to keep it from breaking. . . "

No one would get much sustenance nor anti-scorbutic value from inferior old leather sewn as chafing-gear to cordage shrouds and stays, no matter how long soaked or broiled. There used to be plenty of such leather, for there was a great susceptibility to de-

(*Continued on page 72*)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Impressions Corrected

WHILE I AM GRATEFUL for the kind comments of Franz Schulze on my book *The Indignant Eye* [*SR*, Nov. 29], I would like to correct two impressions he may have left with the reader.

Mr. Schulze wrote that while there is much anti-papal material in *The Indignant Eye*, there is "none directed against Martin Luther." He overlooked the two anti-Luther prints on page 18 (as against ten anti-papal prints, a fair proportion, since Luther stressed the value of prints as propaganda and most leading printmakers supported him).

Mr. Schulze mentions my "constant derisive" references to the "self-preoccupation" and "subjective withdrawal" of the abstract expressionists, but he himself pointed out that in the Fifties the "message" in art was neglected. My single comment was applied to a particular anti-Vietnam war exhibit (generally regarded as unsuccessful) in which several abstract artists participated. In no way was it meant to denigrate the obvious esthetic contributions of Pollock, Gorky and de Kooning.

RALPH E. SHIKES,
New York, N.Y.

An Absolute Commitment

THE REVIEW-ESSAY of my novel, *them* [*SR*, Nov. 22], was flattering in one sense—that the novel should be the subject of a serious, extended review—and dismaying in another sense.

Professor Benjamin DeMott spent a good deal of time wondering whether the novel is autobiographical. This is a matter that seems to me irrelevant and distracting and, considering the subject matter of *them*, possibly discomforting to the author.

In defense of my university, which Professor DeMott labels "undistinguished": Syracuse University's English Department has had in recent years on its permanent or short-term staff George P. Elliott, W. D. Snodgrass, Grace Paley, Philip Booth, Donald Justice, John Williams, and Delmore Schwartz.

Professor DeMott criticizes me for not having taken as models certain living writers whom he obviously admires. I find this bizarre criticism: *why* should I consciously imitate anyone? *them* owes much to Stendhal (the hero, Jules, is named for Julien Sorel) and to Flaubert, but even more to ordinary daily newspapers in Detroit.

The reviewer cautions me, as a teacher of literature like himself, against "wallowing in self-elevating self-hatred" and against the temptation to believe, because I teach literature, that I know the "secrets" of literature from the outside. This has nothing to do with my novel; it is a curious personal attack. For me, the teaching of literature is a continuing revelation—it inspires humility, not arrogance.

Professor DeMott's entire review is an unfair attack—not against my novel so much as against the literary climate of our times, which he sees as confused morally (though he does not dare use the old-fashioned term "moral"; he prefers the term "reflective intelligence"). Contemporary writing is too "objective"—it is not clear enough in its moral commitments—it may be easily misunderstood. One might have hoped that a professor of English could have guessed that the very fact of writing a massive novel without falling into despair over its contents and its organization is an absolute moral commitment. I realized in writing *them* that I was writing an outrageous novel (its quite sincere hero being a murderer) and that I risked being severely misunderstood, but the risk certainly seemed worth taking.

JOYCE CAROL OATES,
Windsor, Ont.

The Unquiet Nisei

JEROME CHARYN'S REVIEW of Bill Hosokawa's *Nisei: The Quiet Americans* [*SR*, Nov. 15] does not mention the controversy which has been, and is still, going on with reference to the book's title, and especially to the word "quiet," to which some of us have objected. In spite of many letters of protest and alternative title suggestions, the Japanese American History Project Committee of the Japanese American Citizens League (who raised the money and underwrote the book) arbitrarily closed the issue by rejecting all suggestions.

It is not the "Enryo Syndrome" that colors the author's point of view and narrows his study to "a host of success stories and a list of Nisei notables. . . ." The proper phrase is "Uncle Tomism," a flaw in the personality of many Nisei.

(Mrs.) SUE KUNITOMI EMBREY,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Paton and Whitman

YOUR CORRESPONDENT SANFORD CARLISLE reproves me justifiably for overlooking Walt Whitman's poetry in my review of Alan Paton's *For You Departed* [*SR*, Nov. 8].

Paton knows and admires Whitman. One beautiful, moving passage in the work begins with the opening lines of "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed." During his public reading of this passage Paton turned from his own text and recited some forty lines from Whitman's poem, saying that he did so "in case there should be anyone here who doesn't know these lines—lines of one of the greatest threnodies in world literature. . . ."

EDWARD CALLAN,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

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One Thing and Another

John K. Hutchens

Even on this late November day a touch of autumn lingered in the Cape Cod town where Conrad Aiken lives. A touch of contentment lingered on the round, russet face of Mr. Aiken, who at eighty was receiving the National Book Committee's fifth National Medal for Literature—a medal of bronze, accompanied by a check for $5,000. William I. Nichols, vice chairman of the Committee, read a graceful citation to Mr. Aiken as "the complete man of letters, for his many works of poetry and prose which have illuminated the human condition." Mr. Aiken, replying with equal grace, spoke his pleasure at the honor and (the touch of contentment became a slight smile at this point) "the Golden Fleece that so happily comes with it."

"When all is said and done," he went on, "what do we know of the poem and the poet, or what more than that man is a poet, and can't help it? Isn't it itself a gift? And the wonderful thing is that it's free! . . . And it does us a lot of good to pause like this, and say, like Socrates, it was a Voice that spoke, not I."

With no more than that, the formal ceremony was over. A photographer took pictures in and out of the Aikens' old, weathered, shingled house in Brewster. The author's wife, the painter Mary Hoover Aiken, served martinis in large silver goblets. Her husband had been dreading this day, she said, because he confesses to an almost pathological form of shyness, despite all the occasions when he has been in the public eye—a Pulitzer Prize, a National Book Award, the Gold Medal for Poetry of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, the Bollingen Prize, three years in the Chair of Poetry at the Library of Congress. But if he was distressed now he gave no sign of it, even when your correspondent asked for half an hour or so of his time for an over-the-shoulder look at a literary life.

Speaking of the Library of Congress, did he enjoy his stay there?

"Well, yes and no. I found myself in a battle royal with the bureaucracy from the moment I got there. They were critical of everything I did—even objected to the way I signed letters, because I had a habit of putting my signature way out to the right, you see, not under the 'yours sincerely,' and they said would I please center my signature, so I took pains to put it still further out to the right."

Did his duties there keep him busy?

"Well, as a matter of fact, there was quite a lot to do but it didn't take much time and so I started writing. I had a great standard typewriter right in the office and I went to work on my autobiography, *Ushant*, and wrote half of it while I was there."

At about that time a new collection of his short stories appeared, and he was quoted as saying that he was ready to quit that form. Had he?

"I stopped about 1940. I think the last one was 'A Pair of Vikings,' which came out in *Esquire* that year."

What writing is he doing now?

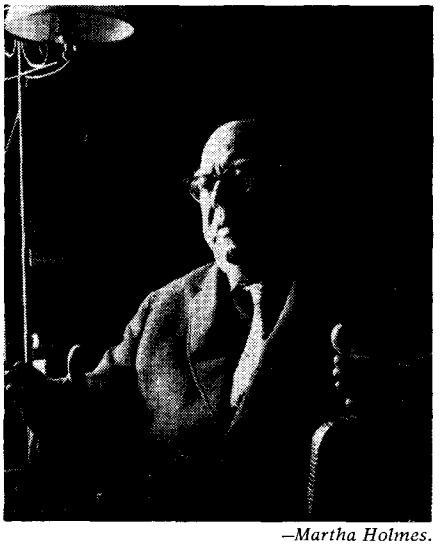
"None. The brain has gone to sleep. Here and there it stutters a little with something, mostly verse. *Ushant* was the last real book. Well, no, there must have been a couple of books of poetry since then."

He doesn't miss the process of writing?

"No. All my life I've had empty spells, and it never worried me. I was always perfectly happy and knew that, if it wanted to, it would come back."

He has been described as the first American writer to make use of the Freudian theory in fiction, beginning with his novel *Blue Voyage* in 1927. When did this interest begin?

"I swallowed Freud very early, as an undergraduate at Harvard, and then I pursued the thing in every direction. I read all the other analysts, too. And then a lot of my friends turned out to be analysts of one sort or another. One of them lives five miles away from here, whom I've known since Harvard. He's analyzed the whole Cape and kept it sane."



—*Martha Holmes.*

Conrad Aiken: "I don't think we're going to kill the printed word."

His fellow students at Harvard included Walter Lippmann, Alan Seeger, Heywood Broun, Robert Benchley, John Reed, Van Wyck Brooks, Edward Sheldon, and, closest to him of all, T. S. Eliot.

"Eliot and I met in my freshman year and we got to be very good friends at once. We spoke the same language and dined at the same table in Memorial Hall and so that became a very close thing."

Did he and Eliot later influence each other as poets and artists?

"It began with his influence on me, because his 'Prufrock' stained us all. We never got over it. But then it became reciprocal, I think, in the case of Eliot and myself. He was a wonderful fellow."

Had they seen much of each other after Mr. Aiken moved to England in 1921 for a stay of some years?

"Not so much then, because thanks to the birth of my third child we decided to live in the country in England and I saw less and less of London and my friends there because I was going through a period of considerable poverty, and having a hard time making ends meet. So I would see Tom, well, once in two weeks, for lunch, and our correspondence consisted entirely of rather blasphemous postcards between luncheon dates."

He was at Harvard in the Golden Age of such teachers as Dean Briggs, Charles Townsend Copeland, George Lyman Kittredge, George Santayana. To what extent did Briggs, for instance, teach him to write?

"Dean Briggs did it by letting you go your own way, entirely. Copey, on the other hand, tended to impose a kind of pattern of his own on you—the choice of the right French word, that sort of thing. All I ever tell young people who come to me is to become expert at the technical part of it, and I advise all young poets to just practice forms without paying any attention to the meaning, so as to familiarize themselves with all the possibilities of effective values, sound values, and all the rest that goes into prosody. Then when you are ready to say something you have the tools to say it with."

In his speech accepting the 1954 NBA garland for his *Collected Poems* Aiken appeared to hold high hopes for American poetry. Has there been a pause since then?

"I think there has been a slight pause—so many little groups of self-interested poets each with a theory of its own. I call these the 'splinter poets,' and we've got too much of that at the

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moment. But I think it'll lead to something. There's plenty of ferment and I think it is very good. Twentieth-century American poetry was really one of the great periods of poetry, possibly one of the great ones of all time. I mean, beginning way back with Edgar Lee Masters and Robert Frost and coming down through Eliot and Ezra Pound and since then to Wallace Stevens and Marianne Moore. I think Stevens was the shining star of our time and still not properly appreciated. Edwin Arlington Robinson is another neglected one."

And the American prose writers?

"Faulkner. He's far and away the best we've had in this century, and one of the great men. *The Sound and the Fury* is an extraordinary book. It has wonderful form, and people don't appreciate it as much as they should. Hemingway, I think, will be marked down. I believe he's overestimated slightly. There's not enough mind there, and he has to fall back on rather simple types of humanity for his characters, the beating of the breast, the Tarzan stuff. But I'm not a great fiction reader so I'm not really qualified to go into that. I can't read novels any more, practically. They're so vague. I like things short now, and so I more and more stick to reading poetry—and the comics. I like the serious ones as much as the funny ones. They are really serving a sociological purpose that is invaluable. They are always one step ahead of public opinion, and right now they are beginning to intervene in Vietnam, in a subtle sort of way."

Then is Marshall McLuhan possibly right when he predicts the triumph of the graphic arts over the printed word?

"I'm afraid there is a good deal in that, but I don't think we're going to kill the printed word, not for a minute. The language is growing at a terrific rate, and growing well, and embracing everything as it goes and as it grows. The youngsters are really hungry for good writing. They're a good lot, if you give them a chance."

A standard question, but an inevitable one: What, in his writing life, has given him the greatest satisfaction as an artist?

"I think I would say—forgetting for a moment the poetry, which is such a mass of stuff that it sinks or swims by itself—that probably the autobiography, *Ushant*, is my favorite child. It sums it all up. It illuminates the poetry and is illuminated by the poetry. I am very pleased that there are signs it may be published again."

The interviewer thanked Mr. Aiken for his time and his patience.

"It's been a pleasure," said Mr. Aiken amiably, "but I'm glad it's over."

Personal History

JOURNAL OF A NOVEL: The East of Eden Letters

by John Steinbeck

Viking, 182 pp., $6.50

"ONE SHOULD BE A REVIEWER," says John Steinbeck in one of the letters in this posthumous collection, "or better still a critic, these curious sucker fish who live with joyous vicariousness on other men's work and discipline with dreary words the thing that feeds them." Elsewhere in his writings he calls criticism "a bunch of crap" and "an ill-tempered parlor game in which nobody gets kissed," remarks that, although relatively infrequent, seemed to become increasingly venomous in the late stages of his career.

The venom was well deserved, for Steinbeck's post-war reception was one of nearly unrelieved and often misdirected hostility. Of the eight fictional works published during this period, only *The Pearl* was even fleetingly praised, and it has inevitably suffered from constant comparison with Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea.* What distressed Steinbeck most were the "expecters"—those critics who constantly awaited an updated *Grapes of Wrath,* who refused to "go along with the story" in each subsequent work if it did not meet the criteria of his most famous novel. When, for example, Peter Lisca (*The Wide World of John Steinbeck*) wrote a postscript on Steinbeck's "decline as a writer," chiding him for abandoning "his earlier viewpoint," it was clear that balanced opinion had been pre-empted by stylistic prejudice. Other critics, such as Lionel Trilling, Walter Allen, and Mark Schorer, still influenced by Edmund Wilson's knell-like statements of 1940, found the post-war work wanting for much the same reason. Still others somehow saw evidence in the journalism of the Sixties—*Travels with Charley, America and Americans,* and *Letters to Alicia*—that the author had lost his creative spark with his first step outside the Salinas Valley.

Whether these letters, written to Steinbeck's editor, Pascal Covici, during the ten-month composition of *East of Eden* in 1951, will have much effect on future criticism is a difficult thing to predict. Written as a warming-up exercise for the actual novel, though, they contain a great deal more than indictment; they reveal much about Steinbeck the man, about his relationship with those closest to him, about his art in general and *East of Eden* in particular. I believe they will be indispensable to future studies of his work.

The autobiographical details are of course invaluable in the absence of any biography. ("Feel free to make up your own facts about me," he told would-be biographers; "biography by its very nature must be half-fiction.") Steinbeck comes across in these letters as an extremely introspective person, often lonely, given to periods of deep depression as well as exquisite joy (during the creative process), possessed of strong personal beliefs often bordering on the arrogant, as enamored of mechanical inventions as of experimental ideas. His self-descriptions often remind one of many characters in his fiction, as do the brief portraits

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

MORE FRANGLISH

Each of the missing words is the French for the word at its left, as well as an English equivalent of the word at its right (e.g.—*say*: DIRE: *calamitous*). Thanks to Doris Hertz of Mannheim-Feudenheim, W. Germany, and Karin S. Armitage of San Francisco, all the missing links turn up on page 72.

short	_____	woo	fate	_____	kind
strong	_____	bastion	third	_____	rows
blade	_____	crippled	pull	_____	weary
monkey	_____	burn	garlic	_____	be ill
tooth	_____	depression	leap	_____	surety
goal	_____	however	cat	_____	talk
blood	_____	warbled	thing	_____	selected
corner	_____	penny	street	_____	regret
slender	_____	chop finely	sand	_____	precious fur
year	_____	one	typewrite	_____	candle

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of his relatives—mother and father, sons Thom and John, and wife Elaine.

Most illuminating is the obvious understanding and accepting relationship between the author and his editor, a relationship which Charles Madison (*Book Publishing in America*) has called "the happiest in publishing history." The mutual respect, the sharing of ideas, the attempt to comprehend each other's role—all are evident here, so that one can appreciate Steinbeck's tribute to Covici after his death in 1964: "For thirty years Pat was my collaborator and my conscience. He demanded of me more than I had and thereby caused me to be more than I should have been without him."

Many of the personal details (preference for certain types of pencils, theories about the popular desire for long books) and incidental comments (on Communism, on man's life-patterns) tend to become boring by mere repetition, as is perhaps to be expected of a publication of this nature. By far the greatest worth of *Journal of a Novel* is to be found in its commentary on the nature of writing and on the technical problems involved in a massive creation like *East of Eden*.

Lately, I have been seeking to maintain that Steinbeck's direction in his post-war fiction is fabular rather than novelistic (a view that has always been an undercurrent in criticism, and which I was happy to find I shared with that energetic Steinbeck aficionado Warren French). For it has seemed to me there is ample evidence that in these later works Steinbeck was attempting not to depict real-life situations (as in, say, *In Dubious Battle*) but rather to give us fictional examples of the truth of a formulable moral statement—in other words, to construct fables, parables, apologues. Now the proof of the validity of this perspective is at hand; in a letter of October 10 Steinbeck declares: "I have noticed so many of the reviews of my work show a fear and a hatred of ideas and speculations. It seems to be true that people can only take parables fully clothed with flesh. Any attempt to correlate in terms of thought is frightening."

Furthermore, throughout the letters he speaks of his vital concerns, which are surely those of a fabulist: clothing the thematic skeleton with the "trappings of experience," creating "symbol people" who will merely translate his ethical ideas for the reader, catching the reader in a "trap" of involvement with these ideas, managing the various levels of meaning a parable may evoke, utilizing some pervasive pattern or motif ("the great covered thing") to which everything else in the narrative bears a relation. The writing of parables, it appears, requires attention to such fine points of technique; but the catch is this: a reader must be willing, as Kafka puts it, to "go over" into the special world of parable, to read his own life into that world—and this responsibility the "expecters" have always eschewed.

In *East of Eden*, Steinbeck maintains, he is working with the "microcosm," with a story which is symbolically that of mankind. Thus he sees the moral theme of his Cain-Abel framework as the most vital aspect of his book, something every man must inculcate as he reads. "My wish is that when my reader has finished with this book, he will have a sense of belonging in it," he declares; and again, "I don't want a treatise. I want the participation of my reader. I want him to be so involved that it will be HIS story." The various ways in which Steinbeck tries to achieve this reader participation are fascinating to watch: manipulation of the book's pace ("much more like Fielding than like Hemingway") to give the reader time for contemplation, the fashioning of symbolic characters like Samuel Hamilton (the "wide open man" who recurs in other parables) and Cathy-Kate (the personification of an inherent human malignancy), the refining of the "universal quality" any parable must have into some manageable objective correlative.

Since it does not take much to upset the delicate sense of proportion in parable form, reasons for the ineffectiveness of *East of Eden* are also found here. At least two are easily detectable. One is Steinbeck's indecision over the nature of Cathy-Kate: at times he seems to believe that the evil she represents is "unearthly," not human at all, whereas at others (as in the letter of May 31) he comes closer to the doctrine of original sin: ". . . while she is a monster, she is a little piece of the monster in all of us. It won't be because she is foreign that people will be interested but because she is not. That is not cynicism either."

There is a hint here of what is glaringly obvious in the books from *Cannery Row* to *The Winter of Our Discontent*: Steinbeck's compelling vision of good (found in unity with the "Whole"—with nature and one's fellows) remains unopposed by an equally compelling vision of evil, and the unresolved tension dissipates the moral thrust.

A second reason for the failure of *East of Eden* to make a serious impact on American literature is that it tackles too much. Repeatedly, Steinbeck insists that the book must be about "everything," that it must be a "key to living" containing "all in the world I know." William Golding, it may be remembered, had to cope with much the same tendency toward all-inclusiveness in the writing of *Lord of the Flies*, and he concluded (in his essay "Fable") that "if one takes the whole of the human condition as background of a fable it becomes hopelessly complex. . . . The fable is most successful *qua* fable if it works within strict limits." Unfortunately, although Steinbeck mentions this problem at least once (July 24) he was unable to overcome it.

Other correlations of these letters to the published novel (Steinbeck does not think of it as a novel but as a pseudo-history or a romance) must await, as the publisher's note indicates, "future scholarship." Read carefully, I think the letters in *Journal of a Novel* might well lead many "expecters" to re-examine Steinbeck's later work and re-evaluate it on his own terms. For the general reader (and popular following remains strong) the *Journal* provides not the wide-angle view of James's prefaces nor the microscopic conciseness of Faulkner's interviews, but a telephoto close-up of a fabulist seriously engaged in the "silly business" of writing. The most eloquent passages in the letters come when Steinbeck discusses this business at length (Jan. 29, Sept. 3):

> The craft or art of writing is the clumsy attempt to find symbols for the wordlessness. In utter loneliness a writer tries to explain the inexplicable. And sometimes if he is very fortunate and if the time is right, a very little of what he is trying to do trickles through—not ever much. . . . Having gone through all this nonsense, what emerges may well be the palest of reflections. Oh! it's a real horse's ass business. The mountain labors and groans and strains and the tiniest of rodents comes out. And the greatest foolishness of all lies in the fact that to do it at all, the writer must believe that what he is doing is the most important thing in the world. And he must hold to this illusion even when he knows it is not true. If he does not, the work is not worth even what it might otherwise have been. As it says in *The King and I*—"Is a mystery!"

Lawrence William Jones

Lawrence William Jones, who teaches English at Algonquin College in Ottawa, is currently working on a study of John Steinbeck as a fabulist.

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AMBASSADOR'S JOURNAL: A Personal Account of the Kennedy Years

by John Kenneth Galbraith

Houghton Mifflin, 656 pp., $10

MUCH HAS BEEN MADE of John Kenneth Galbraith's delicious arrogance, biting wit, cool irreverence, and his engaging admission of numerous errors of perception and judgment. The tributes are justified and need not be repeated. *Ambassador's Journal* is subtitled "A Personal Account of the Kennedy Years." What view does it offer of the President and his administration?

The view is at once acute and opaque, steady and fragmented. Galbraith knew the President and many of the New Frontiersmen long before they took office. He stayed on in Washington for some weeks after Kennedy's Inaugural before departing for New Delhi, so he had a close look at the administration's ebullient early days. As Ambassador to India he followed Washington events through cables and newspapers, correspondence, and a ceaseless stream of visitors; he wrote informed and informal letters to the White House, bypassing the State Department; he made frequent—all too frequent, some said—trips back to the home office. He was involved enough to know, detached enough to criticize.

The portrait of Kennedy's early Presidency that emerges from Galbraith's diary is one of a moderate, self-restrained, self-possessed administration, despite all the uplift and rhetoric. "My policy is to be moderate and do much," he told Galbraith ten days after the Inaugural, adding that he was glad the Harvard don was going to India; otherwise Galbraith would have him expounding a far too radical position. (Galbraith argued that he was not a radical but a realist—a concession to Kennedy's articulate major premise.) Kennedy's remark was in keeping with his agreement at that time with Jefferson's dictum that great innovations should not be forced on slender majorities. Certainly the President's unexpectedly small margin over Nixon weighed heavily on him during his early days in office.

As the months rolled by — months of Indian and diplomatic ceremonial (which Galbraith hated), of travel through monsoons, heat, and dust, of considerable illness and discomfort, and above all of efforts to change America's presence and image in Delhi —Galbraith coolly measured the administration's progress. "Moderation" did not seem to be paying off. He was disheartened by heavy spending of political capital on projects he considered bad or marginal: tax reduction, European economic unity, the Kennedy round, and of course the Bay of Pigs. The glory and reward of the Kennedy administration, he warned the President, would lie not in economic indices but in "the way it tackles the infinity of problems that beset a growing population and an increasingly complex society in an increasingly competitive world."

Oddly, the academic man wanted the political man to be more of a politician. In a letter he told Kennedy that he felt the President had stressed ability in his administration at the expense of personal loyalty, and reminded him that the best Roosevelt men had not been the smartest ones but "those who thought of FDR first and of themselves and their agencies second." Galbraith seemed to be hoping—as Robert Frost is reported to have hoped—that Kennedy, despite his contempt for most Massachusetts politicians, would be less Harvard and more Irish.

Later, Kennedy became so. The shift in his administration from the calculated, consensual policies of the first year to the more daring, radical, and even pugnacious stance of the later months comes distantly but clearly through these pages. Galbraith does not indicate the reason. Perhaps it was the cumulative influence of men like himself and Schlesinger and O'Donnell. Perhaps it was the rhetoric, which, like all rhetoric that relates authentically to a nation's ideology, tended to develop a compelling force of its own. Perhaps it was because, as Galbraith said in a post-assassination tribute to his fallen chief, Kennedy had learned that we all — even Presidents — have more liberty than we use.

For in the end the great achievement of Kennedy's Presidency (and perhaps too of Galbraith's ambassadorship) lay less in the carefully calculated démarches and bargains and arrangements effected between the nations, less in the heartlifting visits of the First Lady to India and of Nehru to the United States, or in Washington's economic and military aid to India, than in the thousands upon thousands of garish technicolor portraits of the President and his wife, alongside those of Gandhi and other Indian heroes, that lined the alleys of Calcutta and the marketplaces of Bombay. That image lies in the memories of millions of Indians today—an image to be invoked by an American leader who can renew the heritage of John F. Kennedy.

James MacGregor Burns

James MacGregor Burns is the author of "Roosevelt: the Lion and the Fox" and its recently completed sequel, "Roosevelt: The Soldier of Freedom," which will be published next year.

THE ROMAN YEARS OF MARGARET FULLER

by Joseph Jay Deiss

Crowell, 338 pp., $6.95

MILITANT MAIDENS NOW STRIVING to free their sisters from the shackles of suburbia owe allegiance to Margaret Fuller. Author, editor, educator and pundit, Miss Fuller defied custom more than 100 years ago to become America's first real career woman. Her story, as told by an American scholar in Italy, contains two useful morals for disciples of Betty Friedan.

The first of these is obvious: where there's feminine will, there's more than one way—and always has been. The second lesson is less reassuring. By concentrating on the turbulent Roman spring of a New England spinster, Joseph Jay Deiss inexorably reminds us of that "little bit of difference" between the sexes over which humanity continues to stumble.

Two interviews published last month attest to the relevance of Miss Fuller's life. Recalling the derailment of her own career, the wife of Secretary of State William Rogers told *The Washington Post*: "When I had the choice of taking the bar examination or getting married, I took marriage." In Los Angeles the same newspaper's publisher, Mrs. Katharine Graham, commented: "When you live in a man's world . . . you hope you don't lose your femininity. But you do operate, from the neck up, as a man."

Clearly, essentials have not changed since Harvard students at Margaret Fuller's debut found her lacking in femininity because her conversation tended to be serious. A prodigy from infancy, Margaret inherited intelligence, position and ambition from her father, Timothy, an aspiring influence peddler in John Quincy Adams's admin-

(*Continued on page 73*)

The reviewer, Glendy Culligan, former book review editor of the Washington Post, teaches at Montgomery College in Rockville, Maryland.

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Visions of Sugarplums

by ZENA SUTHERLAND

For me, one of the most exciting first sentences of any book will always be " 'Christmas won't be Christmas without any presents,' grumbled Jo, lying on the rug." I was captivated, smitten, lost to the world when I was eleven and found *Little Women* in my stocking. What could be nicer on Christmas morning than a brand-new book?

Each holiday season brings a handful of books about the Nativity. One for the very youngest is Dick Bruna's *Christmas* (Doubleday, $3.50), the story in the simplest of rhyming words, the illustrations in naïve poster style. Charles Keeping's *The Christmas Story* (Watts, $3.95) is sophisticated in its somber illustrations but stiffly written. *The Very Special Baby,* by Carol Woodard (Fortress Press, $1.95), has big pages with strongly designed pictures, and awkward writing that begins, "Walk, walk, walk. Mary and Joseph were going on a long trip. . ." In Mae Vander Boom's *The Shepherd's Boy* (Augsburg, $2.50) a Jewish child is among the shepherds on the night of Christ's birth, and later dreams that his Roman friend worships with him.

An unusual compilation of Christmas music is *The Shepherd's Pipe* (Plough Publishing House, $6.50), in which poems by Georg Gick have been set to music by Marlys Swinger and issued, with a record, under the aegis of the Society of Brothers. The songs, designed for a Christmas pageant, are somewhat repetitive but have a haunting quality and are simply arranged for children's voices. Another book to be used for a pageant is Nancy Dingman Watson's *Carol to a Child* (World, $3.95), static but pleasant.

Based on the first New World carol, written by a Jesuit missionary in the 1640s, Roz Abisch's *'Twas in the Moon of Wintertime* (Prentice-Hall, $4.95) describes its setting and provides words and music. A book of first carols to play and sing, *On Christmas Day,* compiled by Mervyn Horder (Macmillan, $3.95), has very simple arrangements of some of the most familiar carols and some less well known. The story of the three kings is told in a book of poetry by Elisabeth Borchers, *There Comes a Time* (Doubleday, $4.95). Translated by Babette Deutsch and attractively illustrated, each of the twelve poems depicts a month in the kings' year-long journey.

Lillie Patterson's *Christmas in America* (Garrard, $2.32) is a chronological survey, informally written for young readers, of the contributions from many lands to our Christmas customs. Glenn Crone's *There Really Is a Santa Claus* (John Knox Press, $2.50) is a well-meant but clumsy attempt to explain the legend: "Many years ago a very good and very wealthy man named Nicholas lived in Asia Minor. We might have called him Claus." In *Christmas Folk,* by Natalia Belting (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.95), a charming poem describes each day of the festivities celebrated from November 30 to January 5 in Elizabethan England. The material itself is fascinating, and the illustrations by Barbara Cooney are delightfully vivid.

Another prize is Jerome Coopersmith's *A Chanukah Fable for Christmas* (Putnam, $3.95), in which a small Jewish boy wistfully dreams of a man in a red suit. He knows there isn't really a Santa Claus, but it is one legend he envies—and into his dream comes a jolly fat man, riding through the sky in a draydle, wearing what is unquestionably Moshe Dayan's eye-patch. *The Five Brothers Maccabee,* by Libby Klaperman (Sabra Books/Funk & Wagnalls, $4.50), is an unfortunately dreary account of the revolt led by Mattathias and his sons against the oppressors of the Jews in ancient times.

Among the books for older readers *On That Night,* by Elizabeth Yates (Dutton, $3.95), is a story both devout and sentimental about the restoration of something precious to each of six people at a Christmas Eve service. Offbeat and amusing, Manghanita Kempadoo's *Letters of Thanks* (Simon & Schuster, $2.95) progresses from an effusive appreciation of a partridge in a pear tree to an icy and indignant rejection of the wild cumulation on the twelfth day of Christmas. Last of the books that bridge the span of younger and older readers, a selection of color photographs of a Neapolitan crêche in the Metropolitan Museum of Art: *The Nativity* (Doubleday, $7.95). Olga Raggio, curator, gives the history of the crêche as a Christmas custom, and the text of the King James Version of the Bible is used with the pictures.

There are just a few stories for the very young. *Santa Mouse, Where Are You?,* by Michael Brown (Grosset & Dunlap, $1.95), is a coy tale of one of Santa's little helpers. Also disappointing is Vip's *The Christmas Cookie Sprinkle Snatcher* (Windmill/Simon & Schuster, $4.95), about a thief who repents. In *The Great Sleigh Robbery,* by Michael Foreman (Pantheon, $3.95), a band of robbers in a rocket kidnaps Santa Claus and, prevented by the children of the world from landing anywhere, gives up and becomes docile. A bit slapstick, but bouncy, and the illustrations are riotous with color. A

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real charmer is *The Mole Family's Christmas,* by Russell Hoban (Parents' Magazine Press, $3.50), an animal story that is both bland and funny. The stories in Felice Holman's *The Holiday Rat and The Utmost Mouse* (Norton, $3.95) are Christmas-oriented, but are concerned primarily with the contributions of the rat and the mouse to human welfare. Tongue-in-cheek, deft, and merry. Trina Schart Hyman's *How Six Found Christmas* (Little, Brown, $2.95) is delightfully illustrated but a bit precious. A curiosity piece is a reissue of L. Frank Baum's *A Kidnapped Santa Claus* (Bobbs-Merrill, $4.95), a turgid morality fantasy.

A fanciful theme combines nicely with its realistic setting in Doris Orgel's *Merry, Rose, and Christmas-Tree June* (Knopf, $3.95), about a little girl who longs for an old-fashioned doll. Two unusual books with foreign settings are Natalie Savage Carlson's *Befana's Gift* (Harper & Row, $3.95), set in modern Rome, and *I Saw Three Ships,* by Elizabeth Goudge (Coward-McCann, $3.95), the story of a small girl in an English village long ago. Beautifully illustrated, *The Extra Gift,* by Mary Sweetser (Macrae Smith, $3.95), takes place in a Danish village: the family that has adopted him brings comfort to a Portuguese orphan on Christmas Eve. *The Christmas Tree Mystery,* by Wylly Folk St. John (Viking, $3.95), isn't very mysterious but deals perceptively with adjusting to step-parents. In *The Longest Day of the Year,* by Helen Marquis (Meredith, $4.95), a thirteen-year-old girl copes with a blizzard on the day before Christmas. Good pace, good style. *The December Dog,* by Jan M. Robinson (Lippincott, $3.50), is the story of a stray dog that comes for shelter at Christmas. Another animal story is *J. T.,* by Jane Wagner (Van Nostrand-Reinhold, $4.95), with good photographs of a small, unhappy black child whose pet has died. A Jewish neighbor gives J. T. a new kitten for Christmas.

Colors. *Written and illustrated by John J. Reiss. Bradbury. 32 pp. $4.95.* The simplest of formats and a sophisticated use of color and design combine to make a big and beautiful first book for the child learning to distinguish colors. The text consists entirely of the names of colors and the names of objects pictured: for red, there are strawberries, raspberries, a fireman's hat, apples, a cut watermelon, lobster, crab, peppers, tomatoes. The shades are vibrant, the layout stunning. Ages 2-5.

A Lion in the Meadow. *By Margaret Mahy. Illustrated by Jenny Williams. Watts. 32 pp. $4.95.* There was a lion, the little boy said, a big lion in the meadow. His mother said that was nonsense. He was afraid to go in the meadow because of the big, roaring, yellow, whiskery lion? "Little boy, you are making up stories again," and she gave the boy a small box in which there was, she said, a tiny dragon that would grow huge if released in the meadow and would frighten the lion away. When the boy comes back and reports that his lion is afraid of the ferocious dragon and has run away (it is hiding in the broom cupboard), mother is hard put to it. The humor of the situation should appeal to young pretenders, with whom the author identifies. The writing is rather flat, but it is compensated for by the fancy of the plot and the colorful illustrations that abound in vitality and fun. Ages 5-7.

Broderick. *By Edward Ormondroyd. Illustrated by John Larrecq. Parnassus. 32 pp. $3.50.* A new hero joins the ranks of great mice in literature! Passionately addicted to books, Broderick (who always judged by the cover, after judicious nibbling) one day came across a book on surfing; having searched for a road to fame, the doughty mouse immediately acquired a tongue depressor and practiced with grim determination. He was picked up one day by an admiring human named Tim, who became his manager, and together they dazzled the crowd at Malibu Beach. Broderick could ride one foot, hang ten, and water-ski; he learned the pullout, the stall, and the cutback. His exploits dazzled the world and the television audience, and when he retired Broderick sent a large, anonymous donation to the library that had started him on his glorious career. Great fun and good style, with illustrations that are strong in composition and delicate in detail. Ages 5-8.

Wolfie. *By Janet Chenery. Illustrated by Marc Simont. Harper & Row. 64 pp. $2.50.* If your dog doesn't bother to use his dog house, you use it yourself, of course. Harry and his pal George found it an excellent secret hiding place and a good permanent residence for Wolfie, their spider. A staff member at the Nature Center helped the boys discover facts about the wolf spider:

—From "Wolfie."

how he differs from insects, what to feed him, and why he had never spun a web. Mixed with this simply presented information is a bit of amusing by-play with a small sister who wants desperately to help feed Wolfie, and attractive pictures of two alert boys (one black, one white). The book will serve admirably as a beginning science book and as a story for the beginning reader. Ages 6-8.

Journey to Jericho. *By Scott O'Dell. Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. Houghton Mifflin. 41 pp. $3.75.* Almost every week someone got hurt in the mine, and every year several men were killed, but David wanted to be a miner when he grew up, just like his father. Mother hated the idea, and when she found out that David had sneaked into the mine on the same day there was an explosion, she put her foot down. No more. Father went off to Jericho, in California, to find work in a lumber camp, and when he sent for his family, he didn't realize that David was going to lug, all the way from West Virginia, a jar of Grandma's watermelon pickles. To David it was the last link with home, but when he saw his father he ran with such abandon that the jar broke. It didn't matter—they were all together again. The combination of a former Newbery winner and a former Caldecott winner has produced a mild story, well told but staid of pace, with very handsome illustrations. Ages 8-10.

Along Sandy Trails. *By Ann Nolan Clark. Photographs by Alfred A. Cohn. Viking. 31 pp. $4.95.* Color photographs, some of them strikingly dramatic, are seen to full advantage on the oversize pages of a book that captures both the grandeur of the Arizona desert and the contentment of a small girl who walks with her grandmother through the beauty of blooming cacti. Overhead the paloverde tree is a froth of gold, along the trails dart the roadrunner and the quail, the tiny ground squirrel sits watching, bright-eyed. The little Papago girl tells of the giant cactus that holds rain water when the dry time comes, and gives fruit for the hunger moon. In the distance the mountains loom purple, the sun sets, and the two go happily home. "I go into my mother's house and light a store-bought candle to remember all our walks these moons of summer along the sandy trails." The writing has a lyric flow despite its simplicity, the style eloquently echoing the stark beauty of the desert, so briefly softened by flowering in the summer moon. Ages 8-10.

My Dear Dolphin. *By Cynthia de Narvaez. Photographs by Jerry Greenberg. American Heritage. 64 pp. $3.95.* Dolphins are a big tourist attraction in Florida, but they seldom indulge in a mass love affair with visitors. Cynthia de Narvaez had flown down from New York for spring vacation with her four children (eleven, nine, six, and four), and all of them were so captivated by the dolphins that they persuaded the trainer to let them enter the pool outside of visiting hours and play with these most remarkable mammals. The photographs capture both the

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charm of the dolphins and the delight of the children, and the book records a day-by-day history of growing affection and appreciation of the dolphins' intelligence, sense of humor, and amiability. Informative, as many books about trained dolphins are, this has an added appeal because of the participation of children and the immediacy of first-hand observation. Ages 9-11.

Children of Appalachia. *Written and photographed by Peg Shull. Messner. 95 pp. $3.95.* While there are quite a few stories about Appalachia, there are few informational books. This one has a fictional framework, but it is a description of the children of three families of the Cumberland region rather than a story. The fictionizing is occasionally a vehicle for presenting facts, rather artificially, in the guise of conversation, but it also enables the author to give the flavor of mountain speech and to use local idiom in context. One family resides in town, their cousins are on a farm, and a friend lines "up the holler" in a primitive and self-sufficient, almost frontier fashion. If not always fluent, the writing is competent, and the book gives a very good picture of the region: the feeling of community engendered by generations of intermarriage, the beauty of the mountains that holds the Appalachians, the despoliation that mining has produced, the government programs that have been set up to mitigate the problems caused by lack of education and unemployment. Ages 9-11.

A Single Trail. *By Karen Rose. Follett. 158 pp. $3.50.* The first few times the family had moved, Ricky had suffered newcomer's agonies at school, but this was the eleventh time, he was in sixth grade, and he had a formula. After two weeks he had friends. So he couldn't understand Earl's hostility. Sure, Earl was black and he was white, so what? For Earl, the fact that anybody was white was enough; he wasted time in school, had no friends, entertained few hopes. The change that opens a door for both boys is an accident in one sense (a hospitalized teacher volunteers to coach both boys in reading), but it is really due both to the persistence and understanding of the teacher and the school principal, and to each boy's need of a friend. Thus thrown together, Ricky and Earl exhibit no instant rapport; realistically, they are just making the first tentative overtures toward mutual trust when the story ends. Perceptive, moderate in scope but infinite in significance, and capably written. Ages 10-11.

Portrait of Ivan. *By Paula Fox. Bradbury. 160 pp. $4.50.* There was an ease and friendliness in Matt's studio that warmed Ivan, a lonely child whose mother was dead and whose father was too busy to know his son. Ivan sat, Matt painted, and old Miss Manderby read aloud—more because she enjoyed it than because Ivan did. Matt announced he had to go to Florida on a commission and invited both to come along—so this strange and charming trio drive down to Florida, to an old house by the river, where Ivan meets the

girl next door. Twelve and at home in her world, General's freedom to roam and her confidence are a marvel to the boy whose life has been so circumscribed. Their parting is poignant—two friends who may never meet again—but Ivan's life will never be as empty. Written with infinite love and craftsmanship, this is a highly original and deeply moving story. Ages 10-12.

A Community of Men. *By John Kiddell. Chilton. 200 pp. $4.95.* Having written a play which he modestly admits is the greatest comedy since Hamlet, Hamish seeks a theater. (Hamlet, he explains kindly to his chums David and Bottle, has to be a comedy because Ophelia was nuts and nobody but a clown would carry on the way Hamlet did.) The British-rattle dialogue is typed but amusing, a foil for the serious problems that Hamish and his friends meet in their efforts to mount a play and keep a home for children of divorce from being closed after the man who has run the home (and rented them space for the play) dies suddenly. This is what Ngaio Marsh calls do-goodery, but it never becomes sanctimonious and it has strong characterization, humor, sentiment, and a modicum of Australian flavor. Ages 11-14.

Sounder. *By William H. Armstrong. Illustrated by James Barkley. Harper & Row. 116 pp. $3.95.* To the small black boy, his father was a tower of strength; all of the family life in their poor sharecropper's cabin revolved around the quiet man who worked so hard. But he stole some meat for his hungry children and was taken away in chains. Sounder, the great dog, tried to save him, and was shot. Weeks later he came back crippled and silent, always looking for his master. The boy looked, too, roaming after the chain gangs. Years after, the father returned, as silent and broken as the dog, and when the man died the dog soon followed. Somber as the book is, it is moving, tender, and inexorable. The human characters have no names; they are a symbol of all the poor, black or white, who face indignity with courage. Ages 12-15.

Black Folktales. *By Julius Lester. Illustrated by Tom Feelings. Baron. 159 pp. $4.50.* When storytellers were the only custodians of a people's literature, each one adapted traditional tales to his own talents and to his audience. Today, some of the folk tales of the past have become congealed, but those in this collection are, in the best tradition, adapted to our time. The language is a vigorous combination of the traditional and the contemporary, the humor vibrant, the style fluent and rolling. Some of the material is African, some Afro-American; most of it is pure fiction, some of it based on fact. The tales are about the first days of the world, about lovers, heroes, and legendary people, and several of them are bitter or disparaging toward white people, all of whom are portrayed as vicious or stupid. There is an irreverent humor as well as the fun of exaggeration: Death, trying to cope with an uncooperative Stagolee, looking up a reference in *Death Manual*, or the Lord checking *TV Guide* for 1970, just in case he wants to take a vacation then. Ages 12 up.

Rogues' Gallery: A Variety of Mystery Stories. *Edited by Walter Gibson. Doubleday. 398 pp. $5.95.* Elementary, my dear reader. Just take a dozen seasoned mystery writers, toss in a few lesser lights for piquancy, mix and serve. The operative word in the title is "variety," for the nineteen stories included in *Rogues' Gallery* have been chosen as illustrations of types of detective fiction, and the choices represent almost half a century of development in the genre. A preface discusses the history of the mystery story, and each selection in the anthology is preceded by a note on the author and the tale. Ages 13 up.

What Shall We Do Tomorrow? *By Mary Hayley Bell. Lippincott. 235 pp. $5.95.* There's always an audience for theater books, captive and glad of it. An actress herself, wife of John Mills and mother of two actress daughters, Mary Hayley Bell is also a playwright, though not a skilled raconteuse. Her style is a bit stilted but her material is fascinating. She grew up in Macao, where her father and his people before him had been in the Colonial Service; was sent to school in England, and decided, when the family became impoverished, to be an actress—something she had dreamed of since she had seen, as a young girl in Tientsin, a band of players that included John Mills. There were years of bit parts and touring before Mary Hayley Bell and John Mills met again and fell in love; there were frequent separations during the war years; there were golden years in which Juliet achieved success and Hayley fame. All in all, a facinating story. For young adults.

The Season: A Candid Look at Broadway. *By William Goldman. Harcourt, Brace & World. 432 pp. $6.95.* The season is 1967-1968 and there is nothing, but nothing, about the season and the scene that William Goldman doesn't put under a highpower microscope and probe. Each production of that season serves as a launching pad for a discussion of marvels and iniquities of Broadway today: the power of the ladies who run theater parties, the stars who are the darlings of the critics whether they can act or not, the iron whimsicality of critics, the agonies of the road, the costs of production, the intricacies of booking—everything. Names are named, with no punches pulled, and the writing is vigorous, forceful, funny, and percipient. Should be required reading for anyone interested in the theater. For young adults.

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Fiction

TREPLEFF

by MacDonald Harris

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 256 pp., $5.95

THIS IS A STRANGE NOVEL, propelling a reader forward pell-mell and totally absorbed, but never providing a solid footing. Experiencing it is an exciting but precarious business, like running along a fictional tightrope. Hence, while *Trepleff*'s separate merits are many, and it is far better than most novels these days—in fact, it is very fine—the book as a whole never reaches the level of the assured, sometimes brilliant writing in its parts.

For one thing, though its central subject is a man who marches steadily from a position of affluent respectability to a state of semi-idiotic nothingness, its tone sways hither and yon from dead seriousness to slapstick comedy, from high lyricism down to existential coolness, with intermittent squiggles of mood as unexpected as they are indescribable, as if MacDonald Harris was never quite sure what attitude he should have about his own creation. For another, characters don't develop, they leap from this to that, sometimes sans motive or credibility. And always there is the nagging question, what to make of them?

As perhaps might be expected from such a complex balancing act, Trepleff, the hero, ends up in a sort of combined prison-hospital-insane asylum, those final refuges of so many of today's weak but saintly heroes. Yet when he asserts in the last pages that he is not some kind of isolated freak, that there are many destinies like his, the statement echoes the haunting feeling a reader has had all along about the fundamental significance of Trepleff's zany adventures and concerns.

On guilt: "Am I victim or am I myself the criminal I seek?" he asks. On his malady: "I am sick because I forgot how to love." On how we perceive sanity: "It may be that seeing things too clearly is precisely the definition of madness." There are literary derivatives for such thoughts—Kafka, Mann, Dostoevsky, Sartre—as there are for much else in this novel. But they are no less real or moving because of that, no less striking in their recognizable normality, however confusedly they are presented.

By way of clarification, Trepleff is a character in Chekhov's drama *The Seagull*, and since role-playing is still another major theme in this theme-packed novel, the name works as both a title and an identity for the protagonist. When he is still a young man, preparing for Trepleff's part in a little-theater production, the director describes to him the first and most long-lasting of his many alter egos: "You long for communion with other souls," the director says, "but you are cut off from them by some mysterious curse." Thereafter Trepleff's life (and that of all the other characters, for that matter) is one huge off-stage extension of the Stanislavsky method.

Trepleff's decline is mated with his roles. As Trepleff he marries, less for love than out of pity, a girl already pregnant by another man. As Sinclair Lewis's Arrowsmith he becomes a $60,000-a-year psychiatrist, the epitome of scientific rationality and square living. As a quasi-Christ he ruins his career by making dutiful love to one of his most pathetic patients. As Trigorin, the heartless novelist in *The Seagull*, he manipulates a rich widow into supporting him, finally driving her to suicide. Basically, however, Trepleff is Trepleff, compassionate and desiring love, doomed by fate and an inner demon to play multiple parts, and as a result to suffer fears, separations, and even crucifixions in each of them.

These are the steps in the action and its principal theme: the inability of men to care, and the pain they cause to themselves and others when they try. Yet any sequence of related episodes and any solid foundation of idea falsifies the nature of this crazy-quilt odyssey. What will stick in the mind are the best of its moments: Trepleff ransacking his own house for loose cash; Trepleff trying unsuccessfully to drown his dog because it insists on fornicating around; shoeless Trepleff being thrown out of a swank Paris hotel; Trepleff in Rome, interrogated by the police about a murder that never happened; Trepleff working out a *modus vivendi* with Nadia, the widow, in one of the queerest love-hate relationships in a long while; or the whole first chapter, an isolated, self-contained gem that has already appeared among *The Best American Short Stories*.

Such episodes as these are handled with a mature style, with wit, energy, intelligence. For such traits a reader should be willing to be a bit out of kilter, to live in a house of fiction where, as Trepleff puts it, the walls are not quite straight.

Robert Maurer

Robert Maurer is chairman of the Literature Department at Antioch College.

THE JOKE: A Novel of Czechoslovakia Today

by Milan Kundera, translated from the Czech by David Hamblyn and Oliver Stallybrass

Coward-McCann, 288 pp., $5.95

ANYTHING THAT COMES OUT of Czechoslovakia today is greeted with great interest and compassion. Since writers have borne the brunt of the battle against totalitarianism and occupation, our temptation to consider a contemporary Czech novel as a possible document in that struggle is understandable. *The Joke*, published in Czechoslovakia in 1966, thus attained added significance after the fateful events.

At first, the reader is amazed that a novel like this could have been published in a Communist country at all. He then realizes the extent to which the liberal Czechs have gone in their fight for freedom. This realization finally gives way to bitterness at the perfidy of man to man which the book exposes. The very appearance of *The Joke*, however, attests to the invincibility of the free human spirit.

Not that this novel is a fictionalized political tract. Although the main conflict and the agony of the main character derive from a political situation, life pulsates here with such vigor that the reader is ready to forgive the intrusion of politics into pure fiction.

Ludvik Jahn, a young Communist who desires to contribute to the Party's "building of socialism," is caught in the wheels of party machinery when the watchdogs intercept a postcard on which he had written to his earnest but simple-minded girl friend: "Optimism is the opium of the people! The healthy atmosphere stinks! Long live Trotsky!" Meant as a practical joke, the words boomerang, not only destroying Ludvik's future as a party worker but marking him for life. For a Stalinist society cannot permit itself to be laughed at. The young student is thus sacrificed to the one-track minds of true believers. Fortunately for Ludvik, the ordeal serves him as a purgatory, forcing him to realize deeper and more durable values.

As the plot unfolds the tribulations of this sensitive Czech intellectual multiply. He is expelled from party and university, sent to a hard-labor camp, has an unhappy love affair, and makes an abortive attempt at revenge against the official responsible for his downfall. The dimensions of his initial joke magnify grotesquely until all these bizarre happenings, and the whole history of Czechoslovakia after the last war, become one huge, cruel joke against which the individual is as

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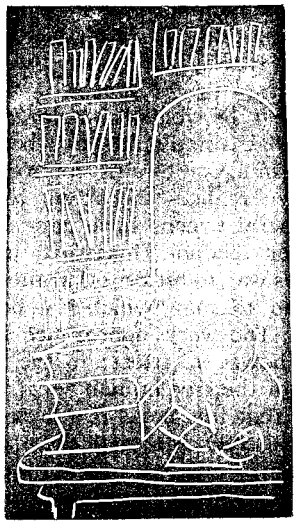
helpless as a Greek tragic hero was against fate. This parable lends the novel dimensions beyond its immediate scope.

Milan Kundera (born 1929) achieves all this without apparent effort. He bypasses the conventional realistic method as well as the experimentation of the *nouveau roman*; instead, he probes his characters' minds by constantly shifting the focus and by letting them tell of their own thoughts and feelings in a confessional style. The plot is thus seen through a multicolored prism. The author's fine instinct for the right detail, his knack



for wry humor, biting satire, and even grotesque, and his subtle philosophizing underscore the tragedy of the Czech people.

Perhaps the most remarkable fact about this novel is that its author still lives in his native country. Like his Russian colleague Solzhenitsyn, he is apparently determined to weather all storms and to proclaim a final victory.

Vasa D. Mihailovich

Vasa D. Mihailovich, associate professor of Slavic literatures at the University of North Carolina, is on the editorial board of Books Abroad.

SICK FRIENDS

by Ivan Gold

Dutton, 372 pp., $6.95

THE BEST STARTING POINT for a discussion of *Sick Friends* is the narrator and leading figure, Jason Sams. The author of a book of short stories, Jason at thirty-two is a Guggenheim grantee writing a novel called *Gino Travels* and teaching a creative writing course at a university in New York City. He is an urbane man; he served with the U.S. Army in Japan, and lived for several years in Europe. The tangible fruit of these experiences is a master's degree in Japanese from London University, and now, in 1965, Jason works intermittently at translating *Don Quixote* into Japanese.

But all is not going well for him: he drinks too much; he has an obscure but nagging eye disease; he suffers from writer's block. And because he holds back important facts, his twice-weekly visits to a psychotherapist do not ease the strain. Given these handicaps, the fact that he enjoys watching the New York Mets on television as much as anything else, including his furious and frequent sexual bouts, both balances and refreshes his portrait.

At the core of the book is Jason's love affair with Christa Sarkissian, a painter-writer who lives with Jason for ten weeks in his Lower East Side apartment. His obsession with Christa nearly turns her into a Justine (Durrell's). Jason secretly opens her mail, pries into her belongings, and reads her diary when she goes to Baltimore for a few days. Ivan Gold introduces here the idea that the best way to move closer to a person is to move away from him. For, ironically, Christa becomes most real when she is off stage. Unfortunately, because Gold fails to certify Christa's relationship with Jason as a lived experience, he does not bring his idea to life.

Although aware, seasoned, and capable of writing good prose, Gold does not shape his data to the needs of prose narrative. What stunts his portrait of the Christa-Jason relationship in particular and what undermines the book in general is Gold's failure to stand back from Jason. He uses *Sick Friends* as a personal inventory, and the world of the novel does not go much beyond Jason, his autobiographical counterpart, who lacks the wit and the heart to carry its weight. Nobody besides Jason lives; nobody else comes across dramatically.

Sick Friends cries out for character painting and story movement in the old-fashioned naturalistic sense. Even its clear, rhythmical voice gets boggy. There is a hard, knowing tone: "Abortions. . . . Had I known any girls in the past ten years who had escaped one? A couple." The view stales: "Most people are shmucks, you learn to live with that." The author's arrogance makes that staleness irredeemable: "I used to have to take the long way home from Hebrew School to avoid being roughed up by polacks, wops, and lesser breeds. Okay. You write your book, I'll write mine."

These are strong words. But they also mirror an embarrassing human void. The title of Gold's novel misleads. Jason Sams is too ignorant of the reality of persons to have friends, sick or healthy.

Peter Wolfe

Peter Wolfe teaches English at the University of Missouri in St. Louis.

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"Two beautiful volumes, spirited illustrations by Jacob Landau, the entire work an admirable enterprise."—*New York Review of Books.* "A delightful publication . . . as the editors remind us, 'Hoffman must be read.'"—*Saturday Review.*

SELECTED WRITINGS OF E. T. A. HOFFMANN edited by Leonard J. Kent and Elizabeth C. Knight

Slipcased. $17.50. From January 1, 1970, $20.00

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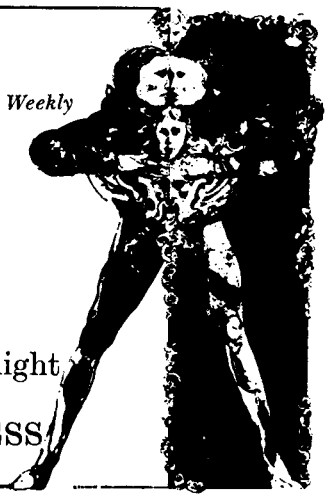

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 1376

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1376 will be found in the next issue.

XWFU E YEU VZFCT, WF FECT BECYFEQ ZU EVVZCZBU CB FOFPICWZUR FQTF WF HTHEQQI FECT.

—F. X. WBXF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1375

If the government was as afraid of disturbing the consumer as it is of disturbing business, this would be some democracy.

—HUBBARD.

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The Recent Past

THE BATTLE FOR GERMANY

by H. Essame

Scribners, 228 pp., $7.95

THE BATTLE FOR ROME

by W. G. F. Jackson

Scribners, 224 pp., $7.95

THE THOUSAND-MILE WAR: World War II in Alaska and the Aleutians

by Brian Garfield

Doubleday, 351 pp., $7.95

WORLD WAR II: A Compact History

by R. Ernest Dupuy

Hawthorn, 334 pp., $6.95

YEARS OF DEADLY PERIL: The Coming of the War 1939-1941

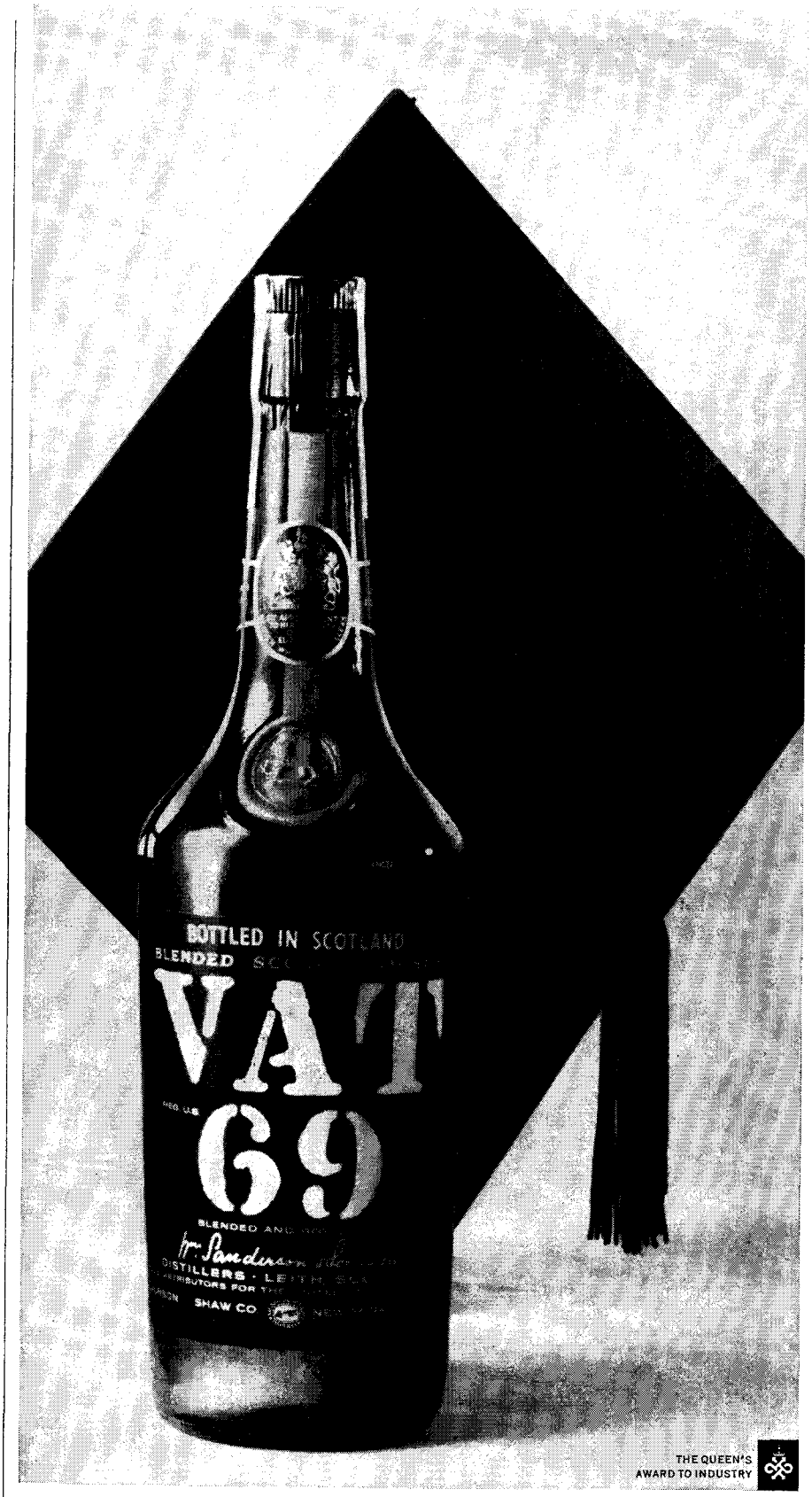
by Henry H. Adams

McKay, 559 pp., $9.95

BOOKS ON THE LAST WAR (or is it next to the last?) continue to pour from the major publishing houses. As the 1939-1945 conflict moves further and further back into the dim and distant past, the volumes become more and more esoteric and the trees tend to take over the forest. There are, however, some good ones in the new crop that appear general enough for the non-pedant.

One popular topic has always been the Battle of the Bulge, in which Adolf Hitler's final miscalculation succeeded in pushing back the Allied forces at the edge of Western Germany just before and after Christmas 1944. Major General H. Essame has written about this vital and critical time in *The Battle for Germany*, one of two from Scribners in the latest batch of WW II manuscripts. The trouble with General Essame's book is twofold: first, he writes quite woodenly, and second, he falls for most of the clichés about the major dispute between Montgomery and Eisenhower, but always from the British point of view—which is to say the least irritating and probably not supportable by the facts. Somewhere between September and December 1944 the Allies lost the initiative on the Western Front and Hitler's last futile orgasm of blood and destruction delayed the surrender of Germany until May 1945, by which time the Soviet Union had seized the political advantage in Eastern Europe and moved irrevocably ahead in the race for Berlin. We're still paying for it.

The other Scribners book is W. G. F. Jackson's *The Battle for Rome*, and,



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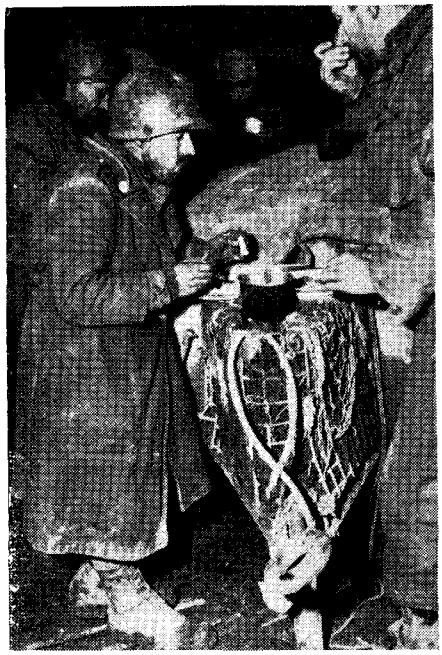

—From "The Battle for Germany."

U.S. soldiers in Germany, 1944— "Hitler's final miscalculation."

while it is better written than General Essame's and probably better balanced, it will be of interest only to historians and those GIs who made the hazardous move known in World War II as Operation Diadem, ending in the capture of Rome two days before D-Day. It is an irony of fate that Diadem's tremendous success—it was the greatest single Allied achievement in the entire Italian campaign—was immediately upstaged by Overlord, the dramatic cross-channel landings at Omaha and Utah Beaches. Though Major General Jackson is also of British military background his book is, I think, less biased and therefore more persuasive. Each book contains excellent illustrations and maps.

Way over on the other side of the world goes Doubleday with *The Thousand-Mile War*, by Brian Garfield, a fascinating tale of fighting in the foggy Aleutian Islands and in Alaska. It is no coincidence that the book is much more readable than either of the other two; Mr. Garfield is a professional writer and not a professional soldier. It recounts the first substantial victory by the United States over Japan after Pearl Harbor, fought for more than a year in a climate so hostile that supply, indeed mere survival, was more vital on both sides than combat strategy. I had forgotten this fact, but it is true that this was the only military campaign fought on North American soil in World War II.

Hawthorn's contribution is a work by Colonel R. Ernest Dupuy, the man who handled public relations for General Eisenhower at SHAEF and who was, in his modest way, a highly useful citizen in 1944-45. His book is entitled *World War II: A Compact History*, and it is surely that, even perhaps a bit too compressed. For someone who wants a once-over-lightly, headline-skipping history, this will be useful, as will the charts, appendix, bibliography, and index. I am sorry to say, however, that it does not brim with fresh phrases, and it may be that Colonel Dupuy composed one too many communiqués and press announcements for Ike for the good of his own writing style. In any case, most of the highlights of the war are here in this volume, part of a series on the military history of the United States for which Colonel Dupuy is also general editor.

It's a bit difficult to weigh Henry H. Adams's *Years of Deadly Peril*, since I was not aware that this was the second in a series of four volumes until I was well through the book. By itself (this book covers the war before Pearl Harbor) it seems to have no precise beginning or end, but that obviously will be taken care of when all four volumes have been published. Dr. Adams writes with momentum and an occasional sense of dry humor I found ingratiating, though the style is a bit self-conscious. There are many valuable details here about the early stages of the war in Europe, and I particularly liked those passages involving Dunkirk and the Nazi invasion of Norway and Denmark. I have a notion that Dr. Adams did considerable homework on this one. It is obvious that he made extensive use of newspaper and magazine files often overlooked by historians, a fresh and valuable source that helps make his book absorbing if slightly diffuse. **Richard L. Tobin**

Richard L. Tobin, associate publisher of SR, covered SHAEF as a war correspondent for the New York Herald Tribune in 1944-45.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

by Charles E. Bohlen

Norton, 130 pp., $3.95

THIS BOOK IS A DISAPPOINTMENT. It's like going to the home of a great host and being served only tid-bits. The appetite is whetted but all you get is a few savories, and you leave the table hungrier than when you sat down. If the author were not the almost legendary "Chip" Bohlen, the disappointment would be less keen. But this is the Charles Bohlen who was Roosevelt's Russian interpreter at Yalta, the man who was at Teheran and Potsdam, who served long periods as ambassador to Moscow and Paris, the tough, no-nonsense foreign service officer whom five Presidents called on when things got rough.

It's frustrating rather than provocative to have Bohlen casually toss in front of you the fact that General Marshall had doubts about the harsh anti-Communist tone of the historic Truman Doctrine speech of March 1947. Bohlen writes: "I was in Paris at that time with General Marshall, on the way to Moscow. When we received the text of the President's message, we were somewhat startled to see the extent to which the anti-Communist element of this speech was stressed. Marshall sent back a message to President Truman questioning the wisdom of this presentation, saying he thought that Truman was overstating the case a bit. The reply came back that this was the only way in which the measure could be passed."

Here is a book called *The Transformation of American Foreign Policy*, and here is a speech that more than any other in the postwar years, marked that transformation. Yet the above, except for five or six unrevealing sentences, is all Bohlen says about the Truman Doctrine, a policy that did no less than change the course of world history.

Again casually, Bohlen mentions that he wrote the first draft of the Marshall Plan speech, relates some interesting background material, but then confines his discussion of this absolutely crucial program to a banality: "In retrospect, I think the Marshall Plan was one of the great initiatives of American diplomacy and certainly one of the most successful." Certainly we want more than that from the man who had an important hand in writing one of the most significant speeches of postwar history.

But, despite the constant frustration, there is plenty that's interesting, particularly anecdotes about Roosevelt and Churchill and Stalin and even

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Alger Hiss, who, Bohlen reports, was never alone with FDR at Yalta and thus hardly in a position, as right-wingers have loved to claim, to influence Roosevelt to "sell out" to the Russians. Bohlen also emphasizes wisely that the map of Europe would have been no different had there been no Yalta conference, and he assures us that Roosevelt's failing health in no way affected his performance there.

Only in one section, that dealing with Soviet nationalism, does Bohlen deal more than cursorily with his material. But here, where he puts the blame for the Cold War entirely on the Russians, he seems to contradict himself. He says, for just one instance, that Soviet hostility, based on Communist ideology, is still a danger to the United States; but then he asserts that "when [Soviet] national and ideological considerations come into conflict, the national takes precedence." He discusses Communist ideology at some length, and this is as it should be, for that ideology has been a vital factor in the Cold War. But he does not even mention the American anti-Communist ideology, which has also been a factor. Nor does he recognize that the United States often pursues, as in Vietnam, ideological considerations to the detriment of national ones. And on Vietnam he says virtually nothing, aside from the fairly obvious comment that ". . . there does not seem to be anybody in the Nixon administration, any more than there was in the closing days of the Johnson administration, who has any clear idea how it is going to end." He excuses his reticence on Vietnam by saying: "I am not in a position to go into the matter, because I have no expert knowledge of the area at all. . . ." This seems overly modest for one of Bohlen's experience.

We can only hope that the publication of these sketchy lectures (their original form) does not mean that Bohlen is not going to write the important book he is uniquely qualified to write, for no man in the post-war years has been as close to the top levels of policy-making for as long as Charles Bohlen. Whether we agree with his conclusions or not, those who are now and in the future interested in this turbulent era of American history will be in his debt if he writes the book only he can write. This, now that he is in retirement, would be a fitting culmination to a long and distinguished career.

Richard J. Walton

Richard J. Walton, author of "The Remnants of Power: The Tragic Last Years of Adlai Stevenson," is now at work on a study of President Kennedy's foreign policy.

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Out of Rep

BECAUSE IT AFFORDS those who have not seen *Our Town* a chance to enjoy an all-star production of the 1938 play, the current Plumstead Playhouse revival at the ANTA Theatre can be recommended. But, it must be quickly added, if you have seen either the 1938 original or the excellent 1959 Circle in the Square revival, you are apt to be somewhat disappointed.

The trouble with this new presentation is that director Donald Driver appears to have been unable to take a strong point of view toward the play. The actors simply do their jobs recreating the flavor and the emotional responses, so that the play emerges pretty much as a nostalgic hymn to old-fashioned, small-town values. Unfortunately, this is not very interesting, particularly in an age when these values are being questioned by troubled minorities. In fact, the production's one attempt at updating, the intrusion of a hippie from the audience who angrily inquires about social injustices in Grover's Corners, serves only to remind us of the lack of provocative challenge in this revival.

One is aware of the difficulty the moment the stage manager begins to speak. For in this role Henry Fonda employs a New England accent, which would be all right if it were his natural way of speaking, but here it seems a patent artificiality, a tinting of a portrait, rather than an attempt to level with the audience. It implicitly invites us to view the ensuing action as a quaint panorama of rural New England.

On the other hand, those of us who have been fortunate enough to see Thornton Wilder himself play this role cannot forget what his different approach did for his play. Wilder spoke in his own remarkable manner, a kind of joyous pouncing, as if each speech were an eager gobble at a fresh notion. For instance, when he discussed marriage saying, "Do I believe in it? . . . Once in a thousand times it's interesting," he was simultaneously making a devastating criticism of a widely endorsed institution, expressing the joy of being unmarried, and saluting those rare individuals who beat the system from inside. Fonda, on the other hand, appears to be expressing the quiet desperation of a man who has tried and lost. And his understatement leaves us free to discount his pessimism, or possibly to feel that we are the one exception in a thousand.

This is the curse of *Our Town*. Almost everything in it is shrieking at us about how tragically we are wasting the potential richness of our lives, and yet almost everything in it can be interpreted as a demonstration that all is well with the world. Wilder has stated, "*Our Town* is not offered as a picture of life in a New Hampshire village. It is an attempt to find a value above all price for the smallest events in our daily life." But even this statement prompts us to luxuriate in, rather than to see through, the commonplaces of our behavior.

The cast, three of whom were in the production presented by the Plumstead Playhouse on Long Island last season, is of generally high caliber. Mr. Fonda contributes his superb relaxation and charming moroseness. Mildred Natwick and Ed Begley portray Dr. and Mrs. Gibbs. John Randolph and Irene Tedrow play Mr. and Mrs. Webb. And the less familiar Harvey Evans and Elizabeth Hartman bring an emotional freshness to the roles of George and Emily that makes the soda fountain scene the most effective one in the play. Nevertheless, this revival doesn't fight hard enough against the audience's natural inclination to affirm its own values in it.

In a program note, by Martha Scott and Alfred de Liagre, co-directors of the Plumstead Playhouse, it is suggested that this organization is addressing itself to the need in this country for a national theater. But unlike other resident theater companies, the Plumstead Playhouse is obviously less interested in permanent teamwork than it is in finding the best actors available for each revival they attempt. *The Front Page* with Robert Ryan currently running on Broadway is one successful example of this technique, and the Plumstead agenda include Ethel Merman in *Awake and Sing*, Henry Fonda, Joanne Woodward, and Martha Scott in *Ethan Frome*, and Godfrey Cambridge in *The Man Who Came to Dinner*.

It may also be significant that America's most acclaimed repertory theater, the APA Company, whose insistence upon performing in true repertory proved so prohibitively expensive that it ceased operations at Broadway's Lyceum Theater at the end of last season, may be leaning toward a similar philosophy. It is true that the APA revival of Noël Coward's *Private Lives* originated earlier this autumn at the company's University of Michigan home as part of a three-play repertory that included *Macbeth* and de Ghelderode's *Chronicles of Hell*. Yet, the delight of this *Private Lives* comes mainly from the performances of two stars, neither of whom appeared in the rest of the repertory. Furthermore, the production's Broadway engagement is sponsored, not by some public service organization such as ANTA or the Phoenix Theatre, but by that sly old profit-maker, David Merrick.

The strongest link between the APA and the new revival is its director, Stephen Porter, who has been with the APA since its inception in 1960, and who last season applied his remarkable talent for bringing out the subtleties of dialogue in his ear-oriented production of *The Misanthrope*. With *Private Lives*, he is equally acute; quips that are not exceptionally funny in themselves are somehow made uproarious by the way they are delivered.

Tammy Grimes brings both intensive discretion and inspired clowning to the role of Amanda. She is devastating in her innuendoes and joyous in her nefariousness. "Oh, I'm being so bad, so terribly bad!" she exclaims with 100 per cent nonremorse, and she brings down the house. As her partner, Elyot, Brian Bedford convinces us that he is the only man alive capable of appreciating her tempestuousness. "Where are you going?" he is asked as he is about to walk out on her. "Canada," he replies, and we know from the way he says it that Amanda is worth her maliciousness in gold.

Indeed the story of *Private Lives* is simply that two selfish people love each other, because they can both be utterly selfish together. And in being selfish they can also be ten times more amusing than they could if they restrained themselves out of consideration for each other. The alternative, supplied by Victor and Sibyl, appropriately portrayed here by David Glover and Suzanne Grossmann, is benevolent boredom. Moreover, Coward seems to suggest that the salvation of Amanda and Elyot is to live in sin, rather than "to bounce about in a nasty little matrimonial bottle." It remains a modern attitude forty years on, just as this revival manages in the main to realize an outrageous delight different from but comparable to what was reportedly achieved in the Gertrude Lawrence-Noël Coward original.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Day of Reckoning

ONE OF THESE DAYS—if the FCC is on its toes—some educational broadcast licensees are going to wake up and find their licenses in jeopardy. Many people have assumed that noncommercial broadcasters are just naturally on the side of the angels; and in the absence of widespread viewer attention to their programs, many stations—particularly in the South—have been able to get away with violations of FCC rules governing equal employment opportunities. These stations also apparently ignore commission requirements in the broadcasting of controversial issues—again, particularly in the South.

Deficiencies in both areas show up strikingly in two reports issued recently by the National Association of Educational Broadcasters (NAEB). One deals with employment practices of educational stations; the other is a survey of station acceptance and rejection of programs from National Educational Radio and NET.

The employment report shows a continuing exclusionary pattern affecting minority personnel, despite small gains since an earlier survey in 1968. With slightly over 50 per cent of stations voluntarily reporting, "minority personnel are more likely to be found in talent, clerical, and production positions." No chief executive positions are held by minority personnel: they fill only fifteen of 451 major department head positions (3 per cent).

Training and recruitment programs for minorities are reported on the increase. To the credit of the NAEB, the organization voted at its recent convention to establish a special division that will deal autonomously with problems of minority employment and programing.

The survey of television program practices is more interesting for its apologia than for its figures: the latter are not surprising, in view of the fact that rejection in the past by certain stations of "Eastern, liberal establishment programs" is on public record.

Eleven per cent of 150 affiliates reporting on the period from January to March 1969 carried less than 90 per cent of NET's scheduled network service. *Black Journal* was among three programs rejected "with considerably higher frequency" for reasons "inevitably tied to local concerns and anxieties." WGTV, Athens, Georgia, turned down one program in this series that featured Julian Bond, because his appearance would have "fanned the fire" with a comment about Governor Lester Maddox. "KETS, Conway, Arkansas, by decision of its governing commission, decided not to carry any of the *Black Journal* programs. *Black Journal No. 5* was identified as 'inappropriate for university sponsorship' by the Alabama ETV Network." The apologia by the ad hoc committee that submitted the report completely ignores FCC guidelines for the handling of controversial issues in the public interest.

The committee viewed the station clearance problem exclusively as a delicate problem in network-station relations. It argued the importance of the attitudes of local viewers toward controversial programs. Stations are subject to local power structures, it said, adding that, while "educational stations can be a significant force for change in a community, there is every reason to expect that flagrant disregard for the local views on virtue will result in employee dismissal, reduced funds, or power failure at the transmitter. And then, what has been accomplished?"

Such reasoning lives only in a never-never land that does not know of the Fairness Doctrine, the WLBT case, or the *Red Lion* decision—all of which placed the right of the public (including minorities) to hear all sides of controversial issues above the sensitivities of stations and networks.

The rules do not require stations to carry all network programs; they do demand full coverage of matters deemed important and controversial to significant groups in a community. If such coverage can be provided by local programs—well and good; if not, other sources must be tapped. Citizens in the South may not be insulated from views held elsewhere simply because such views find no favor with local powers.

Now that Congress is appropriating federal tax money for the support of public broadcasting, *all* citizens have a First Amendment right to access to the fullest spectrum of views on public issues. No licensee, not even a noncommercial one, may act as a silken screen, filtering the disagreeable essences of social inequities for the delicate sensibilities of his dominant group of viewers. If he does, he is vulnerable to a petition to deny renewal of his license. The day of such action may not be too far away.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

A Look on the Bright Side

COMEDY TODAY, in this age of stand-up comedians with their swift put-downs, has taken a decidedly destructive turn. It has, of course, always been fun to see the top-hatted gentleman slip on a banana peel or receive a pie full in the face; stuffed shirts have always been a prime target of the comic muse. Lately, however, the jests have grown more barbed, the humor more cruel, the targets more defenseless. The comedians come on posing as pundits, with an arsenal of wisecracks equally suitable for dealing with off-shore drilling or on-campus riots. And who can object? After all, it's only a joke.

Unfortunately, such jokes, and the spirit that motivates them, inevitably produce a sour and ultimately meaningless kind of comedy.

The incredible anarchy of the Marx Brothers, the bellicose mutterings of W. C. Fields had a clearcut purpose. They jibed and poked at all forms of phoniness; they reduced to rubble the pretenses and pretentiousness of middle- and upper-class conventions. They were a bracing, cleansing force.

Just how far we have regressed from those gay, irreverent days is rather pathetically demonstrated in *The Comic,* in which Dick Van Dyke synopsizes the rise and fall of a baggy-pants comedian from slapstick to TV commercials. What is calculated to wring the heart is the sight of the battered old clown laughing uproariously at revivals of his earlier movies on the tube. The sequences themselves, however, as re-created by director Carl Reiner, lack the zest, the fun, the inventiveness of the great silent comedies. Reiner can supply the look, but not the feel—and consequently, when Van Dyke laughs, he laughs alone.

Nor are there vast amounts of mirth to be found in *Cactus Flower,* listlessly adapted by I. A. L. Diamond (Billy Wilder's favorite collaborator) from "a French play by Barillet and Gredy," as the credits inform us. Perhaps the era for French plays, with their hasty exits and prolonged misunderstandings, is just about over. Or perhaps stately, sedate (but undeniably lovely) Ingrid Bergman was less than an ideal choice as *première farceuse* in a role requiring a swift change from super-efficient secretary to super-charged swinger. Walter Matthau, her employer, remains understandably glum throughout; Goldie Hawn, recruited from television, totally muffs the kind of role that brought Judy Holliday to stardom; and director Gene Saks, recruited from Broadway *and* television, supplies so many close-ups that one might imagine he was already watching the film on The Late Show. Indeed, the entire picture conveys the sense of contrived, closed-in comedy that is currently considered safe and acceptable for both Broadway and television. David Merrick had Lauren Bacall to make *Cactus Flower* work for him; Miss Bergman is hardly the ideal substitute.

But the golden age of comedy is not dead—merely the golden age of that kind of comedy. Hopefully marking the dawn of a new era (which is actually a return to the older, more constructive approach) is Norman Jewison's production of *Gaily, Gaily,* based on Ben Hecht's semi-autobiographical work. Actually, as the film emerges, it is a good deal more Horatio Alger than Hecht, although Abram S. Ginnes's zestful script manages to be both affectionate and astringent at the same time. The setting is Chicago around 1910, already become Sandburg's "brawling city of the big shoulders."

Into this teeming world steps wide-eyed Ben Harvey, fresh from a small town down state. In short order he is robbed by the first man he trusts, snatched from death by a good-hearted madam, installed as a non-paying guest in her bordello, and inducted into the roistering field of journalism by as audacious and drunk a reporter as Ben Hecht ever knew or imagined. Through it all, Ben's innocence shines on undiminished—even when he wakes up after a colossal binge to discover a brothel girl by his side. "I've ruined you," he moans. He persists in finding virtue in even the crookedest of Chicago's politicians, and when his eyes are finally forced open, our grief is as real as his that this world contains so little of true virtue.

But that is the point of this witty and often quite moving comedy. While the classic clowns have often been innocents, they have frequently been depicted—as with Laurel and Hardy, or Harry Langdon—as simpletons as well. Young Ben Harvey is no simpleton, and the deflowering of his innocence provides not only much of the film's amusement, but also, even as we are laughing, an awareness of how far we ourselves have fallen from grace. Jewison's direction has style and pace; Richard Kline's color photography creates a chromatic fantasy out of rich interiors and the cold, glistening Chicago streets; and blond, blue-eyed Beau Bridges makes a flawless Ben, manly yet vulnerable. *Gaily, Gaily* is an appealing film, but what one carries away is less how much it made you laugh than how it made you *feel.*

The same is true of Peter Yates's thoroughly modern *John and Mary,* a bright and intelligent adaptation (by John Mortimer) of Mervyn Jones's "with it" novel of contemporary togetherness. It begins the morning after a casual pickup at Manhattan's Maxwell's Plum; Dustin Hoffman and Mia Farrow have shared the same bed, but they don't even know each other's names, much less anything else about each other. The ensuing day—punctuated by illuminating flashbacks and occasional flash-forwards — is spent in filling in these gaps. By evening, as they bounce back between the sheets again, they—and we—have learned not only their names but a good deal about their life-style and values.

As in *Gaily, Gaily,* the comedy in *John and Mary* springs less from contrivance than from the recognizably human entanglements and complications of its characters. Watching Beau Bridges from the vantage point of half a century, we can smile at his unsophisticated misapprehensions. With "now" people such as Hoffman and Farrow, however, both the situation and their reactions to it are more complex; and much of the film's humor derives from the voice-over inserts of their unspoken thoughts (they are each extremely chary of any involvement) while carrying on the pretext of a casual conversation.

What makes it all work, above and beyond Hoffman's convincing performance and the extraordinary rightness of Mia Farrow's casting, is the unobtrusive agility of Gayne Rescher's camera in such cramped spaces as Maxwell's Plum, the Fillmore East, and a Madison Avenue art gallery; and the recurrent moments of recognition in Philip Smith's settings, which make it impossible to tell where the real thing ends and the studio begins. Perhaps inevitably, the story begins to sag under the weight of time past, present, and future, but again, as in *Gaily, Gaily,* it is not a story told merely to amuse. Whatever its Production Code rating, *John and Mary* makes the deeply moral distinction between love and sex—and not only is sex better when you really know the person or persons you are involved with, but so is comedy.

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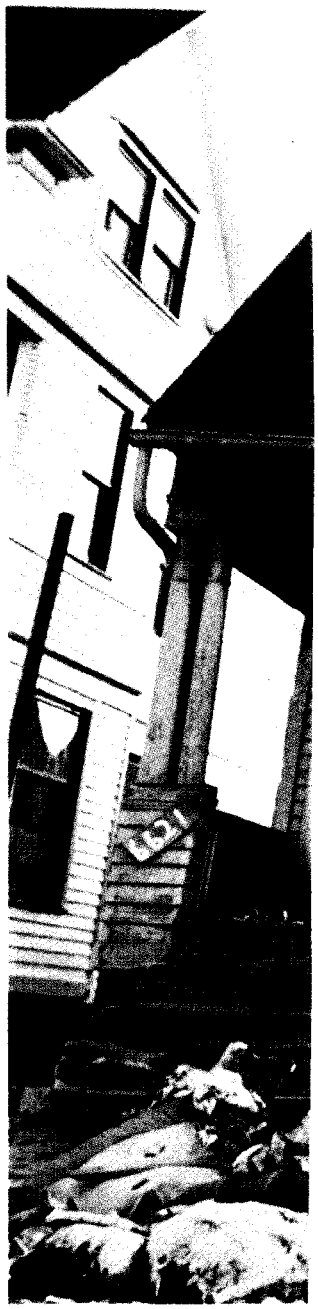

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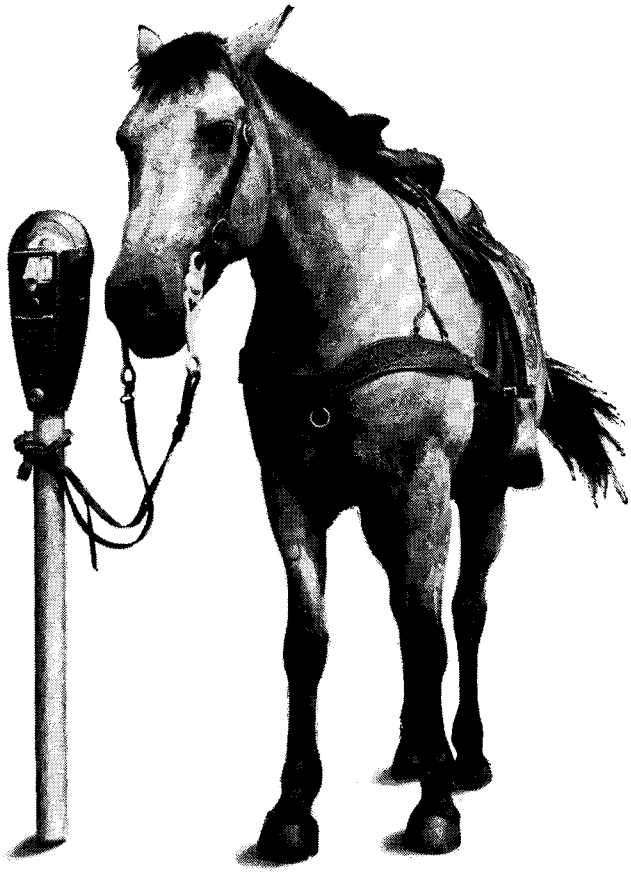

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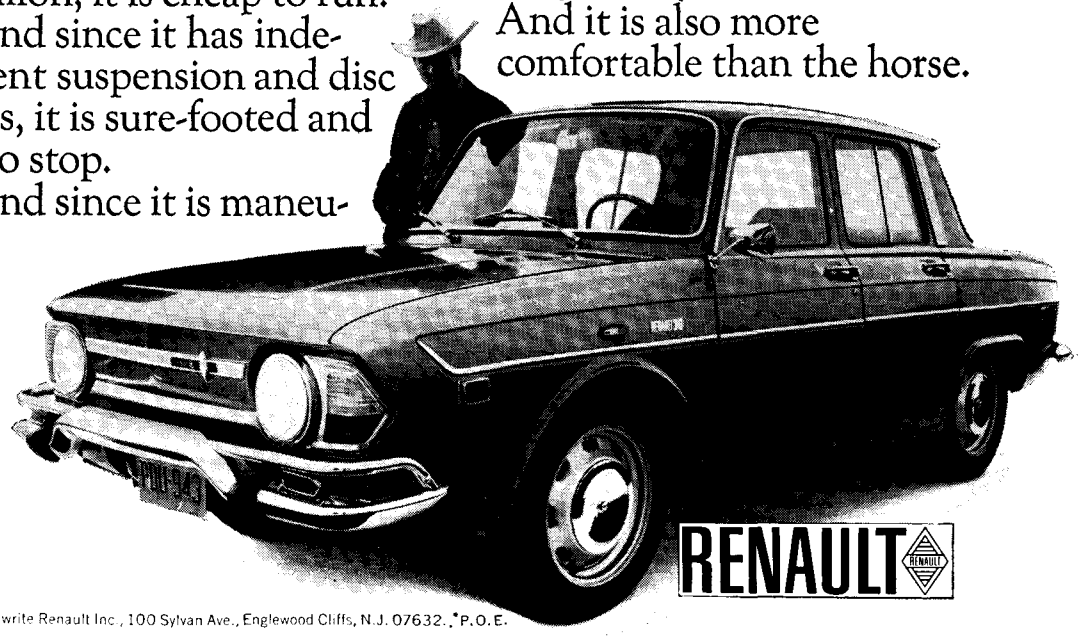

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Edited by David Butwin

Back to the Hub

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES could get few to agree with him in the age of the moon walk that Boston is still the "Hub of the solar system." And there is scarcely a Bostonian alive who would believe the nineteenth-century Beacon Hill Brahmin who declaimed: "Sir, there are not twenty men in Boston who could have written the plays of Shakespeare."

Yet, as I walked through the city's venerable Public Garden on my first morning back, Boston seemed unchanged. Late autumn's mist rose from the pond, and on its placid surface ducks moved about mechanically. Sculpted yew trees and manicured flower beds still graced this serene place. Weeping willows bent to the pond, their trunks marked with the Latin nomenclature *Salix alba.*

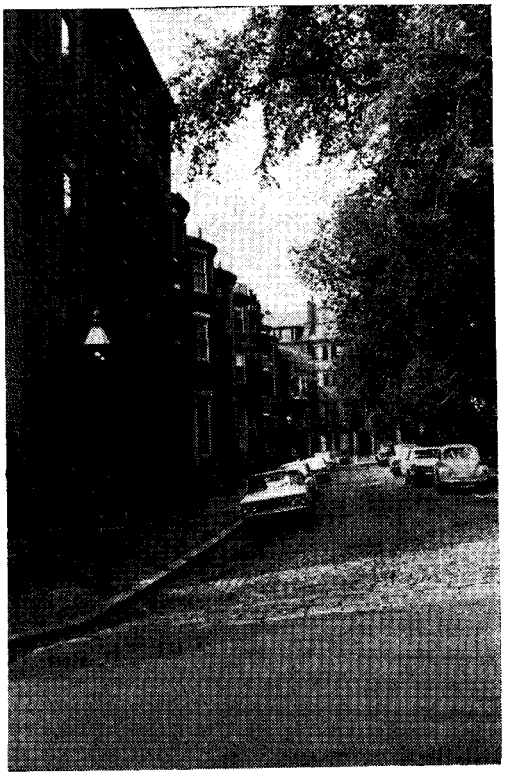
I sought out the bench where, as a boy, I had paused to inspect many a gold-leafed, second-hand purchase from Goodspeed's or Williams's bookstore. Here beneath giant elm trees, their leaves now turned to gold, the historians William Hickling Prescott and Francis Parkman once took their constitutionals. In their footsteps, I watched solemn brokers issuing toward State Street, well-buttoned dowagers walking their poodles, bright-eyed students moving swiftly to first class.

A bell tolled nine as I reached the Charles Street gate. I caught a glimpse of that gold-domed Charles Bulfinch triumph, the Massachusetts State House. From its ceiling is suspended a sacred cod, saluting the day when the Cabots spoke only to Lowells and the Lowells spoke only to God. At the summit of Beacon Street a forty-story office building pierced the sky. I turned back toward the Garden for a reassuring look at the old familiar skyline: the impeccable Ritz-Carlton, the Arlington Street Church, the long accepted high-rise heresy called the John Hancock Building, the gold-tipped spire of Mutual Life, radiant in an unclouded sky. But that skyline, too, had changed beyond telling, dominated now by the fifty-two-story Prudential Tower, from whose breathtaking "Skyline Walk," on a clear day, you can see as far as Mount Monadnock in Maine. For a son of Boston, for whom the good, gray Boston Custom House was precisely as high as any building ought to go, the "Pru" Tower came on as an extraplanetary intruder.

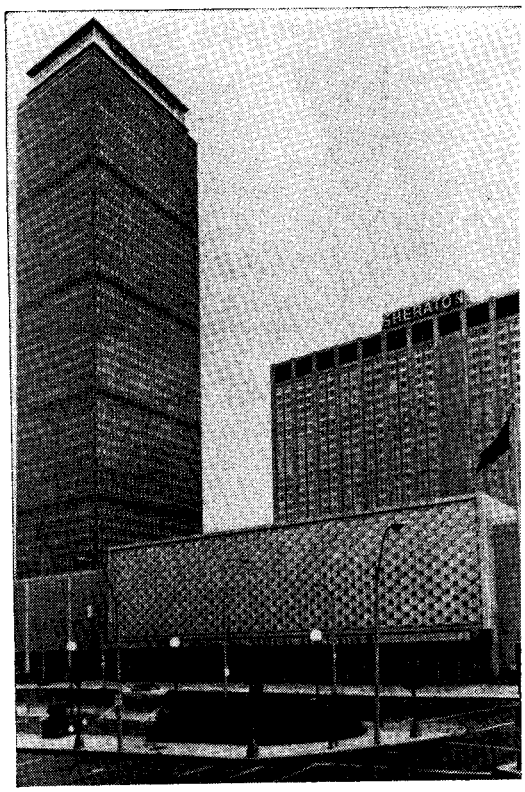
I escaped to the tidy antique and flower shops of Charles Street and to the Gothic red-brick Church of the Advent on Mount Vernon Street. Here, legend insists, Isabella Stewart Gardner, Anglican pillar and philanthropist, performed public Shrove Tuesday penance by washing at least part of the church's stone steps. Mrs. Gardner's home, a reproduction of a Venetian palazzo, is now a museum, a short, woodsy walk from the Museum of Fine Arts. Giorgione's *Head of Christ* is alone worth the visit. Before it, fresh violets are placed daily. Mrs. Gardner willed it so.

On Beacon Hill, the scent of wood fire issued from red-brick chimneys of the four- or five-story row houses, prim with their polished brass knockers and freshly painted doors. Russet leaves lay spent on the cobblestone streets of Louisburg Square. I walked to Beacon and the Common, where heretical Quakers were hanged and cattle once grazed. Now, old men sat stuffing pipes, talking of days gone by. East on Beacon, just past the State House, I stopped at the Athenaeum, a private library patronized by the great writers of New England's literary spring. In those days Boston anointed itself the "Athens of America" and, in Dr. Holmes's words, "the thinking center of the continent, and therefore of the planet." Visitors to the shrine are assured that "Talking in this room is forbidden." And: "No person shall put his feet upon a table." Busts of Petrarch, Homer, and Dante preside over this intellectual cloister. On the second floor, in the silence of a Saturday afternoon, a sculpture of Elizabeth Barrett Browning looks past palms and volumes of Marianne Moore's poetry down at the Granary Burying Ground, where Sam Adams and John Hancock share earth with victims of the Boston Massacre.

Book hunters who haven't seen Boston for a bit will be happy to hear that the Old Corner Bookstore, across from the Old South Meeting House, has been restored to something like its handsome quarters under Ticknor and Fields, who first published Hawthorne, Whittier, and Thoreau. Their priceless editions are on display, as is the desk where Emerson examined new books brought to his attention for purchase. The shop now doubles in brass as the downtown headquarters of the *Boston Globe.* A bit farther down Washington Street is King's Chapel, America's first Unitarian church. In its cemetery, across from a pushy movie house playing *Medium Cool,* are buried Revolutionary governors of Massachusetts and patriot William Dawes, who first carried the news in April 1775 that



Beacon Hill—row houses, the scent of wood fire, old men stuffing pipes.



Fifty-two-story Prudential Tower has changed the skyline "beyond telling."

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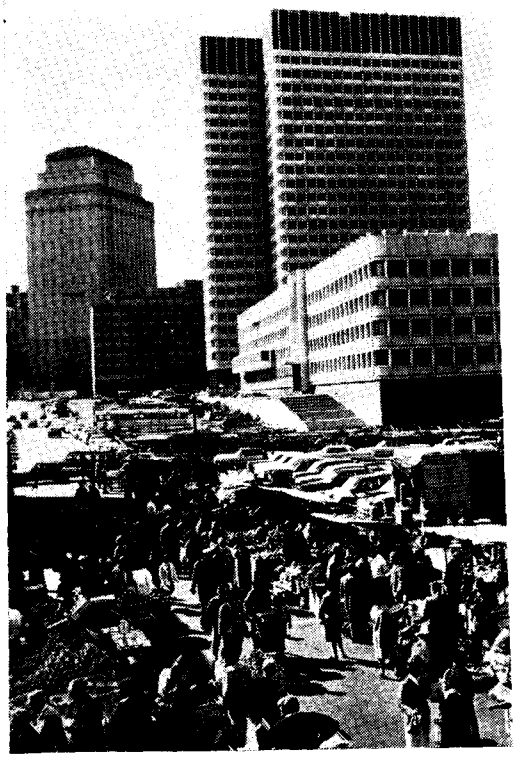
the British were coming to Lexington. The house of Dawes's ally, Paul Revere — the oldest home in Boston — stands at 19 North Square; not far away is the Old North Church, in whose tower were hung the lanterns warning of the British advance across the Charles River en route to Concord.

Just north on Washington Street is the historic Old State House. From its eastern balcony, the Declaration of Independence was read to the throng. This monument to the Revolution has been restored, thanks to the Bostonian Society, all the way to the refurbished royal lion and unicorn on its eastern facade. In this small building, the colonial struggle for liberty is recalled at its most poignant. Before its doors, the Boston Massacre occurred; the site of that tragedy is carefully marked. In its chambers, the patriots mapped armed rebellion, the first colonial government sat, and John Hancock served as the first Revolutionary governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. In the Old State House museum can be seen grapeshot and cannon balls fired at Bunker Hill; Hancock's personal psalter; a Hessian spur; fragments of mahogany from Washington's coffin; the cane with which Dixie's Preston Brooks assaulted Abolitionist Charles Sumner on the floor of the United States Senate; the handcuffs worn by the fugitive slave Anthony Burns, forced to return to his master despite the efforts of his Yankee counselor, lawyer-novelist Richard Henry Dana. There is also a commemorative pitcher cryptically inscribed: "Success to the crooked, but interesting, town of Boston." The reference, one concludes, is to Boston's impossibly convoluted streets.

Every Boston schoolboy of the 1940s and 1950s was aware of the round-the-clock honky-tonk of Scollay Square just north of Old State House. Old Scollay has since been torn down. That's no great matter, not even to men of the sea who are finding their comforts elsewhere in the Hub. For this onetime blot on the starched ruffles of George Apley's Dame Boston has been replaced by a stunning, skyscraping government complex, its overall design executed by I. M. Pei. A boldly massive plaza frames an ultramod City Hall, the sleek twin-towered John Fitzgerald Kennedy Federal Building, and a number of other new office buildings. Surely, I thought, as I made my way to Faneuil Hall, that historic shrine would be lost in this architectural explosion. It was not. The astonishing and relieving thing about New Boston's architecture is that it rests comfortably with the Old. Faneuil, America's famed "Cradle of Liberty," scene of unnumbered public



Above the Haymarket, Scollay Square has yielded to chic government towers.

rallies since Revolutionary days, is separated from City Hall by a defiant Sam Adams. He stands arms akimbo in bronze, as if to say: "This far and no farther." The beauty of Faneuil, enlarged by Bulfinch in 1806, is enhanced rather than dwarfed by the soaring buildings about it.

Faneuil sits grandly atop a complex of meat and provision stores in Boston's Haymarket, heaped with ten-foot piles of orange-gold pumpkins, rude jugs of fresh cider, butternut and acorn squash, great banks of claret and ivory mums. Peddlers with push-carts hawked fresh farm produce: crisp green beans; juicy, hard apples from Concord and Sudbury; cranberries from Cape Cod.

Old Durgin & Park Restaurant still beckons with its prime ribs and hot corn bread, for which butcher and bishop alike queue up 150 strong. I opted for Gamsun's in Boston's unexcelled Chinatown. Past the Hub's run-down headquarters of the Kuomintang and the handsome Merchants Association building, I made my way to this superior little restaurant, where Mrs. Wong Jayne still presides over the most appetizing fried shrimp in the hemisphere. I also sampled the *lung har gai pan*—sauteed lobster and chicken with water chestnuts—and roast pork and bean cake.

Boston is richly endowed with first-rate restaurants. My favorites are Joseph's on Newbury Street (broiled fresh scrod with cheese sauce); Casa Barbi (any veal dish, with Lachryma Christi); Locke-Ober's for anything;

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the Athens-Olympia (dolmas, skewered lamb); Pier Four (for harbor-side fish); and the English Room on Newbury Street just around the corner from the Ritz, for no-nonsense family fare at seductive prices.

As a boy I sat with my father on the docks watching the trawlers barrel in, or sailed vicariously for Liverpool on steamers leaving Charlestown port across the harbor in the shadow of still preserved *Old Ironsides*. Here, I hoped to recapture the Boston of the Tea Party and creamed finnan haddie. It wasn't to be. A fetching apartment house has already risen on Boston Harbor, and an estimated $100-million residential complex is planned. The New England Aquarium is nearing completion. At its entrance three calisthenic seals named Luigi, Simon, and Garfunkel greet the visitor, while inside lurk a sting ray, a sturgeon, and a leopard shark along ramps minutely suggestive of the Guggenheim.

Later I walked down Newbury Street —my favorite in Boston—past its quietly elegant shops and art galleries; past the Café Florian, scene of after-theater espresso colloquia (Boston boasts two repertory theaters, both good); past the dowdy Exeter Theater, partial to Margaret Rutherford mysteries and Terry-Thomas comedies; then to old Copley Square. The demolition of the S. S. Pierce building has drastically altered the square's balance; one hopes that some edifice will rise on its site. But there is hope for the future in the square's emerging central plaza, which will unite such classic buildings as the Romanesque Trinity Church and Charles McKim's nineteenth-century masterpiece, the stately Boston Public Library, which will soon boast a major annex.

Altogether, Boston has become younger, spunkier, more like it must have been when even its leading citizens, disguised as Indians, served up a special tea party for Lord North. This struck me most forcefully on a late, gray Saturday afternoon on Tremont Street. I had ducked into Saint Paul's Cathedral to catch the organ rehearsal, delighting to Virgil Thomson and Bach's *Sleepers, Awake*. Descending the front steps of the 150-year-old church, I saw a crowd gathering at an entrance to the Common, listening in silent curiosity to a group of young people in saffron robes, who were dancing in hypnotic, circular rhythm, all the while chanting: "Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna." What Brahmin would have believed it? —WILSON SULLIVAN.

WILSON SULLIVAN, free-lance writer and critic, is the author of a forthcoming book, *New England Men of Letters*.

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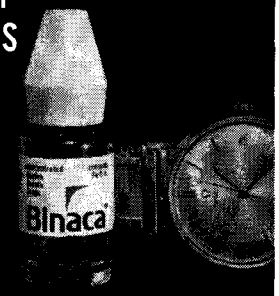

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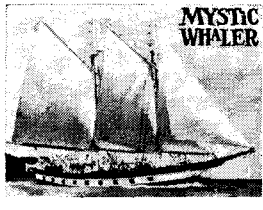

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Johann (Giovanni) Mayr's "Medea in Corinto"

A NEW ASPECT of Alice Tully Hall was revealed in early December when Newell Jenkins and his Clarion Concerts presented Johann (or Giovanni) Mayr's *Medea in Corinto* for the first time in the memory of any living operagoer. Thanks to the thoughtful planning of architect Pietro Belluschi, the hitherto unused pit was available to establish a properly theatrical relationship between the conductor and the stage performers. Thanks to the foresight of acoustician Heinrich Keilholz, the new demands did nothing to disturb the fine balance of sound now characteristic of the hall, come small forces or large.

This might have been a mere matter of passing pleasure in some contexts. In affiliation with the work of the all but forgotten Mayr, the resources of New York's most usable new hall in a generation became part of a historic revelation in which a dimension was added to the usual concert-in-costume compromise. Through an adroit use of projected designs by Galliari and others and a more than rudimentary amount of action, Nikos Psacharopoulos's production activated a gratifying amount of the drama in Mayr's remarkably generative score.

The dual nature of that score is hinted at in the reference to him as Johann, or Giovanni, Mayr. It relates particularly to the circumstance that Mayr was a Bavarian born seven years after Mozart (1763) who gravitated to Italy in his twenty-fourth year (1787) and became as Latin as a Bavarian could in the last half-century of his life. His first opera to be performed in an Italian theater was, as Herbert Weinstock tells us in his voluminous annotation, at the Fenice in Venice in 1794. His last was in 1825. Mayr thus projected an arch that spanned the early years of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti (the last, indeed, was a pupil of Mayr) and did not escape the attention of Verdi.

If *Medea in Corinto* was the keystone of that arch, there is little doubt that its principal stress-sharers were Gluck, philosophically, and Mozart, musically. In his early years of conditioning in Germany, Mayr had the opportunity for exposure to both, and kept their faith alive not only in the music he wrote but also the performances he organized in Italy of such works as Mozart's *Requiem* (and Haydn's *Creation*). What he added to the Italian *opera seria* of the time from Mozart's *Don Giovanni, Magic Flute,* and *Idomeneo* after he had exchanged Johann for Giovanni provides a long missing link from the North to the South.

These are no matters of speculation or theorizing, but are readily demonstrable in *Medea.* From the beginning with the dramatically motivated Overture, Jenkins's intelligently organized direction put a probing finger on the prime points in Mayr's score. A strong contribution to the outcome was the libretto by the youthful Felice Romani, who matured to become a valued collaborator with Bellini (in *La Sonnambula* and *Norma*) and Donizetti (in *L'elisir d'amore* and *Lucrezia Borgia*). His creative combination of elements from classic as well as contemporary sources makes a potent thing of his retelling of the Medea legend in its Corinthian phase. But it is the tonal tapestry that Mayr draped upon it that carries primary interest today.

Among the threads in that tapestry are harmonic colorations much beyond the common range of Italian resourcefulness when the opera was new in 1813 (as a point of reference, Beethoven's *Fidelio* was, in its final form, still to have its premiere, in 1814); a remarkably extensive range of orchestral resources; and interweavings of vocal and instrumental elements that sometimes approach the grandeur of the first act finale of *Don Giovanni* or *The Magic Flute.* Had Mayr, as Weinstock suggests, been a greater melodist, he might have put together a work with an enduring place in the repertory. But without his other attributes, the Italian operatic composers who followed might have been deprived of examples that served them long and well.

Inasmuch as there are no performers conditioned to or specialized in such an idiom as Mayr's, which combines the solid dramatic requirements of the German models with the florid embellishments favored by the Italians, the cast tended to young, malleable talents not thoroughly versed in either. Marisa Galvany, who bore the heavy burden of Medea, is a youthful American soprano with a sound of promising warmth and a dramatic flair that may, if not curbed, wear out the warmth before the promise is realized. There are strong intimations

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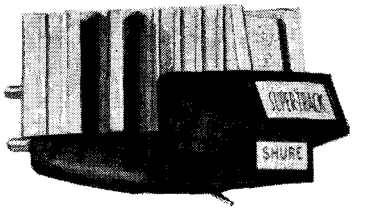
of things to come in her vocal personality, but also suggestions of impending distress in her heavy vibrato, sometimes unsupported dramatic thrust, and non-cautious regard for properly formed tone. Miss Galvany clearly has a message to deliver, but, unless she pulls back from overcommitment to quick results, it may be in the past rather than the future. Other principal performers were Thomas Palmer, a good Creonte when he was not overextended, vocally; Joan Patenaude as Creusa; and Allen Cathcart as Giasone. The Psacharopoulos scenic scheme included movements up, down, and around simple platform structures, and economically conceived costuming in basic colors (mostly black and white).

The merits that caused the ecstatic response to the piano playing of Alexander Slobodyanik when first the young Soviet artist appeared in New York last season have eluded me in his recordings, and, to some extent, in his most recent reappearance in Carnegie Hall. That he has, manifestly, a striking, even a singular talent for covering the keyboard and extracting therefrom much that is compelling, even astounding, may be granted; but is this the measure of artistic individuality in these times?

The rhetorical question demands something more evidential than rhetoric to answer it, such as reference to Slobodyanik's rather guarded, far from illuminating performance of Beethoven's A-flat Sonata (Op. 26), and the none too atmospheric versions of the Chopin mazurkas (Op. 30, Nos. 2 and 4) that followed. The artistic adrenalin began to flow more vigorously in the "Winter Wind" Etude and really spurted in the dramatic climaxes of the same composer's F-minor Fantasy, but this is a qualifying clause for the kind of interpretative command that had been attributed to him. Pianism was the consideration in the works that followed—the Seventh Sonata of Prokofiev and Moussorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition*—and Slobodyanik made a memorable experience of each. But the blend of substance with virtuosity that makes for a fulfilling experience is not yet within the grasp of Slobodyanik.

Excelsior!



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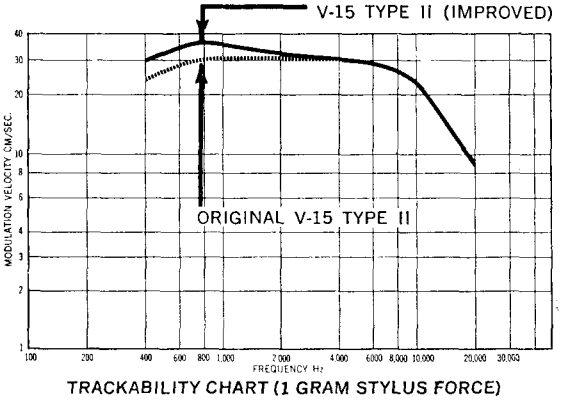

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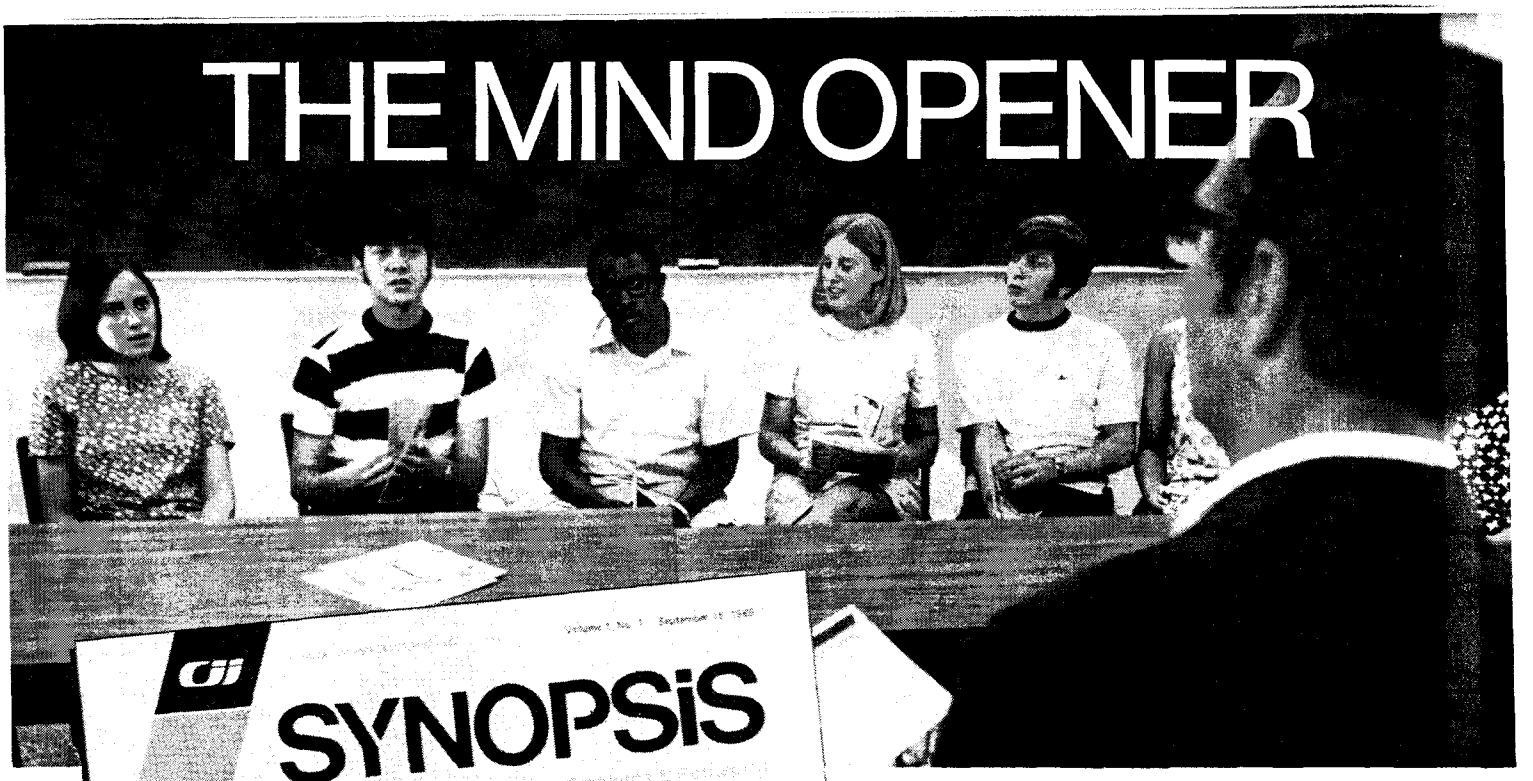

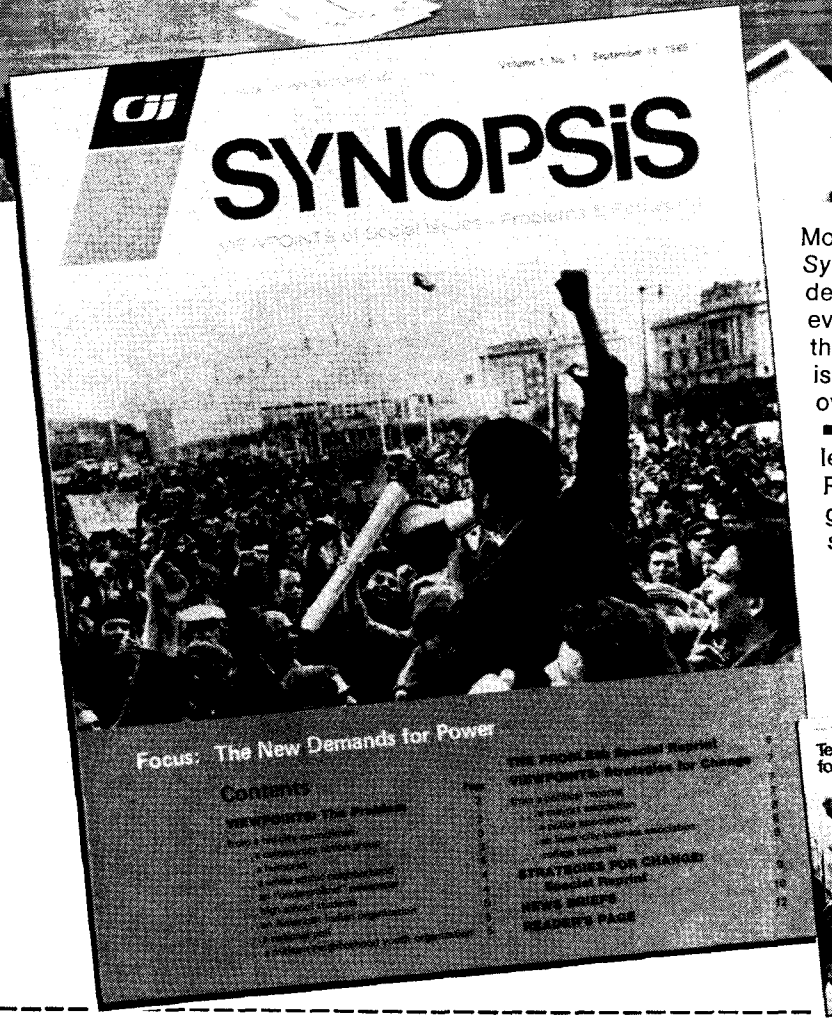

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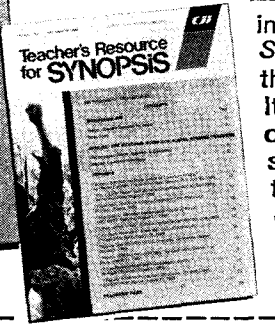

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49 Editorial

50 Letters to the Education Editor

The Challenge of Open Admissions:
54 Will Everyman Destroy the University? by Timothy S. Healy

57 Folklore of Selectivity by Alexander W. Astin

59 Fifteen Years of Deliberate Speed by Kenneth B. Clark

62 The Court, the Schools, and the Southern Strategy by Gary Orfield

63 A View from the Campus by Paul Woodring

64 Schools Make News

66 New Books

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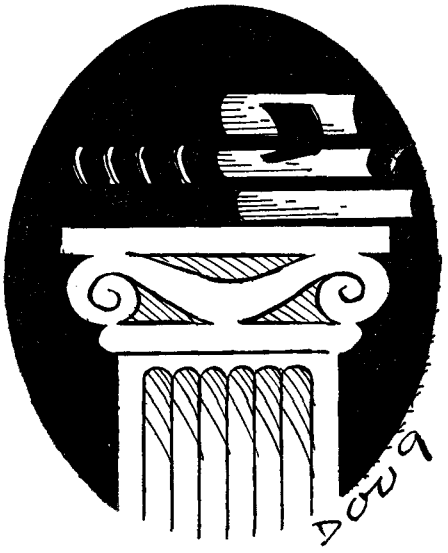

What Is a College for?

Most of us have always assumed that we knew what the proper function of higher education is, and only recently have we begun to question seriously whether we were correct in our assumptions about the purposes it should serve. Questions have been raised in the past, to be sure, and the mission of the academy has changed over the years. But the changes have come gradually, with suitable time for scholarly reflection and debate. Today, however, powerful social forces are demanding that the purposes of the college be re-examined in very fundamental fashion—and immediately.

There are those, of course, who deny that change is necessary—or even that changes that have already taken place are justified. In an editorial some weeks ago, the *Wall Street Journal* ascribed a major share of the contemporary campus unrest to the fact that "There are simply too many people in college with no aptitude for, or interest in, the academic life." Today such an editorial stance seems an inadequate response either to student charges of irrelevance in the academy or to the importunate demands of the disadvantaged for admission.

As the great Western tradition of higher education has come down to us from the medieval university, through Oxford and Cambridge to Harvard, William and Mary, and Yale, and so on across the country, it was designed for the education of a small, socially and economically elite class. The poor but worthy youth of unusual talent was often admitted to the charmed circle, to be sure, and the tradition was democratized to a degree in the free air of the New World through the establishment of many small, local colleges by religious sects, and later by the development of the land grant colleges. But it was the socially select schools that continued to provide the models for American higher education.

In the course of the last generation or so, the mission of the academy changed from serving an aristocratic elite to providing opportunity for an intellectual elite. As knowledge became the single most valuable commodity in our developing meritocracy, the nation's colleges and universities turned to their new role with enthusiasm. So we moved into the era of the testers—the IQs, the SATs, the ACTs, and the achievement tests—with all the competitive pressure for academic performance that accompanied them. And as the demand for sophisticated knowledge and skills became more intense, so, too, did the competition for places in our institutions of higher learning.

It is the resulting emphasis on test scores and class rank in college admissions that leads Alexander Astin to charge in these pages (see page 57) that admissions officers are forced to function as race track handicappers, primarily concerned with picking winners, rather than as educators whose purpose is to select those students who can benefit most from the institution's environment. It is also recognition of the inappropriateness of such a role for the college in contemporary America that has led City University of New York to develop an open admissions policy described on page 54 by Vice Chancellor Timothy Healy.

The question raised by so radical a departure from tradition is whether we are witnessing the beginning of the destruction of higher education as we have known it. The evidence seems clearly to indicate that we are not. Given the resources, the academy has proved it can stimulate a far wider range of students to do college level work. The college must continue to educate society's natural winners—but now it must also assume responsibility for educating those who otherwise will remain society's losers. Today there is no practical or moral alternative.

—J. C.

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Letters to the Education Editor

Sense and Sensitivity

As a trainer and member of the National Training Laboratories, I can only say thanks and well done to Max Birnbaum for his article "Sense About Sensitivity Training" [*SR*, Nov. 15]. The phrase "sensitivity training" is one of the least understood but most frequently used terms today. His article goes a long way toward making laboratory training and the various approaches more comprehensible.

One of the issues Mr. Birnbaum develops concerns the misuse of personal growth, confrontation, and nonverbal sessions by amateurs and rising entrepreneurs in school situations. I have noticed, in approaching a school system as a trainer, that some teachers and students expect personal growth training. Organizational development or organizational change processes are often perceived as mere rhetoric, not relevant to individual problems.

This situation presents an interesting dilemma to the trainer. Should he allow himself to be seduced by the system into doing something that is easy and dramatic, but that leaves the system untouched; or should he resist this seduction and focus on more immediate problems, running the risk of being perceived as not helping anyone?

Of course, the school is in a dilemma also. It may be that the trainers who are interested in organizational development gravitate to industry, and those who are interested in personal growth to the schools. Even if the superintendent is a system reformer, he may be hard-pressed to find a consultant-trainer who would be interested.

Howard O. Williams, Jr.,
New Rochelle, N.Y.

As a clinical psychologist, I found Max Birnbaum's article cogent, reasonable, and—in view of the increasingly widespread use of sensitivity training—necessary as a means of informing the public about the "movement" and some of its implications. I should like to add a little to his comments in an effort to provide a somewhat broader view of sensitivity training. I'll confine myself to the "paratherapy" model Mr. Birnbaum discussed, because my own experience has been limited to this brand of sensitivity training.

1) The effectiveness of sensitivity training has not been demonstrated by "hard" experimental findings.

2) The basic rationale for sensitivity training is philosophical, i.e., that interpersonal openness, the freedom to be self-disclosing, is good in that this is how man-as-man should be; this is a belief, an act of faith, and, as such, is not necessarily valid. I think this view should be expressed as such, and not much more than that.

3) Sensitivity training—as paratherapy—is distinguished by Birnbaum from group psychotherapy on the basis of the clientele served and not on the processes themselves: group therapy is for the not-so-normal, sensitivity training for the normal. This difference is often illusory, because normalcy itself is very illusory and defined most effectively, perhaps, by the not-so-normal who comes to us professionals for help because he is feeling not-so-normal. The point is that sensitivity training is not limited in its use to the normal person simply because screening procedures vary in effectiveness and because normalcy varies in its definition.

Frank J. Pizzat,
Gannon College,
Erie, Pa.

In his comments on Esalen, nonverbal exercises, and education, Max Birnbaum is apparently unaware of the Ford-Esalen project that explored ways to integrate the affective domain (emotions and feelings) and the cognitive domain (intellectual learning). This was carried out by a staff of teachers exploring and selecting so-called Esalen approaches for incorporation into the curriculum in the classroom. Our approach differed from the isolated use of affective approaches—sensitivity training, being one—focusing rather on using these approaches as an integral part of the conventional curriculum. We call this integration confluent education.

We believe for an exploratory project we achieved some success. A description of our work will be forthcoming in a book entitled *Human Teaching for Human Learning*, to be published by McGraw-Hill this spring.

George I. Brown,
University of California,
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Max Birnbaum is most perceptive in pinpointing dilemmas faced by school administrators when they contemplate the values of sensitivity training for school personnel. His reasons for valuing some form of human relations training for educators are, we think, quite to the point.

We thought you would be interested to know there are some people in the Northwest who not only know what Mr. Birnbaum is talking about, but who are working toward solutions to the issues raised in the article. The title of Program 100 in the Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory is "Developing Instructional Systems to Improve Teacher Competencies." One organizing concept of this program is that much that exists in the theory and practice of sensitivity training can be made available to a greater number of persons than is now the case.

Program 100 staff proceeds by assessing needs in the educational setting, retrieving from theory and practice in the human relations training field, identifying the generic processes that relate to master the generic processes. With this information in hand the staff proceeds to make a plan that will make it possible for classroom teachers to learn certain specified skills they can use immediately. Then instructional systems are developed to implement the plan.

Rene F. Pino and
Ruth Emory,
Program 100 Field Coordinators,
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory,
Portland, Ore.

Max Birnbaum, supposedly providing an objective view of sensitivity training, has failed to pinpoint the most obvious flaw in the entire sensitivity training movement: nowhere is there a shred of scientifically valid evidence that such experiences are beneficial. The enthusiasts and practitioners are so vociferous in advocating sensitivity training that one is tempted to assume with them that the methods must really work. But anyone even casually acquainted with the history of pseudoscientific techniques for advancing mankind's welfare will regard this new craze with deep and well-deserved suspicion. Practitioner enthusiasm and public acceptance were equally great for such widespread activities as witch burning, bleeding of the sick, and psychoanalysis of the mentally disturbed—each now thoroughly discredited by scientific evidence.

Bernard Rimland,
Director, Institute for Child Behavior Research,
San Diego, Calif.

Max Birnbaum's article, even though cautious in tone, is laudable both for clearly differentiating various kinds of laboratory learning and the applications of them and for stressing the tremendous gains that human relations training can offer to education and society.

There is a pressing need for the development of graduate programs in effective education of all types. Expanded research and professional preparation programs are the only ways to alleviate the threat Mr. Birnbaum notes from "unsophisticated school supporters" and "a host of newly hatched trainers . . . short on professional experience, skill, and wisdom."

Dalva E. Hedlund,
New York State College of Agriculture,
Cornell University,
Ithaca, N.Y.

Max Birnbaum's article is a timely statement on the need for more emphasis in education on affective development and a well balanced view on the possible role of sensitivity training in this regard.

Mr. Birnbaum is historically inaccurate on one point. Just as the devoted creators of Esalen Institute (1951) and the author of *Joy* (1967) were certainly not the originators of sensitivity training in this coun-

(*Continued on page 71*)

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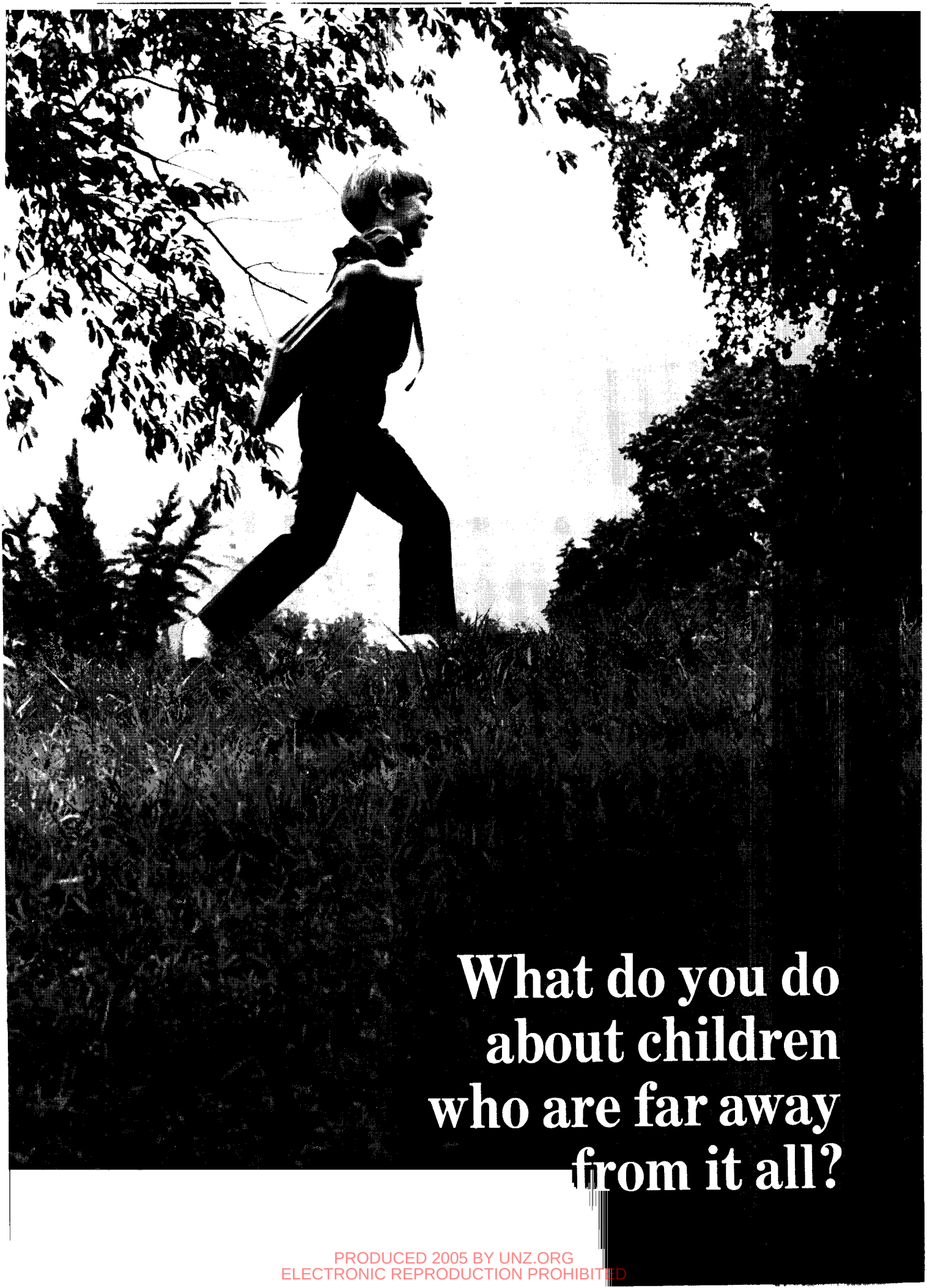

What do you do about children who are far away from it all?

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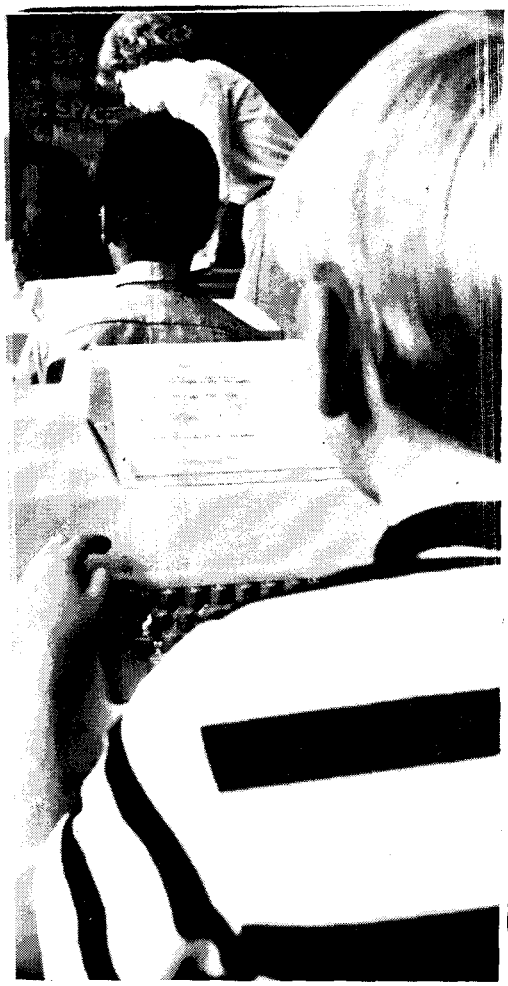

Students in the metropolitan cities can be as far away from it all as rural youngsters. It happens every time some of education's best advantages pass them by.

Today, small communities like Medicine Bow, Wyoming (population 392), as well as big-city systems, like New York City (population 7,795,471), are making use of the nationwide telephone network to give young pupils rich—and occasionally unique—learning experience.

This network, for example, recently gave music students in Medicine Bow, Wyoming, a chance to visit with Leonard Bernstein. The science students learned about some of space travel's complex elements from a NASA official in Houston. It was a system of Tele-Lecture combined with telewriting that gave Medicine Bow's pupils the chance to reach out beyond Wyoming to the whole country.

Tele-Lecture, telewriting, and remote computer access is available to today's students over Bell System's nationwide communications network.

For example: In New York City, more than 2000 elementary school pupils, using Touch-Tone® phones in their homes, are reinforcing math skills by 'talking' with a computer.

The pupil hears the computer say, "What is four plus four?" He responds to the computer by pressing the buttons on his Touch-Tone phone. If he presses the right buttons, another problem will follow. If he is wrong, the question is repeated and if he is wrong again, the computer gives the correct answer and presents a different problem. The pupil's progress is recorded and future drills are structured to the student's achievement level.

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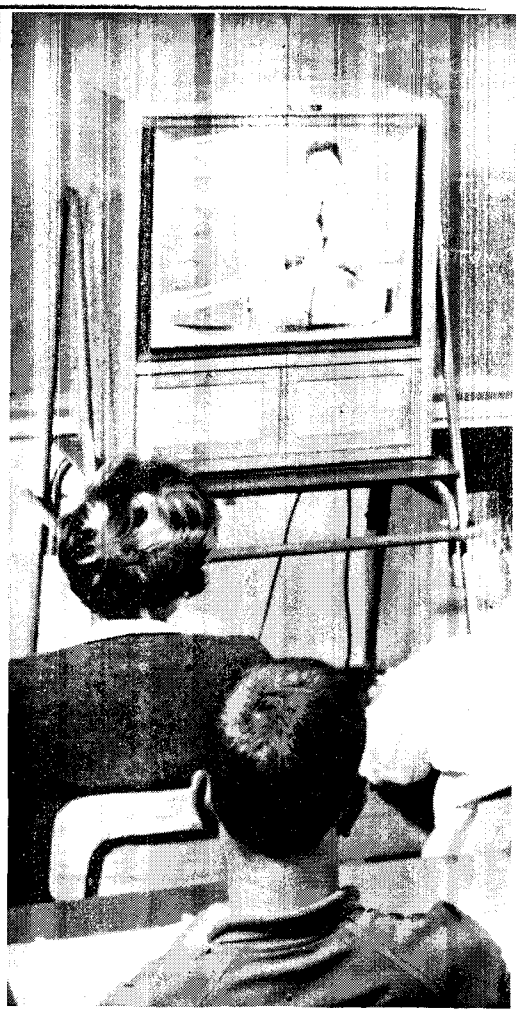

Computer math programs are coming to rural children as well. First-through-eighth graders in several schools in eastern Kentucky are now learning math with the help of a computer-assisted instruction program that comes from Stanford University in Palo Alto, California, via the telephone network.

Edwin R. Jones, Director, Eastern Kentucky Educational Development Corporation, describes his thinking about computer-assisted instruction:

"What catches my mind and imagination about CAI is the fact that today, for the very first time in the history of education, we can actually provide individualized instruction for a whole classroom of students. Not only is the instruction process individualized, it's programmed so that those responsible for student learning know exactly how the pupil is interacting and progressing with the material. For years and years we've talked about individualized instruction for the student. Now it's a fact in some of our schools. I hope it will some day be a fact in all of our schools."

Delaware is one of several states that have developed a system that provides urban and rural students educational advantages. A statewide multichannel closed-circuit TV system serves Delaware schools with a total enrollment of 105,000 pupils. Programs are designed to enrich the educational process and are transmitted throughout the state over a network especially designed by Bell System engineers.

Today, regardless of location, it's no longer necessary for any student to be far away from it all. Call your local Bell Telephone Company and ask to talk to an educational communications specialist.

AT&T

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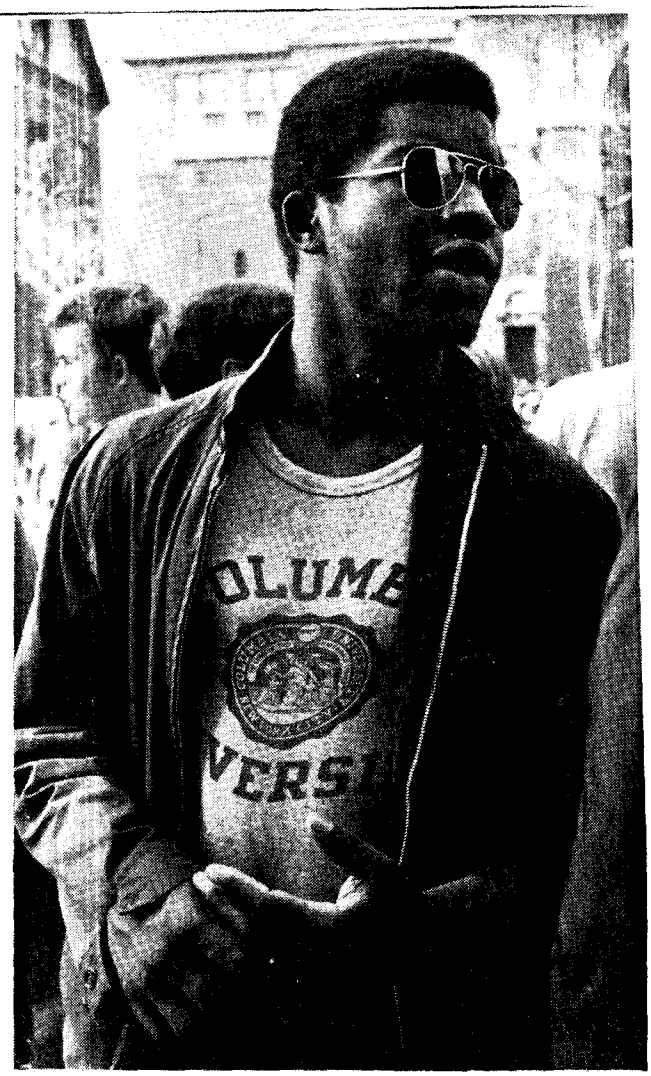
Will Everyman Destroy the University?

by TIMOTHY S. HEALY



—Charles Gatewood

"Academic standards ought to be tied to the kind of degrees a university awards, and not to the batting average of its dean of admissions."

The City University of New York (CUNY) is as vast, as complex, and every bit as ungovernable as the city that gave it birth and whose young it educates. It is composed of nine senior colleges (four of them among the most distinguished in the nation), seven community colleges, a graduate center, and an affiliated medical school. It has 178,000 students and more than 10,000 faculty members. It runs two urban skills centers as well as the two largest college adapter programs for the disadvantaged in the United States. It is incapable of moving in sleek, straight lines and instead moves really in vast lurches and heaves. Its every movement, each heave and lurch, inexorably changes the city's landscape.

Over the past six months, CUNY has been gathering its forces, groaning into a vast movement that will in the long run change as much in the nation as in the educational model in the city of New York. The movement is called "open admissions." It means quite simply that every graduating senior in New York City's high schools, if he wants it, will be guaranteed a place in the university's freshman class next fall. Without any exaggeration, it can certainly be said that nothing in higher education will ever be the same again.

While the concept of a high school diploma providing guaranteed college admission is not in itself new to American public higher education, what gives the CUNY open admissions venture its revolutionary cast are the broad policy guidelines for the plan's implementation that were mandated by the university's trustees, New York City's Board of Higher Education. Open admissions at CUNY, the board declared, must not only offer a place to all June 1970 secondary school graduates, but it must also:

- provide for remedial and other supportive services for all students requiring them so that open admissions does not become "the illusion of an open door to higher education which in reality is only a revolving door, admitting everyone but leading to a high proportion of student failure after one semester";
- result in the "ethnic integration of the colleges"—significant in this language was the board's deliberate avoidance of the phrase "ethnic integration of the university," a directive that could well lead to de facto segregated institutions within CUNY;
- "maintain and enhance the standards of academic excellence of the colleges of the University";
- guarantee admission to specific community and senior colleges to those students who would have been admitted under previous criteria;
- provide for student mobility among various programs and units of CUNY.

The major current attack upon open admissions is being pressed under the banner of "academic standards." According to these critics, no plan can really accommodate the trustees' constraints without "lowering standards" in CUNY's colleges. There are of course more equivocations in that phrase than in a Long Island Rail Road timetable; but "standards" has a fine ring, and, like motherhood, something not even the most radical of collegiate innovators can be caught disapproving of. The scenario it sets up also carries a superb melodramatic impact: hordes of illiterates being fed on ersatz pap while the real intellectuals scuttle off to the safety of some private purveyor of instant Oxford. It is, as the French say, "of a great sadness." It is also of a great falseness. There are only two ways in which open admissions could lower standards: first, by driving away really talented students, and, second, by compelling the faculty to lower its standards to meet a diminished capacity among the students. Let us consider both possibilities.

The first, that bright students will abandon an integrated college, neglects to take into account one key element—the students themselves. The most cursory examination of their reaction leads to exactly the opposite conclusion. The best of them heartily approve, and the most vocal are already assaulting the university administration with the charge that the board's plans are far too conservative. I remember a meeting during the recent mayoral campaign when it appeared that the entire open admissions issue was going to become a football in a very amateur game when one faculty member said wryly, "It looks like the only ones really supporting it are the students." We should have learned by now that today's students are least

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likely to attack or abandon any university that has the courage to commit its resources to meeting an urgent social need. Injecting civic and moral conscience into university postures is the students' demand, not their fear. Is it perhaps because they know more shrewdly than we choose to remember how "quick bright things come to confusion"?

There is, of course, a real problem in recruiting very bright students. It comes from the fact that CUNY has presided for more than a century over the brightest pool of talented students in the Western world. They came to us because, in the ignorance and bigotry of their times, there was no other avenue of higher education open to them. But now when every university, including the praetorian Ivy, is recruiting bright students with the same zeal and enticements it once used to staff football teams, other options have opened to dazzle the eyes of any poor but bright city boy. This development is somewhat countered by the fact that most native kids, like their mayor, prefer to see the air they breathe, and a good many of them find the rustic delights of Ithaca and New Haven somewhat pale after the "action" of New York. But the danger is nonetheless real. The answer, however, lies not in ever tighter exclusionary admissions. It will come from the kind of thinking that has come, for one, out of the City College faculty: that the best attraction that could be offered to the student of superior talent is a superior teacher—along with the individual attention, individually tailored programs, accelerated schedules, and all the variety of learning and involvement that only a city university can offer.

—City University of New York.

"The street, clean or dirty, will remain; what matters is the kind of men who walk it."

The second danger to "standards"—that the faculty will be forced to lower their sights—is also in no way an inevitable consequence. This is where the equivocations really begin to play. First of all, the historic ones. The use of "objective" criteria in admissions policy is barely twenty-five years old in most American universities. In hard fact, the very best of them are still tied to various "quota" systems, not all of which could bear much probing. The classic example is the clear preference given to applicants from distant states to achieve a "national" student body. In addition, standards ought to refer to what a university does for its students, rather than to their opening handicap. An older way of putting it would be to say that the Lord God gave them their brains, while we as educators stand or fall on what we can help those brains accomplish. Standards must clearly be tied to the kind of degrees a university awards, not to the batting average of its dean of admissions. The British universities have succeeded for several centuries now in defending their "first class" against cricketeering aristocrats, even against those who later become prime ministers.

There is, of course, the even deeper equivocation that the objective criteria are significantly revealing or predictive about what a student will do in college. The facts are not all that reassuring. Interestingly enough, the frequently urged argument that marks occupy a far too dominant position in American education is made more often by white, middle-class students of impeccable objective scores than by the black or Puerto Rican students. There are many areas of talent and ability that our tests never reach. Unless we are careful about where we plant our standard, we could be guilty of accepting the fact that our teaching leaves these areas similarly untouched. It is a rare human being who, in this technical society, can be written off at age sixteen. Given the multiple inequities that, despite all our skill and devotion, riddle our secondary schools, there are surely grounds enough to make the least sanguine wonder whether or not under the low scores and middling averages "a great prince in prison lies."

The Board of Higher Education and Chancellor Albert H. Bowker of City University hardly meant their open admissions plan to be an attack on the prestige of their colleges. What they intend is best revealed by a look at recent history. The gathering of forces actually began in 1966. That was the year the board amended its Master Plan to set as a City University goal a guaranteed opportunity for study beyond high school to all the young people of the city who could benefit from some college experience. That timetable looked to the year 1975, when the university hoped to have its facilities and faculties ready to handle so large a body of students. In the intervening years the university planned to continue its expansion of special programs for the educationally disadvantaged begun earlier in the 1960s.

Although free public higher education in New York City had been a goal since establishment of the Free Academy (later City College) in 1847, the demand for college places had far outstripped the university's capacity to enroll the growing number of qualified students. Thus, although an open admissions policy was actually in effect for two decades at the turn of the century, the need to determine which high school graduates would fill a limited number of college seats led to the use of objective measures for admission, specifically high school grade averages and standardized test scores. In 1924 the cutoff high school average required for admission to City College was 72 per cent; by 1936 it had risen to 78 per cent; by 1962 it had climbed to 82 per cent; by the end of the decade it had reached 85 per cent.

In addition to rising demand and the scarcity of space there were several heads of pressure building up in the early 1960s that crowded the university into both the rapid expansion that began in 1965 and into today's drive toward open admissions. Governor Nelson Rockefeller with characteristic energy had resolved to transform the State University of New York from a collection of sleepy normal schools into one of the great state universities of the nation. Obviously, increased higher education opportunities would also have to be provided for New York City high school graduates. Just as obvious to the state budget makers was the relative bargain of the commuter colleges in the City University compared to the dormitory campuses of the State University.

Another trend, the significance of which was not lost on the Governor and his then legislative leaders, Assembly Speaker Joseph F. Carlino and Senate Majority Leader Walter J. Mahoney, was the rising curve of welfare expenditures, outpacing even aid to education. They recognized the col-

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leges of CUNY as effective interrupters of the poverty cycle for previous generations of New York City immigrants, but found on examination insignificant numbers of the newer immigrants, black and Puerto Rican, enrolled in the public colleges of the city. Along with the acknowledgment among the upstate and suburban forces dominating the legislature that a portion of the increased state allocations for higher education would have to be allocated to New York City went the realization that ways would have to be developed for expanding enrollments among the minority groups that continued to feed what appeared to be a limitless welfare demand.

Several proposals were formulated for special college adapter programs. In 1964, the College Discovery Program was created to help students from families below the "poverty level" enter CUNY's community colleges. In 1966, the then Assembly Speaker, Anthony J. Travia, aided by a new caucus of black legislators, Senate Majority Leader Earl W. Brydges, and Minority Leader Joseph Zaretzki, passed an omnibus City University bill. It increased the state's contribution to CUNY's operating budget, launched a facility financing mechanism, and—most important—mandated SEEK (Search for Education, Elevation, and Knowledge), a program to provide a comprehensive plan for recruitment, counseling, and support of disadvantaged students from poverty neighborhoods at the university's senior colleges. Also in 1966, through two of its community colleges, CUNY sponsored two urban centers, created and funded by the legislature to provide both vocational training and college adapter programs to high school graduates in Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant. By 1969, SEEK and College Discovery were enrolling almost 2,500 students. But they also had to reject more than double that number because of lack of budget and space. The university had meanwhile been able to expand its regular admissions. But only by maintaining its high grade average cutoff point, while the number of applicants multiplied, was the university able to defend itself against charges that its special programs for the disadvantaged were denying college places to other students.

Given a chronic seat shortage and the rising demand both for regular admissions as well as for access to the special programs, the university trustees and administration anticipated an inevitable CUNY confrontation, potentially more searing than the Board of Education's agony at Ocean Hill-Brownsville. Last spring it came. Galvanized perhaps by the wave of student unrest then sweeping the country, violence broke out on several CUNY campuses. High among every set of grievances was the demand for increased black and Puerto Rican enrollment. The pace of change, demonstrably, was out of step with the drumbeat of the times. Last July, after weeks of meetings with students, faculty, and representatives of organizations from all parts of the city, the Board of Higher Education unanimously concluded that the comfort of a 1975 target date for open admissions would have to give way to the certainty that immediate open admissions was the only course the university could follow.

Earlier, the board had created a special University Commission on Admissions, to be made up of ten members named by the Faculty Senate, ten appointed by the Student Advisory Council, ten by the Administrative Council of College Presidents, four by the alumni, and four by outside public organizations that had demonstrated their concern for the plight of the university. After two months of strenuous discussion, the commission arrived at one major conclusion:

> The best way of determining whether a potential student is capable of college work is to admit him to college and evaluate his performance there. Within the pool of 10,000 students rejected each year by the "traditional system" and the 5,000 rejected by SEEK and College Discovery there are thousands of students who, if given a chance at college, would do satisfactory and even outstanding work. When all the students who never apply to college because they have been told through twelve years of previous education that they are not "college material" are added to this pool, the great loss in human potential generated by an exclusionary policy becomes evident. This city and this society cannot afford such a loss.

When it came to translating theory and desire into practice, the members of the commission could not agree; in fact, they reflected rather more clearly than they would have wished the divisions that both the 1968 school strike and the 1969 election campaign had shown to exist among New Yorkers. The nodal problem was the assignment of students, both regular and new, to the senior colleges of the University—more precisely, to the four distinguished ones, City, Brooklyn, Hunter, and Queens. For solving this problem the commission presented three separate plans and followed them with no fewer than six dissenting opinions.

The publication of the report in the middle of a political campaign produced considerably more heat than light. The board scheduled two full days of public hearings and heard from some 130 speakers representing over eighty organizations. As the hearings progressed, it became apparent that few people had actually read the seventy-page report and that even fewer had understood it. Two slogans kept recurring: "educational standards" and "the right to higher education." But for all their frequency, both were most often accompanied by arguments that showed how many varying civic, intellectual, and, at times, racial axes were being ground. One great fact, however, emerged from all the discussion: no matter how individuals or groups felt about the various plans to

(*Continued on page 67*)

—*Maury Englander.*

CCNY students striking last spring in support of open admissions—"The best of them heartily approve, and the most vocal are already assaulting the university with the charge that the board's plans are too conservative."

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Folklore of Selectivity

by ALEXANDER W. ASTIN

If higher education is one of the principal avenues of escape from poverty and from ghetto life, then the current representation of black students among college freshmen must be considered woefully inadequate. Among the 1.5 million new freshmen who entered college in 1968, between 6 and 7 per cent were black. Even though many colleges have gone to considerable effort recently to recruit more black students, the proportion has changed only slightly since 1966. In short, the representation of blacks among new college students is far below their representation in the college-age population (about 12 per cent) and shows little evidence of increasing. Furthermore, those blacks who do attend college are not distributed evenly among the various types of institutions. Nearly half of all black freshmen, for example, attend predominantly Negro colleges, while more than half of all the institutions in the country enroll freshmen classes in which blacks make up less than 2 per cent.

Traditionally, colleges have selected their applicants primarily on the basis of secondary school grades and their scores on tests of academic aptitude. While other criteria are frequently taken into account, most institutions probably judge most applicants on the basis of academic merit.

There is little question that the average black high school student compares unfavorably with the average white on these merit criteria, particularly on tests of academic ability. Consequently, the blind application of such criteria in college admissions will result in (a) proportionately fewer blacks than whites being admitted and (b) partial segregation of the races, with few blacks being admitted to the most selective institutions.

The goal of furthering racial integration in colleges, then, basically conflicts with the use of purely meritocratic standards in admissions. Therefore, if merit considerations are to be subordinated to racial and other considerations, the case for integration and expanded educational opportunity needs to be made convincingly. Moreover, these issues, while focusing on black or other minority student groups, raise fundamental questions about the entire rationale of current admissions practice.

The use of high school grades and aptitude test scores in college admissions is most often defended on the grounds that these measures predict subsequent achievement in college. And indeed they do. A point that is frequently overlooked, however, is that these predictions are subject to a considerable amount of error: not all of the most promising students succeed in college, nor do all the least promising students fail.

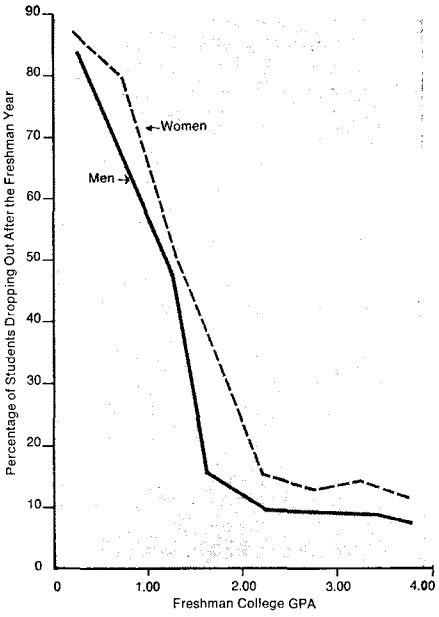
Data from a recent nationwide study of academic achievement and survival in college provide an opportunity to examine—in practical terms—the degree of error associated with predicting college achievement from high school grades and test scores. These data were obtained from 36,581 students (19,524 men and 17,057 women) who enrolled at 180 different colleges and universities in the fall of 1966. The data show clearly that a student's college grades are usually consistent with his high school grades. For example, about three-fourths of the men who had A or A+ averages in high school achieved at least a B average as college freshmen, whereas only 10 per cent of the men who had C averages in high school did so. In other words, boys with an A average in high school were seven times more likely than were boys with a C average in high school to obtain a B average in college, and A average boys were more than twice as likely to obtain a B average in college as were boys with a B average in high school.

But the relationship between high school grades and college grades is far from perfect. For example, one-fourth of the boys who had A averages in high school failed to make even a B average in college. Similarly, 10 per cent of both the boys and girls who obtained only C averages in high school managed to obtain a B average or better in their freshman college year.

Aptitude test scores are even less closely related to college grades than high school grades are. Of the 3,768 students at the lowest level of academic ability as measured by test scores, for example, 16 per cent obtained B averages or better in college. High school grades, then, are clearly the better predictors of freshman grade point average (GPA). But a knowledge of the student's aptitude test scores is not superfluous, because predictions of college GPA become more accurate if high school grades and aptitude test scores are used in combination.

The data, however, underscore the substantial amount of error involved in predicting freshman grades, even when high school grades and aptitude test scores are used in combination. More than 10 per cent of the most able students—those with A grades and aptitude test scores at the 99th percentile—failed to obtain even a B average during their freshman year in college. Similarly, among students who made only a C average in high school and whose test scores were below the 10th percentile, about 10 per cent nevertheless managed to obtain at least a B average.

Perhaps more fundamental than grades as a measure of success is simply a student's ability to stay in college. As one would expect, there is a relationship between a student's col-



Relationship between freshman grade point average and dropping out of college

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lege grades and his chances of dropping out: as the grades decline, the chances increase. But, working with the same sample of 36,581 freshmen (and defining "dropout" as any student who failed to return for his second year of college), we found that the increase in dropouts from one college GPA level to the next was not consistent [see chart]. For example, students with GPAs of C- (1.50) to A (4.00) were relatively unlikely to drop out; but the percentage of dropouts increased precipitously from the C- level on down.

Relating high school grades to college dropouts, we found fewer than half of the students who had D averages in high school dropped out. Thus, even the least able students are more likely than not to return to college.

Strangely enough, the chances of dropping out were far fewer, according to our data, at highly selective colleges than at the less selective institutions. A student attending a college in the low selectivity group, for example, is about two or three times more likely to drop out after his freshman year than is a student of comparable ability attending a highly selective college.

The apparently negative effect of selectivity on dropping out is rather puzzling, particularly when one realizes that the student is likely to get lower grades if he attends the highly selective college. Since students who have below-average freshman GPAs are more likely to drop out than the students with above-average GPAs, it seems to follow that students in the most selective institutions would have higher dropout rates than students of comparable ability enrolled at the least selective institutions. But just the opposite result occurs: a given student is *less* likely to drop out if he attends a highly selective college than if he attends a relatively unselective one, even though his freshman GPA is likely to be lower at the highly selective college.

These findings controvert some of the most cherished folklore about the highly selective institution. Some people have suggested, for example, that one of the major liabilities of the more selective institution is that many highly able students who go there find themselves for the first time competing with other students whose intellectual and academic abilities are commensurate with their own; consequently, they become discouraged and drop out. The implication is that certain very bright students would have a better chance of survival at a relatively unselective institution, primarily because the less competitive atmosphere there would permit them to maintain the academic superiority that they had been accustomed to in high school, and therefore to avoid the frustration and depression that they may feel in the highly selective institution. Not only do our data fail to support this line of reasoning, but they suggest that the effect is just the reverse.

Comparison of the Performance of Atypical Students and Typical Students in Highly Selective Colleges

Student Group	N	Percentage Obtaining B Average or Higher in College	Percentage Dropping Out after the Freshman Year
Atypical			
1) Men with average high school grades of *C+* or less	161	14	14
2) Men with aptitude test scores (NMSQT) [a] of 102 or less	140	27	9
3) Women with average high school grades of *B −* or less	73	22	14
4) Women with aptitude test scores (NMSQT) [a] of 110 or less	172	38	9
5) Men with average high school grades of *C +* or less *and* aptitude test scores (NMSQT) [a] below 110	50	12	12
6) Women with average high school grades of *B −* or less *and* aptitude test scores (NMSQT) [a] below 110	24	8	8
Typical			
7) All men in highly selective colleges	3,349 [b]	41	7
8) All women in highly selective colleges	1,857 [c]	60	9

[a] National Merit Scholarship Qualifying Test Selection Scores.
[b] Mean NMSQT score = 130; mean high school grade average = *B +*.
[c] Mean NMSQT score = 129; mean high school grade average = *A −*.

Many educators criticize the practice of lowering admissions standards for black students on the grounds that these students will be faced with unreasonable academic and social pressures that will greatly increase their chances of dropping out. These personal and academic difficulties are assumed to be especially severe in the most selective institutions.

What do our data show about how the academically "atypical" student performs in the highly selective institution? To arrive at some preliminary answers, several groups of atypical students attending institutions in the top two levels of selectivity were chosen. Specifically, six groups (three of men and three of women) were identified on the basis of their having (a) low test scores, (b) low high school grades, or (c) low test scores *and* low high school grades. The comparison of the six groups is shown in the table below. The first group, for example, includes all men enrolled at these highly selective institutions whose high school grades were only C+ or below. Note that, with respect to performance in high school, this group represents the lowest 5 per cent of our sample of men attending highly selective institutions (161 out of 3,349). Only 14 per cent of the group, as compared with 41 per cent of *all* men enrolled in these colleges, obtained B averages or higher in college. If one scans the column of percentages of students who obtained B averages or higher, it becomes clear that each of these atypical groups had freshman GPAs considerably below the average for all students at the highly selective institutions.

However, an examination of the last column in the table reveals that the dropout rates of the atypical students were only slightly higher than the overall dropout rates. In other words, the atypical student at the highly selective college, despite his substantially lower academic performance, is only slightly more inclined than is the typical student to drop out after the freshman year.

These findings have special implications for college admissions policies. First, if a greater number of disadvantaged students are to be admitted under less stringent merit criteria, it is unreasonable to expect that their academic performance will be as high as that of the typical student in the highly selective institution. Using the standard measures of high school grades and test scores, admissions officers and counselors should be able to anticipate fairly accurately just how far below the typical student these specially admitted students will perform. More important, since these atypical students

(*Continued on page* 69)

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Fifteen Years of Deliberate Speed

by KENNETH B. CLARK

The history of civil rights litigation in state and federal courts up to the *Brown* decision of 1954 can be understood in terms of a basic struggle, dating back to the *Dred Scott* decision of 1857, to determine the social and judicial perception of the Negro, to determine how the Negro is to be perceived and treated in relation to the treatment of other human beings within the framework of American democracy.

The underlying problem was that the Negro was regarded as semi-human or in some subtle way as subhuman; and as not only different, but different and inferior. The common denominator of *Dred Scott, Plessy vs. Ferguson,* and almost all related court decisions up to *Brown* was that the Negro in some way was special and inherently unworthy of the rights white American citizens would be expected to have without question and without litigation. Indeed, the fact that the Negro was required to persist in seeking judicial determination of his rights was, in itself, indicative of the basic racist reality of the society of which he was a part.

Therefore, the May 31, 1955, implementing decision of the Supreme Court in *Brown,* which enunciated a policy of guidance to the states for carrying out the *Brown* mandate to desegregate public schools "with all deliberate speed," was a conscious effort to make fundamental social change less disruptive. The court, in seeking to facilitate a rational and orderly transition from a system of segregation to one of nonsegregated schools, asked that such criteria as "local conditions" be considered. It was clear that in this decision the court was stepping outside the limited role of determining the constitutionality of segregation and was assuming the more complex role of establishing guidelines for administrative and social change.

Some observers interpreted this decision—with some justification—as the court's accepting the gradualist approach as means for effective desegregation. In retrospect, the "deliberate speed" formula seems a serious error to many, including Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black, who criticized the court in a 1968 statement. In practice it seems to have led to more rather than to less disruption. Here, court reliance on social science evidence would have been useful, for students of social change have observed that prompt, decisive action on the part of recognized authorities usually results in less anxiety and less resistance in cases where the public is opposed to the action than does a more hesitant and gradual procedure. It is similar to the effect of quickly pulling off adhesive tape—the pain is sharper but briefer, and hence more tolerable.

The essential questions faced by the Supreme Court were not questions of legal precedent, historical in nature, but questions relating to the social consequences of legally imposed segregation. Without such evidence, the court could only speculate about the probable damage caused by the violation of Constitutional rights implicit in segregated education. The social scientists testified concerning the damage inherent in the total pattern of segregation on the human personality. On the basis of their testimony, the court held that separate educational facilities are inherently unequal by virtue of being separate. By providing such evidence, the social scientists made it possible to avoid the need to obtain proof of individual damage, and to avoid assessment of the equality of facilities in each individual school situation. The assumption of inequality could now be made wherever segregation existed.

However, in doing so, the court, which appeared to rely on the findings of social scientists in the 1954 decision, rejected the findings in handing down the 1955 implementation decision. An empirical study of various forms and techniques of desegregation suggested that the gradual approach to desegregation did not increase its chances of success or effectiveness. The findings further suggested that forthright, direct desegregation within the minimum time required for the necessary administrative changes tended to facilitate the process. Gradualism or any form of ambiguity and equivocation on the part of those with the power of decision was interpreted by the segregationists as indecision, provided them with the basis for increasing resistance, and gave them time to organize, intensify, and prolong their opposition. The pattern of massive resistance and sporadic, violent opposition to desegregation occurred after the 1955 decision. There is no evidence that a more direct, specific, and concrete implementation decree would have resulted in any more tension,

—*Matt Herron (Black Star).*

The "all deliberate speed" decision has had "ironic and tragic" results.

KENNETH B. CLARK is a psychologist who provided the NAACP with much of the social scientific data upon which the Supreme Court's decision in *Brown vs. Board of Education of Topeka* was based. Dr. Clark is now president of the Metropolitan Applied Research Center and a member of the New York State Board of Regents. This article is adapted from his introduction to the book *Argument,* a transcription of the oral arguments before the Supreme Court in the *Brown* case, published last month by Chelsea House.

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procrastination, or evasion than the seemingly rational, statesmanlike deliberate speed decision of the court. It does not seem likely that the pace of public school desegregation could have been slower.

The results of "all deliberate speed" have been ironic and tragic. In the South, where, admittedly, American racism was most violent, primitive, and deeply rooted, progress could be substantial and still leave a racist society fundamentally untouched. After *Brown*, a number of Southern states developed and tested strategies of resistance to the court decision. Massive resistance of interposition was resorted to in defiance of the court, and the degree of integration in elementary and secondary schools has been minimal. Nevertheless, the South has accepted or initiated more overt changes than the North. In fact, the South can look at the North with a certain ironic condescension in terms of the acceptance of rapid change toward a nonracist society.

The North, for its part, did not think the *Brown* decision applied to its schools. The North had joined earlier in the Negro reaction against Southern resistance to change. Now it became clear that racism was also virulent in the North, all the more insidious for its having been long unrecognized. Even Negroes had not consciously acknowledged the depth of racism inherent in Northern society. And when the North discovered its racism, it tended to provide justification for it. In addition, in the academic community, it began to be clear in the 1960s that apparently sophisticated and compassionate theories used to explain slow Negro student performance might themselves be tainted with racist condescension. Some of the theories of "cultural deprivation," "the disadvantaged," and the like, popular in educational circles and in high governmental spheres until recently and in fact still prevalent, were backed for the most part by inconclusive and fragmentary research and much speculation. The eagerness with which such theories were greeted was itself a subtly racist symptom.

The cultural deprivation theory rejects explanations of inherent racial or biological inferiority, and asserts that the total pattern of racial prejudice, discrimination, and segregation found in a racist society blocks the capacity of school personnel to teach minority group children with the same observable efficiency as that given other children. These children may, therefore, be expected to remain academically retarded no matter how well they are taught. Among the specific barriers emphasized by different writers in varying degrees are: environmentally determined sensory deficiencies; withdrawn or hyperactive behavior; low attention span; peculiar or bizarre language patterns; lack of verbal stimulation; absence of father or stable male figure in the home; and lack of books in the home.

In spite of the fact that these factors have dominated the literature and have been frequently repeated and generally accepted as explanations of the academic retardation of lower status children, they have not been verified as causal factors through any precise and systematic research reported in the published literature. The evidence, or indeed lack of evidence, suggests, therefore, that this concept has gained acceptance through intuition, general impressions, and repetition.

Nevertheless, cultural deprivation theorists have not only provided the public school educational establishment with a respectable rationalization for maintaining the status quo of educational inefficiency for low status children, but the related technology of this theory—compensatory or educational enrichment programs — appears to provide the basis for inherent contradictions in its premises and assumptions.

An uncritical acceptance of this theory and explanation seems to be contradicted by:

1) the concretely demonstrated psychological fact of the normal curve in the distribution of human intellectual potential, personality characteristics, motivation, and other personal characteristics believed to be related to academic performance;

2) the modifiableness of human beings;

3) the fact that normal human beings who are taught, motivated to learn, expected to learn, and provided with conditions conducive to learning, will learn up to or near the limits of their capacity.

Furthermore, the cultural deprivation theories are clear violations of the law of parsimony, since they seek more complex explanations without determining that simpler explanations are not adequate. Cultural deprivation theories appear to by-pass more direct and specific educational variables such as quality of teaching and supervision, acceptance or rejection of the students by teachers, and educational methods and facilities.

Given the history of educational rejection of Negro children, it would seem obvious to one trained in the methods of science that much more direct variables would have to be held constant and checked out with more precision and more sensitive instruments than the Coleman report [*Equality of Educational Opportunity*, by James Coleman] does before one could resort to the more elaborate, ambiguous, and seemingly uncontrollable catchall variable of cultural deprivation. In this regard it is significant that the literature, while eloquent and repetitive in its expansion of the cultural deprivation hypothesis, is almost totally silent on discussions or research that seek to determine the relationship between subtle or flagrant rejection of a child by his teachers because of race, color, economic status and family income, and the level of his academic performance. These social, psychologi-

—Matt Herron (Black Star).

"In the South, where racism was most violent and deeply rooted, progress could be substantial and leave a racist society fundamentally untouched."

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cal, and educational variables seem worthy of a serious attention and research that they have not as yet received.

Theories of cultural deprivation are often regarded as liberal, because they posit environmental inadequacy rather than genetic inferiority, and because they are often used to support demands for integration. The problem with this approach, exemplified by the Coleman report, is that it concludes that the environmentally caused characteristics of white children are the positive component of integrated schools, and that Negro children educationally gain primarily from association with white children.

Further research is necessary to determine whether correlation and causal factors have been confused in this important study. But perhaps most important, it is necessary to study the majority white school as a total unit as compared to the majority Negro school, to determine what happens in the school itself *because* white children are present. Sensitive instruments must be sought to measure teacher and administrative expectations, counseling attitudes, quality of curriculum, and the like, but beyond the assessment of these individual factors it is necessary to evaluate the total pattern of advantage or deprivation.

On the basis of years of observation and research of ghetto education, I would advance the proposition that one would find a significantly high correlation between a pattern of deprivation and ghetto schools, and a pattern of advantage and white urban and suburban schools. It is not the presence of the white child per se that leads to higher achievement for the Negro child who associates with him in class; it is the quality of the education provided because the white child is there that makes the difference, or so I believe the empirical evidence indicates. To argue, without irrefutable proof, that this is not the case is to lend support to a racially defined environmental theory of academic achievement that is no less callous in its consequences than a genetic theory of racial inferiority would be.

Perhaps the most ironic development since the 1954 *Brown* decision, however, has not been the continuation of white racism in the South, nor the acknowledgment of the more subtle white racism of the North, but the emergence and growth of black racism. In 1954, when the *Brown* decision was handed down, desegregation and integration were the priority of the civil rights movement and Negroes generally. Fifteen years later, many militants have proclaimed the death of the civil rights movement and have denied the value of integration itself, and specifically have questioned the significance of the *Brown* decision and the truth of the social science findings on which it rested. One must thus look at the decision and its social science foundation from a new perspective, and inquire whether these charges are justified.

During the period since 1954, black nationalism has experienced a sharp rise in support from young Negro militants and from many whites. This represents in some forms the continuation of the nationalism of the Garvey movement of the 1920s, identifiable in degree by the black nationalism of Malcolm X. In other, and more serious, manifestations it has gained support among Negro students and youth. The seeming common denomination of both is the repudiation of integration and the apparent repudiation of the struggle for desegregation, the rejection of the *Brown* decision, and the implicit rejection of the whole rationale and psychological approach to the meaning of racism. This would logically include a denial of the social science explanation of the inevitability of inferiority in segregated systems, on which the *Brown* decision depended.

Under the guise of assuming a positive identity, black nationalism has adopted an imitation of white racism with its hallowing of race, its attempt to make a virtue out of color, its racist mystique. This rationale argues that the detrimental consequences of a biracial society are neutralized or transformed into positive consequences by virtue of the fact that Negroes themselves are now asserting the value of racism. This argument would give primary weight to voluntarism, that is, that racism would lead to affirmative not negative results if it were voluntarily accepted or sought by the previous victims, as it was voluntarily maintained by the oppressors. The character of racism would depend on the attitude one had toward it; it would have no objective reality of its own.

The paranoia of racism, whether imposed or sought, must rest on insecurity. It is the verification of the psychological interpretation of the negative consequences of segregation. Racism does produce doubts and insecurities in the victims as well as in the perpetrators. It increases hostility and aggression and self-hatred.

The Lorelei quest for identity through racism is based on superstition. Despite the verbal transformation from self-contempt to apparent pride, the conditions of injustice remain. We are asked to obscure them by the rhetorical posturing of pride. In a strikingly similar analogy, it is psychologically obvious that any man who proclaims how irresistible and potent and virile he is must have deep doubts about it. He would clearly be regarded as preoccupied with sexual anxiety. Such self-pretense conceals—or attempts to conceal—deep, poignant, and tragic insecurity. Given the fact that the realities of racism in America have not changed, that the Negro is still condemned to segregated schools, to segregated and deteriorated residential areas, and to an economic role that is not competitive with the white society, the cult of blackness must be recog-

(*Continued on page* 70)

—*Ernest Baxter (Black Star).*

Ocean Hill-Brownsville, 1968—"It became clear that racism was also virulent in the North, all the more insidious for its having been long unrecognized."

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The Court, the Schools, and the Southern Strategy

by GARY ORFIELD

When the Supreme Court handed down its brief, blunt, and unanimous October 29 decision against the Nixon administration's attempt to delay school desegregation in Mississippi, many commentators concluded that the South had lost the final skirmish in the fifteen-year struggle that began in 1954. The immediate impact of the decision, however, is limited to thirty-three Mississippi districts. Hundreds of further court orders and federal negotiations will be necessary to extend the ruling to the other segregated school systems in the Deep South. The court's sweeping call for immediate desegregation can be fully implemented only with the full cooperation of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (HEW) and the Attorney General. Last July, the Nixon administration decided to de-emphasize HEW's school desegregation guidelines and rely primarily on the courts. Now that the Supreme Court has issued its powerful and impatient order, the administration is unwilling to enforce it.

The court's demand for immediate abolition of separate school systems in Mississippi rests on legal principles made clear by the court in a major ruling in May 1968. The language of the Mississippi decision, in fact, implied that the administration had ignored "explicit holdings of this court," a conclusion shared by more than three-fourths of the Justice Department's civil rights attorneys. The Supreme Court's action was made necessary not by a lack of clarity in the law, but by a lack of commitment within the executive branch.

Jack Greenberg, director of the victorious NAACP Legal Defense Fund, saw the decision as the signal for another round of intensive litigation. He said that his limited staff would work on more than seventy-five cases, and strongly urged the Justice Department to join in the task of filing hundreds of legal motions forcing immediate action in more than 300 districts desegregating under less demanding court orders. The Justice Department, in spite of its responsibility under the 1964 Civil Rights Act, remained silent.

The spirit of evasion is not yet dead in the Deep South. Encouraged by the passive stance of the Justice Department, segregationists are playing new cards. Conceding that further delay is now prohibited, Mississippi's Attorney General, A. F. Summer, asks, "What is a unitary system?" Now that the "deliberate speed" argument has finally been exhausted, Summer hinted at an attempt to persuade the courts that "unitary" be defined loosely enough to permit perpetuation of largely segregated educational programs.

Already a number of school districts have drafted unusual desegregation plans. Last summer, federal judges directed several Mississippi districts and one Virginia system to desegregate by giving all the children standardized tests and putting all those with low scores in the formerly black schools. This system would not only perpetuate the inherent inequalities of segregated education but would retain the community identification of certain schools as superior and others as inferior. A number of South Carolina school officials are considering this approach, and HEW has complied with court directives to draft such plans in Mississippi.

Other schemes abound. Macon, Georgia, has a "part-time" desegregation plan with some white students spending part of the school day in special programs in the black schools. Some local officials are designing track systems to preserve segregated classrooms within nominally integrated schools. Local and state authorities are finding ways to allow transfers of children across district lines from heavily black districts. In Georgia, every transfer request was honored this year.

Further delay will also give more time to the burgeoning movement to establish private schools. More than 300,000 white students are already enrolled in poorly financed schools using any available building or basement for classrooms. More than 150 schools have been founded by White Citizens Councils. Ironically, the federal government is subsidizing these schools, labeled "segregation academies" by the Southern Regional Council, by allowing tax deductions for contributions. (A government that can revoke the tax exemption of the Sierra Club and threaten those of major foundations continues to aid schools designed to undermine compliance with the Supreme Court decision.)

Even though many private schools may collapse for lack of funds, particularly if required to meet reasonable state accreditation standards, the movement damages public support of schools and increases the difficulty of desegregation. Governor Lester Maddox responded to the Mississippi decision by proposing that a third of Georgia's public school funds be diverted to private schools.

The most tragic victims of the private school movement will be poor whites. Middle-class desertion of public schools leaves a substantial group unwilling to send their children to heavily black schools and unable to afford private school tuition. Many will drop out of school altogether in such localities—a tendency accelerated by such actions as Louisiana Governor John McKeithen's recent announcement that his state will suspend enforcement of its compulsory attendance laws.

Facing bitterly divided and frightened local communities, school officials desperately need clear statements of national policy. They are still receiving, however, the same brand of confused and contradictory statements that emanated from Washington this summer and that brought about the intervention of the Supreme Court in Mississippi. HEW first told Mississippi that this fall was the desegregation deadline. Then, on August 25, the administration took the unprecedented step of asking a federal court to delay desegregation.

September saw confusion in full flower within the administration. President Nixon dismissed supporters of "instant integration" as "extremists." Assistant Attorney General Jerris Leonard blandly announced that immediate desegregation was impossible, because of local white resistance. In suggesting that long-deferred Constitutional rights of black children be ignored in the face of threats from local segregationists, he was disinterring a theory unequivocally rejected by the Supreme Court eleven years earlier.

Internal division and political debate within the administration made desegregation in Mississippi this September impossible. The Supreme Court was

(*Continued on page 71*)

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A View from the Campus

Paul Woodring

Permissiveness in the Dormitories

LIFE ON THE college campus has undergone a greater transformation during the decade of the Sixties than in the previous half-century. The most notable change has not been in the classroom, where the lecture system still prevails, nor in the curriculum, which remains much as it was except in a few experimental colleges, cluster colleges, and programs of ethnic studies. But the change in student life during out-of-class hours—and consequently in the quality of the total college experience—has been dramatic.

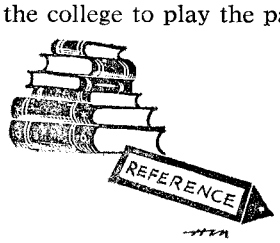
Because student activism has captured the attention of the press and television, everyone knows that the "quiet generation" of the Fifties has been replaced by a new breed that demands to be heard. Fewer persons are aware that, while only a minority of students take part in campus disorders, every student has been affected by the breakdown of the parietal rules that once governed the lives of undergraduates.

Today's students are scarcely aware that as recently as 1960 most colleges made a vigorous effort to enforce rules governing student dress, dormitory hours, and sexual behavior, and that young men and women were permitted to visit each other's dormitory rooms in only a few exceptionally permissive institutions. They are appalled to learn that faculty chaperones were required at college dances, that each dormitory had a "housemother" to enforce the rules, and that students were expelled for persistent violations—usually without due process on the ground that a college stands *in loco parentis*.

Within a single decade, most of the rules have been swept away. Today, on most campuses, students dress as they please, in class and out. A girl may wear the briefest of miniskirts or a cowboy's dungarees and boots, while a boy may wear shoulder-length hair and a costume straight from Carnaby Street. Rules governing dormitory hours have almost disappeared, coed dormitories have become common, and on a growing number of campuses boys and girls now are free to visit each other's rooms without supervision or time-checks. Housemothers, dormitory matrons, and chaperones for college dances have passed into history—today's students scarcely know what such words mean. A growing number of colleges that once prohibited any use of alcoholic beverages are now establishing pubs on campus. Although the psychedelic drugs remain on the prohibited list, it is safer to use them on campus than off, because little effort is made to enforce the rules and because, when infractions are discovered, college officials are more lenient than the police and courts in dealing with them. Future historians can report that, during the late 1960s, American college students enjoyed more personal freedom—and more protection from the police—than did adults who were not in college.

The changes were not planned by administrators. They resulted from mounting pressures that college officials have been unable to resist, because they reflect the greater permissiveness in the society around us, including the homes from which the students come. They have been accelerated by the rapid growth of colleges and universities that has made it more difficult to hold to traditions, maintain controls, or even to retain a sense of community within the institution. But even those colleges that have resisted growth have responded to the demand for student freedom.

Some parents fully approve of the new freedom, because they are confident that their own sons and daughters can handle it. Others, while less confident of the wisdom of youth, accept the change as inevitable; having given up any effort to control the personal lives of their own sons and daughters of college age, they no longer expect the college to exert such controls. But a substantial number of parents, fearing the consequence of an absence of rules, are deeply troubled. They search far and wide for a college that still clings to the doctrine of *in loco parentis* and that accepts responsibility for the students' personal lives as well as their formal education. Such colleges still exist in large number, but in most cases they rank low on the academic totem pole. The most prestigious colleges and universities, and those that hold to highly selective entrance standards, have been the leaders in the move toward greater freedom for students. Consequently, a parent who wants the college to play the parental role may find it necessary to select one that is lacking in prestige and quite possibly in educational quality. But, in any case, the choice of a college today usually is made by the student rather than by his parent, even when the parent foots the bill. And most students—even those who themselves live the most circumspect lives—clearly prefer a minimum of rules.



Many of the students of this generation seem to be sufficiently mature to be able to use their independence wisely. A good percentage, however, find that complete freedom of choice causes them to become so preoccupied with deeply personal problems that it is difficult to give the necessary attention to academic learning. Some girls report that the freedom to entertain boys in their rooms makes it extremely difficult to terminate a date without offending the boy, and consequently difficult to get enough sleep. Freshmen of both sexes find it difficult to avoid being drawn into activities, such as the use of illegal drugs, that they would prefer to avoid. The strain placed upon the student who wants to live within the law and the mores is great, particularly if he is eager to be popular with his peers. Consequently, the anxiety level seems to be higher than it was when rules were enforced and the blame for saying "No" could be placed on college administrators.

Those who defend the new freedom insist that learning to make one's own decisions—including the most difficult personal and moral decisions—is an essential part of growing up, and that the age of eighteen is not too early to start. The widespread efforts to lower the voting age, as well as the age for the use of alcohol and tobacco, suggest that eighteen rather than twenty-one is coming to be the accepted point at which an adolescent becomes an adult. In any case, there is little probability that college officials can reverse a social trend by administrative fiat. A reversal would require a change of attitude on the parts of parents, alumni, lawmakers, the courts, and the liberal press, as well as on the part of college officials. No such reversal is in sight; the entire trend of our society is in the direction of greater freedom for individuals, particularly in sexual matters. It seems probable that any college administrator who attempts to restrict that freedom in the decade of the Seventies will face enormous difficulties. Some will try, but most will just give up and find some convenient rationalization for doing so. Parents would be wise to accept the facts and do whatever they can to prepare their own sons and daughters for independent decision-making at the age of eighteen.

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Schools Make News

Demand for Accountability

WITH THE PUBLIC growing more concerned and skeptical about the results it is getting for its tax dollars spent on education, there is a rising demand to apply performance criteria to education and to hold school systems publicly accountable for student academic achievement.

School systems are beginning to reflect the public's desire to know more, and are unlocking previously closed inner sanctums for general scrutiny. For instance, Columbus, Ohio, has released publicly for the first time a comprehensive profile that includes achievement and aptitude test scores on a school-by-school basis. Copies were given to every parent and were distributed to the news media.

The Columbus system puts itself on the line: The academic aptitude tests given to 15,200 sixth and eighth graders in every elementary and junior high school show that Columbus students are average in ability, but median results of the eight achievement tests (in reading, arithmetic, and language) were all below the nation's norm, corroborating the widespread view that city school systems in general are in trouble. Not too consoling was the fact that when scores were compared with New York City, Philadelphia, and San Francisco (the only school systems for which comparable data were available), Columbus pupils performed as well or better.

Various city civil rights and neighborhood groups had pressured the Columbus school board to release the scores, and Dr. Harold Eibling, superintendent of schools, agreed. In releasing the evaluation, however, he cautioned that many factors influence student behavior—the absentee or mobility rate of students, the incidence of Aid to Dependent Children cases in a school, or the degrees held by a teacher. The profile, therefore, is a composite picture that attempts to present the apparent simplicity of raw scores in the total context of the community and the school.

Critics say the profile points up the real failure of the school system to deal with the problems of the inner-city minority groups. The Urban League has noted that compensatory education programs were obviously not working, and has termed the profile a "serious indictment of our educational processes." Others have said that Columbus's voluntary enrollment program had failed to produce substantial integration, and have argued that in the predominantly all-black schools average reading achievement for sixth grade students was a year and a half below grade level and that in some cases the predominantly black schools were as many as three grade levels behind the nation in achievement.

Despite these criticisms, Dr. Eibling feels accountability is good administration; he believes that it will provide a new basis of communication between schools and the community. The profiles, which will continue to appear yearly, will show individual student improvement or backsliding, and, Dr. Eibling hopes, will aid in setting priorities for long-range development.

A State Responds

PROCEEDING more cautiously than Columbus, but marching to the same drummer at the state level, is Michigan, whose legislature last August authorized standard testing in every public school so that basic skills could be evaluated. Tests will be administered by the state Department of Education to every fourth and seventh grader in January. June 1 is the target date for a report to the public. Without specific identification, the state's 536 districts will be grouped into geographical regions and community types, and will be rated according to performance scores in reading, English, and math.

Separate profiles will be given to each district; these will show how the district and individual schools are performing relative to the state. As in Columbus, this material will be supplemented by statistics on the socio-economic status of the community, the children's attitudes toward school, school budgets, and the quality of the teachers.

Procedures for making all this information public have encountered resistance from local educators, but state Department of Education officials are optimistic that the evaluation data will be made public so that local communities can identify their education weaknesses and press for remedial action.

A Publisher Guarantees

FOLLOWING THE TREND toward accountability, certain suppliers of educational materials are holding themselves responsible for specific results and are backing the virtues of their products on a guaranteed basis, as in the Texarkana project [*SR*, Oct. 18]. Last month, a textbook publisher, Open Court of La Salle, Illinois, announced that it will guarantee to teach first graders to read at grade level or it will reimburse the school system. Open Court claims it has raised the working vocabulary of a first grade child from a few hundred words to more than 6,000 in random pilot demonstrations across the country. To ensure results, the school system can monitor pre- and post-program reading tests, and Open Court will pay back the school system money for the program materials on the basis of a sliding scale if it fails.

On Hiring Communists

THE RIGHT of a Communist to teach at a public university was upheld last month by California Superior Court Judge Jerry Pacht. The decision enjoined the regents of the University of California from pursuing their efforts to fire Angela Davis, black, twenty-five, and a philosophy teacher at the University of California at Los Angeles. The case has sparked a bitter fight in California and nationwide controversy over the definition of academic freedom.

Miss Davis was hired last spring by Donald Kalish, chairman of UCLA's philosophy department, after approval by the faculty, and she signed a two-year contract as an acting assistant professor. But over the summer, an alleged FBI informant started a rumor in the student paper identifying Angela Davis as a Communist Party member. When questioned by UCLA Chancellor Charles Young, Miss Davis acknowledged that she was. As a result, in September, the twenty-four-member Board of Regents voted 19 to 2 to oust her and ordered the university to begin termination proceedings against her. They did allow her, however, to teach

—*Wide World.*

Donald Kalish and Angela Davis.

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a non-credited course until she could appeal her dismissal to the faculty tenure committee—a mere formality since the committee can act only in an advisory capacity.

UCLA faculty members felt the firing of Miss Davis was a fundamental attack on the freedom of the university—an issue many thought had been settled years ago. They voted overwhelmingly—539 to 12—to repudiate the regents' action.

Only last June the regents issued a resolution that "no political test shall ever be considered in the appointment and promotion of any faculty member or employee." In deciding the Angela Davis case, the regents had to hark back to a policy dating from 1940 that forbade hiring CP members. But Governor Reagan, president of the board of regents, told a news conference that they were not applying a "political test" to the firing of Angela Davis, because "advocacy of communism with a small c is different from active membership in the American Communist Party. The American Communist Party is not a political party but a subversive organization." Apparently many people off the campus in California agreed with him: UCLA has received 1,125 letters with a total of 5,100 signatures from those who opposed her appointment. Only thirty-five letters have defended her right to teach.

In late October, faculty members brought the case to court where Judge Pacht ruled the policy against hiring Communists unconstitutional. Forbidding a Communist from teaching would, he said, enable a "special group to decide whose views are acceptable" and keep people from working whether or not they had committed an illegal act or whether they were qualified. (No one has questioned Miss Davis's academic credentials: She graduated magna cum laude from Brandeis and last year was working on her doctorate under Herbert Marcuse at the University of California at San Diego.) Further, Judge Pacht called unconvincing the argument that the Communist Party was a special case and didn't fall under the regents' June 30 resolution.

The regents have appealed the case, and it seems likely the controversy will be drawn out in a lengthy legal battle to be decided finally by the Supreme Court. In U.S. history, there have been many attempts to keep people of particular political and social viewpoints out of the university, but in 1967 the Supreme Court ruled that academic freedom in teaching must be a "special concern of the First Amendment, which does not tolerate laws that cast a pall of orthodoxy over the classroom."

The Misuse of Title 1

THE FUNDAMENTAL DILEMMA of federal aid to education was brought into sharp focus last month when the NAACP Legal Defense and Education Fund and a private research group issued a joint report charging flagrant abuses of funds allocated under Title 1 of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act.

The report, published by the LDF and the Washington Research Project of the Southern Center for Studies in Public Policy, contains a summary of abuses of Title 1 funds uncovered by federal audits coupled with information gathered from selected local school systems, state departments of education, and parents. Its conclusion: "Millions of dollars appropriated by the Congress to help educationally deprived children have been wasted, diverted, or otherwise misused by state and local school authorities."

The list of abuses ranges from blatant fraud to liberal interpretation of guidelines established by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Money that was supposed to provide compensatory education to children from poor families was used to build swimming pools and sewage plants, pay salaries to non-Title 1 teachers, finance summer jobs for college students, organize research projects for graduate students, and purchase equipment for black schools in several Southern states to bring them up to white standards so that the pressure for integration would decrease.

The report was highly critical of HEW's reluctance to enforce its own guidelines for Title 1 and of many state departments of education for their failure to follow the guidelines when they approved projects under the program that were clear violations of the spirit and letter of the law.

Title 1 was predicated on the principle of local initiative, that is, local school districts should decide what their own needs are and should devise their own projects to meet those needs. Many communities across the nation, however, decided that their most serious problem was not how to educate children from poor families but that their whole school system lacked sufficient revenue to provide a good education for any child. Therefore, in many instances, the communities decided to spread the aid out to all their schools.

Late last month U.S. Commissioner of Education James E. Allen, Jr., announced that the Office of Education would make its own investigation of Title 1 spending to determine the extent of the abuses. The examination should be enlightening and hopefully will lead to some insights that might resolve some of the differences between national and local priorities.

—W. R.

Notes

● LOWER ELIGIBILITY requirements for New York City's elementary school principals have been urged by Dr. Nathan Brown, superintendent of schools, to enable more than 100 Negroes to qualify within the next few years. Presently the city has only two such black principals. Last month, Dr. Brown postponed the November licensing test until experience criteria can be reduced by the Board of Education and new applicants have the chance to apply. Without this easing of standards, all but a handful of Negroes would be barred from full-fledged principalships until the latter part of the 1970s.

● *The Black Scholar* (Box 31245, San Francisco) is a first in journalism—a magazine of black studies and research, committed to an analysis of the black struggle. It provides a forum for examination, debate, and evaluation of the black experience by members of the black intellectual community. In its initial issue (November 1969), such leaders as Eldridge Cleaver, LeRoi Jones, Stokely Carmichael, and Sékou Touré, President of Guinea, gave their views on the shape and direction of the Black Revolution.

● Prince George's County in Maryland, one of the largest suburban school districts in the nation, has bowed to an ultimatum from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare ordering it to eliminate the last vestiges of its segregated school system. When the order came, action was swift. The desegregation plan, involving seventeen high and junior high schools with a total enrollment of more than 23,000, was put together in four days after a year of negotiations.

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New Books

The Human Nature of a University, *by Robert F. Goheen (Princeton University Press, 116 pp., $4.50),* puts forward Heraclitus's argument that progress extends from tension. Princeton's president, classicist Goheen has had ample opportunity to test out this assertion and share his findings in speeches, reports, and occasional papers. Fragments of these works now appear, editorially unified as a result of William McCleery's patient sorting and articulation. The result is a highly personal, richly quotable statement on the present importance of the liberal tradition.

Toward a Phenomenology of Education, *by J. Gordon Chamberlin (The Westminster Press, 201 pp., $6),* is an extremely clear discussion of learning, with subsequent reference to the cultures, institutions, processes, and philosophies that help define it. Only rarely do observers of the well known in education present their understandings without irritating their readers with tedious comments on the obvious. In this instance, however, the author comes up with an intriguing analysis, strikingly organized and extensively annotated. Lucid and non-technical, here is a book to serve a very wide readership.

American Education in Foreign Perspectives: Twentieth Century Essays, *edited by Stewart E. Fraser (John Wiley and Sons, Inc., 525 pp., $9.95),* provides an admirable chance to see ourselves as others see us—always a constructive exercise for teachers. Essayists as diverse as Dennis Brogan, André Maurois, Emil Ludwig, Wu Tingfang, and Gunnar Myrdal cast critical eyes over American schools and universities. They put searching questions about America's educational aims, styles, and accomplishments. Professor Fraser has managed to accommodate a wide variety of viewpoints from dismay to high enthusiasm and to choose his material so as to include commentaries on the principal educational developments of the era. His own introduction, bibliographical notes, and selected bibliography round out a first-rate scholarly undertaking.

Scientific Investigations in Comparative Education, *edited by Max A. Eckstein and Harold J. Noah (Macmillan, 428 pp., $5.95),* provides advanced students as well as more casual readers with some of the best recent essays in comparative education. These have been selected according to the editorial contention that the older humanistic tradition of the subject now gives way to empirical testing of hypotheses. Although the editors modestly exclude their own papers from the collection, their succinct preparatory orientation complements a splendid array of work by George Z. F. Bereday, Neville Postlethwaite, Tibor Seitovsky, Stanley A. Rudin, David McClelland, and others, probing methodological, cognitive, economic, social, cultural, and national aspects of the topic.

Education as a Social Problem, *by Rudolf Steiner (Anthroposophic Press, Inc., 113 pp., $4.50),* comes as a translation from Steiner's 1919 lecture series "Die Erziehungsfrage als soziale Frage," which elaborated a theory of "spiritual science" as the basis for better teacher training and improved schools. Here and there in Steiner's anti-Marxist educational exposition appears a notion or two with which today's reader may connect. The effect of industrialization on the human personality, for example, or the connection between economics and education makes for an interesting passage or so. Conversely, Steiner's more bizarre beliefs, including the plantlike attributes of the bodies of ancient Egyptians, places the relevance of this work to any but amateurs of the romantic and the occult in serious doubt.

The Education Industry, *by W. Kenneth Richmond (Methuen & Co., Ltd., 237 pp., $6.50),* fairly crackles with cogent arguments in favor of an input-output approach to the education enterprise. Commenting on the improvident society, the author supposes Mr. Chips might well "have had his chips long before he reached the age of retirement." Conversely, Joseph Lancaster's nineteenth-century assembly-line schools get full marks for their forthright adaptation of industrial techniques in an industrial age. Bristling with concepts like cost-benefit analysis, systems engineering, terminal behavior, and quality control, this brilliantly written book is going to shake the uninitiated. Eloquent, persuasive, and witty, it bases its major contentions on careful research. Tempting for taxpayers. A must for educators, whatever their discipline.

Soviet Preschool Education, Volume I: Program of Instruction, *Educational Testing Service, Henry Chauncey, editor (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, Inc., 182 pp., $2.95),* introduces to readers of English the widely adopted Soviet guide to early childhood education. In his introduction, Professor Urie Bronfenbrenner stresses the ideological and social context of Soviet preschool education with its respect for such matters as self-discipline and collectivism. As the handbook reveals, the program applies from a child's second month to his seventh year—far longer than comparable arrangements in America. It lays down with great precision objectives, schedules, and methods appropriate to a given age. Advice on certain activities and skills (riding a bicycle for instance) appears rigidly prescriptive. What will stimulate Western readers, however, is the assumption that in modern society it is still possible to devise schemes for early education that are consistent with an overarching ideal. —JOHN CALAM.

"Let me speak to the chief recording!"

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Will Everyman Destroy the University?

Continued from page 56

make open admissions work, almost everyone agreed that open admissions itself was a good thing. No matter how it was understood, it was clearly an idea whose time had come.

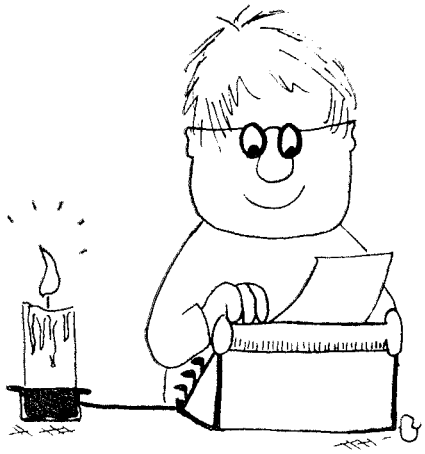
The board had, of course, to work on the premise that the heart of any compromise is not that everybody wins, but that nobody totally loses. One of the saving ironies in all the furor of the discussions and the hearings was the fact that the university was really able to admit the estimated 65 per cent of all the city's high school graduates who would apply to it. Knowing this, the board combined the most workable elements of its existing admissions procedures with the three plans proposed by the commission.

All June 1970 high school graduates will be distributed over two scales, each scale made up of ten groups. The first scale will group applicants by the rank they hold in their individual high school graduating class; the second will group them by their overall high school grade averages. Each student will be given placement priority according to the scale on which he stands highest. For example, an applicant with an 80 per cent average (thus in the fifth group on one scale) who graduates in the second tenth of his class (thus in the second group on the other scale) will be given a second group priority. Each applicant will stand on his best ground. For all students who need it, massive help in the form of counseling, remedial work, and tutoring will be provided. Finally, to assure integration of each of the colleges, the SEEK programs in the senior colleges will be substantially increased.

In actual numbers, the senior colleges will have some 19,000 freshmen, while the community colleges will have approximately 17,000. The total freshman class in the university will be close to 35,000, instead of the 26,000 originally planned. The exact difference due to open admissions has been calculated at 8,350 students. One other set of numbers is important in grasping the scope of the board's decision. Next year, in order to meet normal growth and counter normal attrition rates, the City University, quite apart from its commitment to open admissions, will need almost 1,000 new faculty members. Open admissions will add somewhat more than 1,100 to that number. The additional 8,350 students will call for approximately 750 faculty members for regular and special credit instruction, 275 faculty members for the highly specialized work of remedial instruction, and, following the board's instructions, about 185 professional counselors.

The plan itself, as proposed by the board, can shed some light on the other major objections that came up in public and private the last few months. The first and most frequent of these was that open admissions would bar from the senior colleges a large number of freshmen who would normally have been easily admitted. The earned 85 per cent from a top high school would go down before the 75 per cent from a weak high school. The facts simply do not bear this out. Room can be made in the senior college for both kinds of students. For all that the City University's facilities are in poor shape (and this is particularly true when one compares the older senior colleges with the newer community colleges), enough seats can be found, even if some of them are rented, for all 35,000 freshmen. The university is also engaged in an enormous renovation and building program with $112-million worth of buildings actually under construction and $45-million more on the drawing boards. As a sample of what can be done to ease the pressures on facilities, it shoud be noted that CUNY will have managed between 1967 and 1971 to increase its plant facilities (classrooms, labs, offices, and libraries) by 44 per cent.

That open admissions will mean discomfort, more difficult scheduling, and very real pressures on resources is clear to all. It is also clear that much of the real weight of this discomfort will fall upon the faculty—already as they stand, given their learning and qualifications, probably the least cosseted faculty body in the United States. Despite this fact, and the faculty's clear appreciation of it, it is still evident that the faculty both sympathizes with the goals of the open enrollment plan and is determined to make it work. It was no accident that it was a faculty spokesman who came down hardest on the suggestion that one college be exempt from participating until its elevator service was increased. "Let them eat cake" never was an intellectual slogan. Behind much of what faculty spokesmen said before and during the hearings lay the clear reading of the social imperative that time and place had laid upon the university. And behind this lay even deeper understanding, generally reserved to the learned, that "knowledge, undispersed, is its own undoing."



Spokesmen for the black and Puerto Rican communities tended to treat open admissions with considerable distrust. Many of them saw a double danger: first, that open admissions would be the end of the SEEK program, and, second, that it would swiftly degenerate into a revolving door for poorly prepared ghetto students. "In one term, out the next" was a real fear among those whose reasons for distrusting the educational establishment were already legion. The two fears go together and in one sense tend to cancel each other. The SEEK program is the proof that the university can understand the needs of these students, that it has experience in providing adequate and (most important of all) believable counseling services, and that its people have both the skill and the patience to tailor each student's program to the growth of his own capacities. The secret weapon both for the university and for SEEK has been the calendar. Time will stretch, so the students can be spared the rack of a fixed academic schedule.

If SEEK is the guarantor of the university's apposite experience, it will of course serve another major purpose in open admissions. There is already real danger that the university could, because of the pressures it faces, slide into a two-track system. The best prepared and ablest students would enjoy the rights to a swift No. 1 track—the senior colleges—while the weaker students would amble down the slower second track in the community colleges. Whatever abstract neatness such a development might have, it would in effect constitute a segregated system: the senior colleges would be almost totally white and the community colleges largely black. The Board of Higher Education most solemnly opposed itself to any such development, and for this reason has included an expanded SEEK program as a guarantee that all parts of the City University reflect the ethnic composition of the graduating classes from the city's high schools. There was one further reason for making SEEK an essential part of the university's plans. To use a metaphor, SEEK has been the university's "lend lease." Because of it, we have at hand a large body of counselors and

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faculty members who can serve as a cadre, as in-service-training personnel, for new faculty members, and as backstop for the senior colleges as they move into open admissions. Without SEEK the idea of open admissions would never have been born; without SEEK the operation could well fail.

It is easy, after all the discussion and the politicking have died down, to lay the board's action in opting for open admissions either to economics or quixotism. The economic arguments are indeed imposing. Estimates tell us that over the next decade New York City will suffer a loss of nearly a quarter of a million manufacturing jobs. We are becoming a "service city" in which there is less and less room for the untrained. The poverty line may not rise in absolute dollars, but without a significant increase in our pools of educated men and women it will surely swell in absolute numbers. When I was a youngster, you needed a college degree to run an elevator in Radio City (although ironically you didn't need one to work in the Public Library), and the day may come when we will have to address telephone operators as "Madam Doctor." But unless all of the city's people can keep pace with this process, we are building the city's death into its future. We are also, perhaps more important, tolerating a total of human anguish and frustration that will mark us as history's most unfeeling people.

It is only too easy for everyone concerned with open admissions to focus on the problems these 8,000 young men and women will bring with them in September. No one is unaware of the problems. We should, however, remember that even the most qualified freshman dropping his luggage at Harvard's front door brings with him a whole range of problems. And the City University's new freshman will bring, along with problems, gifts—in many cases great gifts—to not only his teachers and fellow students, but to American society as a whole. It is difficult for an outsider to talk clearly of these gifts. By outsider I mean a white academic who has had some experience in teaching black students, who has talked to a good many, and has speculated together with more. Perhaps the word "speculate" is the apposite one here. What follows is admittedly a speculation, founded on some evidence, and not a patronizing analysis of black student by white teacher.

The first of these great gifts is a brand-new American imagination. I know that sounds like a mouthful; I also know that it is. But I think it is profoundly true. Alfred North Whitehead once remarked that any society that does not change its symbols every fifty years is doomed. Behind any set of symbols lies the imagination that produces them. Behind the New Deal, or the Fair Deal, or the Square Deal, or the Great Society lies the unbroken dream of what America is and could be, our unspoken acknowledgment of how far our actuality has fallen below our potential, of how vast a gap lies between what we are and what we could be. The black or Puerto Rican student on our college campuses is, however, going to bring something completely different. Whether or not he wants to, he shares in the dream of America, and the best and most sensitive of the black Americans who have tried to expatriate themselves and live abroad have found this out and movingly told us of it. They share the dream, but because they have shared so little of the reality their view even of the dream is different. There is really no exaggeration in saying that there is nothing in our history, in our literature, in our politics, in our understanding of ourselves, in the hopes and dreams we build for this nation, that the black American does not see and react to differently. His reaction runs the full gamut of ours, from the rosiest optimism to the darkest pessimism. But at each point of the spectrum his vision will be different. It would take a far better historian and sociologist than I to explain why and how this different vision arose. But it doesn't take a sociologist at all to realize how different this vision is. And what I am really saying, in perhaps too abstract fashion now, is that it is precisely that difference which is his greatest gift. Through him we can learn to look at ourselves in a new way. I'm not saying that his vision is totally right or that ours is totally wrong. Neither am I saying the opposite. But as long as there is another vision, and we do not incorporate it into our seeing, we are the poorer.

This renewal of the imagination will be no less real in the broader and older fields that are the traditional domain of the humanities. To every aspect of our inheritance, we as Americans bring a new perspective—and black Americans will add to it. I am not speaking simply of black history or black sociology. For both of these black America is object, not subject. I am speaking of the Greek drama, and of Shakespeare, of Dylan Thomas or John Donne—of every artist and philosopher who has worked into words or color or sound his own sense of alienation, or of otherness, or of frustration. How close to Medea's anger, to Caliban's poetry, to Tess's lonely self-evaluation have these young people lived and breathed and suffered. If they had the chance and the training, they might just revitalize the weightiest corpse in the academic morgue, the *litterae humaniores*.

The second great gift that these new students will bring to us is a deeper and perhaps more effective questioning of form and structure in higher education than anything we have known even with our most restive and eruptive white student bodies. There is no question that in many aspects the entire higher education enterprise in the United States is far too conscious of its own past and far too little conscious of its students' future. We are too hidebound, too tied up in our own forms. The black student has two advantages over the white student in looking at this enormous structure of deans and credits and departments and faculty rights and courses and titles and procedures. First of all, he comes to it fresh, so that he can sit back and analyze its impact on himself far more clearly than the white student can. Second, he comes to it already turned off on most of the forms with which he must cope. Admittedly, this is a negativism that, in some respects, can be tempered, but in other respects is enormously valuable. Because he has never been there, the scenery will be new to him; because it is new, he will see it, and see it with eyes that we who grew up in "the system" have long ago lost. Because he is independent of the system and because he has no vested interest in it, he is likely to be able to trust his eyes.

We might even find that the greatness of this student's need may wake again the capacity of his teacher to respond to it. Whitehead's comment—"the secondhandedness of the learned world is the secret of its mediocrity. It is tame because it has never been scared by the facts"—provides a clue to the impact these students could have on the entire enterprise of higher education. It is perhaps a dream, but through them the rest of us could discover that our much vaunted objectivity and scholarship have been in the long run the cover for irresponsibility, that all we have won, most treacher-

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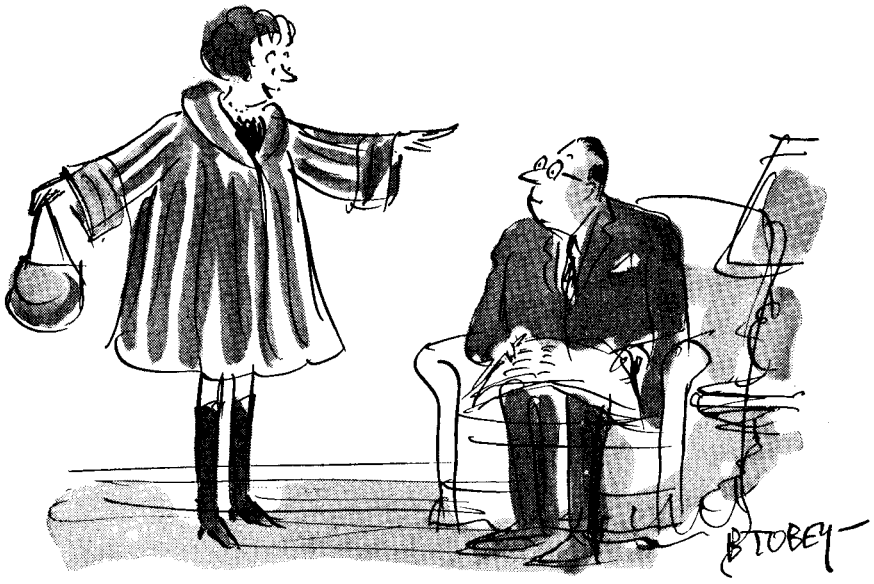
ously as far as our students are concerned, is a corporate immunity to any normal standards of progress, competence, or even human decency. It has been a long time since any major spokesman has reminded us that libraries and apprenticeship programs can preserve and transmit knowledge as well as we can and a great deal more economically; that our main task as teachers is to renew our learning with our students' zest for life, and temper their imagination with our experience.

One final observation seems to the point. Most major American universities are under fire, particularly by their own students, for their failure to take institutional positions on issues of current social or political importance. The City University could never really detach itself from New York—even if it were ever tempted to try. CUNY's open admissions policy is a good example of an institution taking a clear social position: accepting a public responsibility to serve as poverty interrupter for New York. In no sense can the university do the whole job, nor should it try. But what it can do is potent indeed. It can short circuit the terrible rhythm of disappointment and rage that locks half our inner-city youth out of productive careers, that robs them of a stake in this city, and that can create a new race of barbarians more terrible in their visitations than the Goths and Vandals because not only do they not care, but the whole sophisticated apparatus of education has taught them not to care.

At different times universities have served their cities in different ways: they have answered both the command to "feed my sheep" and the less attractive injunction to "amuse my goats." They originally provided the cities with clergymen and lawyers, then later with bureaucrats and politicians, and now they turn out professionals and technologists. At times they have buttressed tyrants and at other times fed revolutionaries. In our time, for many of our people, the city asks the university for a richer gift than learning itself. The city asks its university for hope. The stake is the quality of life for thousands of its children. The university may not deliver, may not indeed be able to deliver. The crime with which it cannot live is not to try.

There may well be another great stake, and that is the unity of the city itself. For the university can really change the streets. And life and death are on the streets where all the confrontations are, where black meets white, where poor meets rich, where the citizen and the outsider must grub together for a living. For a few hours of a few days of a few years the university can bring all of them together in peace, in a common purpose, with something to share until they learn to share each other, with something to care for until they care for each other. The street, clean or dirty, will remain; what matters is the kind of men who walk it, together because they must—or together because they will.

So this Gargantuan university, whose laughter rocks the skyscrapers and whose tears can flood the Hudson, waits. Even Gargantua waits on the gods; in this case, the gods of gifts, the city and state budget makers. Odds are that the City University can do the mammoth job of keeping New York's promise to its young, of "undeferring" the dream, if the city and state will fund it—if the city and state will let it try. The price tag for open admissions is $35-million: the cost of a couple of new jets, half an ocean liner, ten floors of a trade center, one big movie, five days of a small war. Eight thousand of the city's children come cheap.



"How do you like it? I got it for opening an account at a savings bank."

Folklore of Selectivity

Continued from page 58

are only slightly more inclined to drop out after the freshman year, highly selective colleges could admit much larger numbers of students from disadvantaged and atypical backgrounds without substantially increasing their dropout rates.

Many colleges have tried to correct de facto segregation by abandoning or modifying the merit criterion so as to include a higher proportion of black students among their entering classes. One of the difficulties with such programs is that they are often administered covertly as "special programs for the disadvantaged," suggesting that their proponents still implicitly accept the merit criterion as the prime consideration in admissions.

Another problem is that the rationale for special admissions programs has never been clearly enunciated and defended by its advocates. Essentially, the introduction of such programs implies that a new value has taken precedence over the traditional one of merit. The proponents of double standards in admissions are in essence arguing that achieving a better racial balance in the student body is a more important objective than blindly applying a criterion based purely on merit. It seems to me that, given the increased racial tensions and the pressures for black separatism that have developed lately, a strong case could be made for this point of view.

It also seems clear that American colleges have pursued the use of meritocratic criteria in admissions so vigorously that the educational mission of these institutions has become blurred. In my judgment, the model of selective admissions based on test scores and grades is inappropriate for institutions of higher education. Presumably, educational institutions exist in order to educate students. Their mission, then, is to produce certain desirable changes in the student or, more simply, to make a difference in the student's life. Given these goals, they should strive in their admissions practices to select those applicants who are most likely to be favorably influenced by the particular educational program offered at the institution. Instead, the typical admissions officer today functions more like a handicapper: he tries merely to pick winners. He looks over the various candidates, evaluates their respective talents, and attempts to select those who are most likely to perform well. Handicappers, it should be stressed, are interested only in predicting the horse's performance—not in improving his perform-

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ance, in trying to make him run better and faster. The problem here is that an educational institution is supposed to function less like a handicapper and more like a jockey or a trainer: it has a responsibility to improve the performance of the individual, not just to identify those with the greatest potential.

In another sense, college admissions officers have tended to operate like personnel managers in a commercial enterprise rather than like educators. Picking winners is an appropriate activity for businesses and industries, since their goal is to hire the very best talent so as to maximize productivity and profit. The mission of the college is not simply to maximize its output of distinguished alumni by maximizing its input of talented students. Such a static view puts the college in the role of a kind of funnel, where what comes out is purely a matter of what goes in. Colleges and other educational institutions exist in order to change the student, to contribute to his personal development, to make a difference. Whereas the personnel manager is looking for applicants who can help the company, the admissions officer should be looking for applicants who can be helped by the institution.

In short, the use of the college admissions process to "pick winners" is not consistent with the educational mission of the institution. What seems to be needed is a serious re-examination of the entire rationale for admissions and increased research to assist each college in identifying those students who are most likely to benefit from its particular educational program. In this way, institutions can better fulfill their responsibilities to both the individual and the society.

WIT TWISTER #144

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The patient _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
of that torn tome found,
In _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ once
used at Borgia's balls,
The one _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
amount of glass, which ground
And mixed with sweets, best
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ stomach
walls.

(*Answer on Page 72*)

Deliberate Speed

Continued from page 61

nized as what it is—a ritualized denial of anguished despair and resentment of the failure of society to meet its promises.

Separatism is an attempt to create verbal realities as substitutes for social, political, and economic realities. It is another and intense symptom of the psychological damage a racist society inflicts on its victims.

A specific indication of the damage of separatism is that the victims internalize racism. Some forms of black separatism involve genuine and deep self-destructive, suicidal dynamics. They reflect the most cruel, barbaric, tragic, dehumanizing consequences of white oppression—the wish of the oppressed to die—and in dying to destroy others in a similar predicament. The white racists who so damage their fellow human beings must be prepared to face the same judgment the Nazis, who sent millions to death camps, must face.

Responding to a button reading "Being Black Is Not Enough," some Negroes have said, "Well, being white has always been enough." But if one looks at the moral decay, the instability, and the unresolved problems of white society, one perceives that being white is not enough, that it is effective only in terms of self-aggrandizement and at the expense of exploitation of those who are not white. Its success depends on victimization, for racism is not only subjective, it also demands an object. Positive racism has the necessary obverse of rejection of all those who do not happen to meet the chosen racial criteria.

So, rather than refute the social science assumptions that led to the *Brown* decision, the present cult of black separatism intensely verifies it. Black separatism can be seen as a "sour - grapes - and - sweet - lemon" reaction against the failure of the society to implement and enforce the findings of *Brown*.

The vocal, well-publicized, well-endowed cult has to be understood for what it is, for otherwise it can be cynically manipulated and used by white racists who are now the often silent allies of the separatists. The rationale of the sophisticated white intellectual who endorses black separatism in his university, his church, his political party, his academic or professional society, while continuing to live in a restricted suburb and continuing to support the institutional relegation of Negroes to inferior status, must be seen by Negroes for what it is: an attempt to handle racial antiviolence, to deal with guilt.

The basic standard for such understanding is that which functioned in the *Brown* decision, namely that racism and segregation are a reflection of superstition, institutionalized untruth, cruelty, and injustice, and that race is irrelevant as a criterion for preference or rejection. The poignant tragedy is that the society is using the victimized groups as the agent for the perpetuation of irreconcilable injustice and racial irrelevance. Any white or black intellectual who denies this must be more comfortable with superstition and rationalization. One cannot deal with the reorganization of society on a nonracial basis by intensifying racist symptoms.

Nor can one build a solid pride on the quicksands of emotion, anger, rage, hatred—no matter how justifiable. Genuine pride—the pride that makes life worth the struggle with some hope of serenity—must come from solid personal achievement, from sensitivity and concern and respect for one's fellow man, from compassion and willingness to struggle to give some substance to one's own life by trying to help others live with confidence in the possibility of positives. Pride, like humility, is destroyed by one's insistence that he possesses it.

Racism in any form is dangerous, but particularly, as is now true among many whites and Negroes, when it is intellectually supported. Such supporters often fail to follow the implication of their rhetoric to its logical conclusion: that, if segregation and separatism are desirable and good as a phase and as a means, they are even more to be desired as ends in themselves.

All the implications of the *Brown* decision and all the social science arguments in its support point to the inherent dangers of racism. The latest surge toward self-imposed separatism is the greatest verification of all. I read into the separatist movement among Negroes a more severe symptom than those described in *Brown*. It convinces me even more persuasively that we must redouble our efforts to obliterate racism, whatever its manifestations, wherever it appears.

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Education Letters

Continued from page 50

try, it is too often mistakenly believed in some circles that National Training Laboratories was the initiator. Birnbaum's article can easily be read to support this view. Human relations training, as he says, is not the entirety of sensitivity training; therefore, although NTL began human relations laboratories, we have reason to look more carefully at how other forms of training began. Carl Rogers had begun what he termed "basic encounter groups" in Chicago in the summer of 1946, a year before the first NTL workshop. And even more importantly, Charlotte Selver, who worked with Elsa Gindler in Berlin since the early part of the century, has been teaching nonverbal "sensory awareness and total functioning" in this country since the early 1930s, first at the Institute for General Semantics and the New School for Social Research, and then at many other places. She is a quiet master, but her influence is widespread.

GARY T. MOORE,
Clark University,
Worcester, Mass.

The Press of Academe

JAMES CASS in his editorial "Freedom for the Academic Press" [*SR*, Nov. 15] was too kind to alumni magazine editors. The problem with alumni magazines is neither administrative censorship nor a lack of institutional loyalty. I would argue instead that it is a lack of real editorial competence.

The American Alumni Council's "Statement on Professional Standards for College Publications," in my judgment, has failed in its diagnosis. It will go unnoticed by college presidents and trustees. The few good editors will continue to be good editors; the majority of alumni magazine editors will remain unchanged—but very loyal.

JAMES C. WILDER,
Director for University Relations,
University of Alabama,
University, Ala.

Schools and the Poor

COLIN GREER'S article "Public Schools: The Myth of the Melting Pot" [*SR*, Nov. 15] is prefaced with one of Jacob Riis's photographs that is actually a photograph of a Talmud School on Hester Street in New York's lower East Side, and not a public school as is implied. This is a small blemish in an otherwise brilliant and perceptive article that shatters the myth of the success of the public school in former eras in dealing with the children of the poor. Mr. Greer could have made his article more forcible had he quoted from the writings of Jacob Riis, John Spargo, Robert Hunter, Charles Loring Brace, Lillian Wald, and a host of other figures who, in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, testified not only to the failure of the public school but to its continuing culture assault against children in the destruction of their languages, life-styles, and self-identities.

Greer's article is a challenge to historians of education to begin the neglected task of the study of ethnicity and the schools, the schools and the poor, and their high relevancy to contemporary concerns and urban contexts.

FRANCESCO CORDASCO,
Professor of Education,
Montclair State College,
Upper Montclair, N.J.

"'Playboy' and a copy of 'SR' to carry it home in."

Southern Strategy

Continued from page 62

forced to intervene to prevent further delays. The same division and confusion are evident now in Washington's initial responses to the court's decision. While HEW has taken the case as a directive to reactivate its program, the Justice Department has chosen to act as if the decision had never been made.

After having virtually stopped cutting off federal subsidies to enforce the 1964 Civil Rights Act, HEW announced November 15 that it would try to impose the December 31 deadline on 112 school districts, including thirty-five that had been so unimpressed about the administration's seriousness of purpose that they simply ignored previously agreed upon plans this fall. Only time will reveal the seriousness of the new threat to resume fund cutoffs. At the very least, however, it has shored up the position of HEW officials attempting to negotiate and oversee voluntary desegregation plans in hundreds of districts.

The Justice Department, in striking contrast, has asked the courts to give local authorities more time for drafting plans, and has refused to set any deadlines. In the two important cases since the decision, the Attorney General has played a passive role, submitting plans with blanks where the key dates belong. Normally, federal courts give serious and respectful consideration to the government's position in school cases, but the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals simply ignored Justice's recommendation during its rehearing of the Mississippi cases. The court was not convinced that the Attorney General was seriously trying to enforce the Supreme Court's decision.

The Justice Department's Civil Rights Division shares with the NAACP Legal Defense Fund the job of providing legal counsel for most of the blacks suing Southern school districts. Unlike the Legal Defense Fund, however, the Justice Department failed to file a single motion to accelerate desegregation in the month after the decision. This record contrasts dramatically with the heavy litigation ordered by Attorney General Ramsey Clark after the Supreme Court's last major school decision in 1968. The failure is so grave that black parents in sixteen Southern school districts in seven states have sued the Attorney General. They claim Mitchell is violating the 1964 Civil Rights Act and ignoring the due process provision of the Constitution by refusing to submit motions already drafted for each of these districts by Justice Department attorneys.

At a time when the Supreme Court

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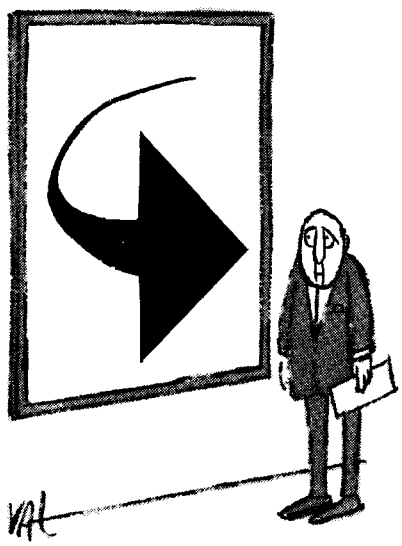
has given the legal and psychological initiative to school desegregation efforts, the administration seems determined to keep the school issue at the center of Deep South politics. Both the administration's basic stance and its fundamental failure to understand the changing nature of Southern politics were evident at the September Southern Governors Conference. Vice President Agnew lashed out at school busing, only to see most of the governors reject the position of the Deep South segregationists and adopt a far more moderate position on the issue. The conference was held in Virginia, where, for the first time, the candidates in this fall's hard fought gubernatorial election debated who was most committed to equal opportunity. In an effort to protect its political flank against George Wallace, the administration risks spreading the illusion that the law isn't really the law, and that national officials will wink at local evasion. The net result is to make life miserable for those trying to comply, even while Wallace crosses the South blaming the President for appointing the new Chief Justice, who made the Mississippi decision unanimous.

After the Supreme Court decision, President Nixon issued a statement saying that "the Supreme Court has spoken decisively on the timing of school desegregation." He pledged to "use the leadership resources of the executive branch of government to assist in every possible way" in solving enforcement problems. Days later, his Justice Department proposed further delay in Mississippi. The President's message has not yet traveled the few blocks up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Justice Department. Perhaps it was not meant to.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 70; piecers, recipes, precise, pierces.



West to the Orient

Continued from page 23

structive chafe in square-riggers' rigging, caused by the multiplicity of running-gear and the banging about of sails set necessarily close among the stays. In calms, courses bellied out against fore-and-aft stays, then they banged themselves back against shrouds and masts. Whoever essayed to eat leather used there must have had a great hunger and also strong teeth and no scurvy.

Nineteen men only died on this 100-days-plus sail, though the store-ship had ratted in the Straits and gone back to Spain. Just how did Magellan and so many of his men escape scurvy, which was killing seamen by the hundreds two and three centuries later? Our chronicler seems unaware that the avoidance of this sea curse on such a passage was something of a medical miracle.

Another kind of miracle was the squadron's avoidance of reefs in an ocean notorious for their appalling abundance. Magellan's westward trans-Pacific passage was a good approximation of the square-rigger route from Tierra del Fuego to the western Pacific islands (his landfall was on the Ladrones), avoiding the areas of greatest danger almost as if he knew where they were and making best use of the prevailing winds and currents. He came close to the Tuamotuan group, a coral-fanged collection of assorted ship-traps low and dangerous on the sea, but he turned away.

That passage meant that Magellan had to sail the best part of 10,000 miles. As each hot and long and hungry day slowly succeeded its seemingly endless predecessor, Magellan must have been a worried man indeed. For in addition to his other problems, he was aware that his promise to the king of Spain had been made a mockery by the unholy breadth of this vast ocean. It was not just a different but a shorter route he had promoted (and believed in).

Pigafetta recounts the lot in remarkably few words, and is shortly back among nail-stealing virgins and other suchlike wonders. The author had no scurvy. Mediterranean seamen then had a better diet than Northerners, since they were accustomed to use a lot of olives and olive oil, and good wines and preserves based on oranges and lemons. These things helped.

Despite the relatively small number of scurvy victims, only about a score of the original seamen who sailed with the fleet lived to return with Juan Sebastian del Cano. It seems miraculous to a modern seaman that any did. Magellan had done a tremendous thing. Looking at the great voyages of discovery as one with practical knowledge of the type of ship they were made in, I have no doubt that of the three giants —Da Gama, Columbus, Magellan—Magellan is pre-eminent. For da Gama, all his predecessors from the time of Prince Henry had done the true pioneering, and Bartolomeo Dias had blazed the trail to and past the Cape of Good Hope. Da Gama sailed with directions that could have been based upon the last volume of Atlantic Sailing Directions for the sailing-ship era, at least as far as Good Hope; the Indian Ocean had long been a beaten track to Semitic and Indian seamen, and the East African coast well known as far as the Northeast Monsoon's southern limits. (Which is by no means to belittle Da Gama's achievement, but to place it in true perspective.) As a feat of seafaring, Columbus's first voyage was a simple trade wind run in the North Atlantic's kindest zone, with a return by what was to become a similarly well-established route—northward with the Gulf Stream, eastward beyond the trade winds. Anyone who sailed anywhere west'ard from the Canaries or points south was bound to come upon some part of the Americas, if only the off-lying islands. But Ferdinand Magellan took on the earth, and sailed around it—despite all handicaps, treacheries, and vicissitudes. He was the greatest pioneer in conception and performance.

Before the end he must have realized the impracticality of his new route. "Such a voyage would never again be made," declares Pigafetta, wrongly but understandably. As far as one may judge from his journal, from the beginning to the end of the voyage the wonder-struck reporter never got a maritime clue.

No matter. The story is there. It is fascinating to study it in both these new works. R. A. Skelton makes the most of it. His introductory commentary and his notes are invaluable, the whole effort superb and memorable. At the same time Prentice-Hall's *The Voyage of Magellan,* with a useful introduction by Director Howard H. Peckham of the William L. Clements Library at the University of Michigan and notes by the translator, is an excellent piece of work, too, in a different price range.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Reading down, the missing links are: *court, fort, lame, singe, dent, but, sang, coin, mince, an; sort, tiers, tire, ail, bond, chat, chose, rue, sable, taper.* (N.B.: No more bilingual puzzles are being accepted.)

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The Roman Years

Continued from page 27

istration. Significantly, her attempt to woo Boston with a gala honoring President Adams was labeled "Fuller's Folly" when the honor guest departed early. Perhaps this social débacle sharpened Timothy's concern for his daughter's mind, to which he paid fanatical attention.

Having mastered Latin at six and several modern languages soon after, Margaret understandably felt isolated at boarding school. Harvard's harsh judgment of her femininity was later echoed by men whose attainments might have made them more secure and more charitable. Flowering in and with New England, Margaret Fuller dazzled but also repelled Longfellow, Bryant, Holmes, Hawthorne, Thoreau and Emerson.

Although Poe, stung by her literary criticism, described her as "an ill-tempered old maid," Margaret aspired to be otherwise. The intensity of her feeling for a series of gentlemen is attested by her correspondence. To the austere sage of Concord she addressed a provocative claim. "I am no saint," she wrote. "No anything, but a great soul born to know all, before it can return to the creative fount."

This extravagant speech and a series of professional triumphs were all behind her when, still unwed, Margaret embarked on the voyage that was to include both spiritual odyssey and physical surrender. Hired by Horace Greeley to report for his *Tribune*, Miss Fuller reached Italy at a crucial moment in its history and her own. In Rome, on the eve of the *risorgimento*, she met Giovanni Angelo Ossoli. She was thirty-seven, Protestant, and overeducated. He was twenty-six, Catholic, and by Boston standards illiterate. All they shared was admiration for Mazzini and a need for love. Thus did politics literally make strange bedfellows.

Their unlikely courtship remains a mystery, despite some small addenda contributed by Mr. Deiss. During these months Margaret wrote fully about everything except what must have been most important to her. Letters and dispatches reveal her political prescience as well as her gift for acquiring brilliant friends. Adam Mickiewicz, the Polish poet-hero; William Story, American sculptor, and a covey of Italian aristocrats were among her social conquests. Yet her discretion leaves modern readers as ill-prepared as her contemporaries for an event first hinted at in December 1847. To Emerson she wrote enigmatically of "this incubus of the future," while to her friend Caroline Sturgis she complained of "a sphere of destiny so difficult that I see no way out."

What this murky language veiled was her pregnancy. The possibility of a secret marriage has long been debated. Deiss, arguing from probability, doubts it. In any case, the effect rather than the details of her affair should be noted. Months before she had written, "Nature vindicates her rights, and I feel all Italy glowing beneath the Saxon crust," while still earlier, in *Woman in the Nineteenth Century*, she had proclaimed: "Woman is born for love, and it is impossible to turn her from seeking it." Now, after long seeking, she had found it, and—an Isolde in blue stockings—seemed in danger of foundering.

Aided by her lover, Margaret took refuge in Rieta, where she gave birth to their son in August 1848, a year of revolution in all spheres of her life. Almost immediately, her melancholy "turned into rapture" and her intellectual superiority crumbled under the assault of tiny hands. When the child's father sent political news, Margaret countered with details of the nursery. The father responded with more data about papal diplomacy; Margaret continued to discuss the wetnurse. A complete woman at last, she was not to be swayed from this signal blessing.

Eventually, financial need forced her return to Rome and to employment as correspondent. Her involvement in the politics of Italian unification, her ambiguous statements about marriage, and her decision to retreat with Ossoli and their son to the United States are matters of record, although Deiss adds a shred of evidence suggesting that a marriage took place in Florence, well after the baby's birth.

Their death by shipwreck on Fire Island—fitting climax to an operatic interlude—precludes our knowing what, if any, future awaited so ill-matched a couple. Realistically, Margaret foresaw that Emerson and his circle would consider Ossoli "nothing" despite his minor title, since he was "a person of no intellectual culture." Yet to the last she proclaimed her faith in the power of heart over head.

The power, and the difficulties. In her youth Margaret had written, "there is nothing so much to be dreaded for a woman as originality of thought or character." Not long before the end she commented wearily, "I may say every day is to me one of doubt and conflict." High priestess of emancipation, she could not free herself from the need for love nor from its consequences. She knew then what so many of her heirs have learned: somebody must rock the cradle, but nobody has to rock the boat.

Glendy Culligan

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(Continued on page 74)

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(Continued from page 73)

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(Continued on page 76)

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(Continued from page 75)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1863

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. "The rude bridge that ———the flood." (Emerson, "Concord Hymn").	23 53 48 102 66 77
B. Rugged old-timer (comp.)	101 116 131 135 146 188 205 3
C. Anon (3 wds.)	9 13 31 45 63 81 113 119
D. Amicable.	126 128 143 182 186 199 6 19 75 97
E. Casting forth.	98 124 130 152 155 166 204
F. Get rid of (2 wds.)	134 139 147 151 197 7 17 41
G. Followed by WORD J: Where the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo lived (3 wds. Lear, "The Courtship of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo).	43 87 104 105 112 115 165 172 175 185
H. Poetic novel by André Breton.	203 38 61 107 133
I. Pen name of David Ross Locke.	141 183 32 70 79
J. See WORD G (2 wds.)	192 178 55 69 80 108 123 140 170 174 4 78
K. Put in the wrong order.	145 177 36 50 89 117 122 142
L. Straddling.	196 39 157 2 47 85 86
M. New South Wales' second largest port.	181 16 52 109 198 65 168 118 125
N. Ubiquitous character of WW II.	83 93 150 22 25 100
O. Weakly sentimental (comp.)	10 76 164 71 114 208 96 20 99 154
P. Prolific short story writer who edited "The Rolling Stone" (full pen name).	169 206 28 90 132 191
Q. Clodpated, numskulled.	30 56 110 160 40 15 27 72 103 201 64 95
R. Novel by Ellen Glasgow (2 wds. after *The*).	82 92 136 153 176 37 42 54 88 162 189 193 159
S. Golf club.	44 33 94 46 180 58
T. Family in "The Return of the Native."	171 60 187 5 29 200 74 49 62
U. Con man.	91 59 202 1 190 84 68
V. Opera based on Hugo's "Le Roi s'amuse."	137 12 11 14 195 51 26 138 18
W. Paris-born American musical comedy actress who starred in "The Little Duchess" and "Miss Innocence" (full name).	194 24 156 67 121 106 163 34
X. "Give me———crater for an inkstand!" (Melville, "Moby Dick").	57 144 111 161 129 35 184 149
Y. Heroine of Scott's "Lord of the Isles" (3 wds.)	148 120 207 8 158 21 127 179 167 73 173

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

1 U	2 L	3 B	4 J	5 T	6 D	7 F	8 Y	9 C	10 O	11 V		12 V	13 C		14 V	15 Q	16 M
	17 F	18 V	19 D	20 O		21 Y	22 N		23 A	24 W	25 N	26 V	27 Q	28 P	29 T		30 Q
31 C	32 I		33 S		34 W	35 X	36 K	37 R	38 H	39 L	40 Q		41 F	42 R	43 G	44 S	
45 C	46 S	47 L	48 A	49 T		50 K	51 V	52 M		53 A	54 R	55 J	56 Q	57 X	58 S	59 U	60 T
61 H		62 T	63 C	64 Q		65 M	66 A	67 W		68 U	69 J	70 I	71 O	72 Q	73 Y		74 T
75 D	76 O	77 A	78 J	79 I		80 J	81 C	82 R	83 N	84 U	85 L		86 L	87 G	88 R	89 K	90 P
91 U		92 R	93 N	94 S		95 Q	96 O	97 D	98 E		99 O	100 N		101 B	102 A	103 Q	104 G
	105 G	106 W		107 H	108 J	109 M	110 Q	111 X	112 G	113 C	114 O		115 G	116 B	117 K	118 M	119 C
120 Y		121 W	122 K	123 J	124 E	125 M	126 D		127 Y	128 D	129 X	130 E	131 B		132 P	133 H	134 F
135 B	136 R	137 V		138 V	139 F	140 J	141 I		142 K	143 D	144 X		145 K	146 B	147 F	148 Y	
149 X	150 N	151 F	152 E	153 R	154 O		155 E	156 W		157 L	158 Y	159 R		160 Q	161 X	162 R	163 W
	164 O	165 G	166 E	167 Y	168 M	169 P	170 J	171 T		172 G	173 Y	174 J		175 G	176 R	177 K	178 J
179 Y	180 S	181 M	182 D		183 I	184 X	185 G	186 D	187 T	188 B	189 R	190 U	191 P		192 J	193 R	
194 W		195 V	196 L	197 F	_	198 M	199 D	200 T	201 Q	202 U	203 H	204 E		205 B	206 P	207 Y	208 O

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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